0934
STORAGE
B North, M cop.a
Some further recol-
lections of a happy
life
1198b
SAN DIEGO PUBLIC LIBRARY

ALWAYS BRING YOUR
CARD WITH YOU.

3 1336 00095 0932

STORAGE

SOME FURTHER

RECOLLECTIONS OF A HAPPY LIFE

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Marianne North

SOME FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS OF A HAPPY LIFE

SELECTED FROM THE JOURNALS OF MARIANNE NORTH

CHIEFLY BETWEEN THE YEARS 1859 AND 1869

EDITED BY HER SISTER

MRS. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

SAN DIEGO PUBLIC LIBRARY

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND NEW YORK
1893

All rights reserved

0932

PREFACE

When publishing the former volumes of my sister's autobiography, it was thought wiser to cut out some of the earlier chapters describing well-known ground, in order to make room for those more distant journeys by which her name has become known to the world.

But the unexpected success which that book met with induces me now to add (in a supplementary volume) those first European journeys, with one through Egypt and Syria,—all well-trodden ground nowadays, but which thirty years ago afforded more interesting though rather more fatiguing experiences. Railways and Cook's steamers had not then, in Spain and on the Nile, quite supplanted the leisurely methods of more primitive travel. So these experiences of the past have perhaps a certain value of their own. The jogging caravan of mules is now, almost everywhere, a thing of the past, so is the old Spanish diligence with its twelve wild horses. There is a big hotel at

Luxor! and in Europe at least the ubiquitous railway will, in a few more years, have made travelling everywhere exactly alike.

The sketch of my sister at work on the Island of Elephanta among a crowd of wild natives was made by a fellow-passenger on the Nile boat, Mr. R. Phené Spiers, F.S.A.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

PAGE

In the Pyrenees and Spain, 1859-1860 . . 1

CHAPTER II

Switzerland — Italy — Trieste — Pola — Fiume — Pesth — The Danube — Constantinople — Smyrna — Athens, 1861, 1862 30

CHAPTER III

Adriatic and Syria, 1865 73

CHAPTER IV

Egypt, 1865 114

CHAPTER V

Palestine and Syria, 1866 160

CHAPTER VI

In the Dolomite Alps, Austria, 1867 . . . 213

CHAPTER VII

PAGE

MENTONE AND SICILY, 1869-1870 231

CHAPTER VIII

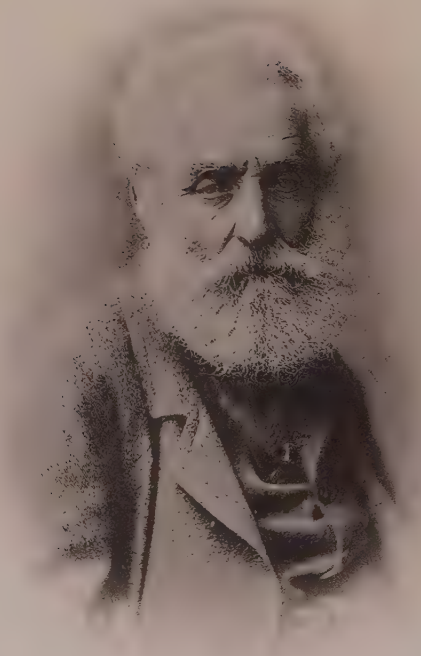
SYRACUSE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD — TAORMINA, MONTE GENEROSO, AND TRAFOI, 1870 . . 275

ILLUSTRATIONS

PORTRAIT OF MARIANNE NORTH . . *Frontispiece*

PORTRAIT OF FREDERICK NORTH . . . *To face p.* 1

A FRIENDLY AUDIENCE. From a Sketch by R. Phené Spiers. . . . . „ 133



Frederick Norton

CHAPTER I

IN THE PYRENEES AND SPAIN

1859–1860

In August 1859, as soon as the House of Commons work was over, we wandered off abroad, my father, my sister, and myself, starting by way of Jersey for the Pyrenees and Spain. There was a misfortune at the very start, for into the harbour at St. Heliers, as we were leaving the ship, fell my precious portmanteau, packed with those carefully selected necessaries of which only those who travel with light luggage know the full value. Everything was thoroughly soaked, and had to be spread out separately to dry, all my paints, paper, and dress (only one), for we took the least possible luggage, and yet had everything we really needed, even luxuries (?), including a bonnet, whose crown I used to stuff with a compact roll of stockings and cram into a hole left for it amongst my underclothing, just big enough to contain it: when taken out it would be damped and set in the sun, with the stockings still in its crown, and it stretched itself into proper shape again, and was the admiration of all beholders.

Jersey was very pretty, full of neat villas with

geraniums and fuchsias growing all over them, even over the very roofs, lovely little bays too, and sheltered caves, with the water as still as a looking-glass; but it had a stronger tide than Rügen, and my father and Catherine, sketching on an isolated rock, were stranded for some hours till a boat was sent round to fetch them. I meanwhile employed myself in hunting over the nearer rocks, and finding endless treasures for the aquarium, quite different ones from those at Hastings; the lovely cereus anemones of many tints, trochus, and ear-shells abounded, and every rock-pool was full of wonders.

Just before we left the island the Queen came up with her fleet of yachts, and the frigate *Emerald* escorting her, and all the inhabitants crowded to the shore to welcome her. Three hours' steaming took us on to St. Malo, an old French town, whose tall houses were so tightly packed together on a rock that they would certainly have fallen over the edge into the sea if they had not been bound together by strong walls, knotted with towers; every other rock within three miles of it was also fortified. The tide rose forty feet, but we saw it at its lowest and calmest moment, with thousands of glittering cereus, looking like jewels, set in their dark rocks beneath the clear water. A river steamer took us up to Dinan, whose situation reminded us of Heidelberg, with the same abundance of fruit trees and orchards round the town; cider is the common drink there, as it was in Jersey. It was a picturesque old place, and very cheap to live in, much frequented by English people seeking economical education for large families. At Rennes we took the rail to Poitiers, wandered through its Gothic churches and afterwards through the wide

streets of Tours;—rushing on again over long tracts of flat rich country covered with vines, buckwheat, maize, millet, and tobacco, to Bordeaux. A noble city this, half of it old and picturesque, the other half all new, but with an airy kind of grandeur about it, the fine river Garonne washing it for miles, and floating ships of the largest tonnage up to the bridges and quays, where steam cranes with very simple action were loading and unloading, saving both time and very considerable manual labour.

On our way to Arcachon in the train next morning a sporting French gentleman got into our carriage in a complete *costume de chasse*, dog and all. He gossiped a little, inquired where we were going, strongly recommended us to try the Hôtel de l'Empereur—actually found its card in his pocket and gave it as a reminder, and got out at the next station to join a friend in another carriage. We found out afterwards it was the landlord himself, who changed carriages at every station, catching strangers in each to fill his house; and having a season ticket he went backwards and forwards nearly every day to the capital for the purpose. At Arcachon he put us into his own omnibus, showed us our rooms in the long wooden one-storied shanty he called an hotel, after which we saw him first in a white cap cooking in the kitchen; secondly, dressed like a Paris swell, in pure white even to his boots, carving and dining at the head of his table, strolling about with his guests in the evening, smoking cigarettes and talking affably. By daylight he was back in Bordeaux, carrying on the sport of trapping boarders: that man deserved to make a fortune.

In those days all the houses seemed much alike at

Arcachon; they were built of pine logs in the roughest fashion, and scattered about under the pine forest without any kind of plan; but the smell of the pinasters was most healthy. Beyond them stretched miles of flat heath and sand, into which one sank knee-deep when off the hard edge of the salt waves or the beaten track; the natives went about on stilts, using a third pole to rest on; in this attitude they would stand for hours, knitting stockings and watching their flocks, to save themselves the trouble of dismounting and mounting again. We saw the postman at one of the stations stalk across the country and over the hedge, deliver his letter-bag to the guard and stalk back again, without change of countenance. The bathers dressed in a complete suit of serge, with huge flapping hats; both men and women walked in and out of the sea all day long; whole families hand in hand took "promenades" together, and sat between whiles outside their huts, playing at dominoes, eating ices, and looking at the tempting things displayed by Catalan pedlars from Spain, —a pleasant easy life, full of freshness and rich colour.

The railway only went as far as Dax in those days, from thence we had to squeeze ourselves into the rotunda of the diligence, with two priests and a nursing-mother and child; seven hours of this, combined with dust and heat, made us enjoy the luxurious quarters at Pau, still more the cool shade of Eaux-Chaudes, though this little bathing-place is on the edge of the very noisiest of all the Pyrenean torrents, in a crack which seldom sees the sun. We had many scrambling and most fatiguing walks from it, every path but the one up and down the crack being almost perpendicular; once we went over a buttress of the mountain down

into its sister crack, Eaux-Bonnes, where the noise of the torrent was rivalled by the perpetual clatter of French tongues. Another day we made an "ascencion" on mules of the Pic du Midi as high as we could manage to ride, and saw a huge flock of those long-legged, Roman-nosed, and parti-coloured sheep French painters delight in drawing, with their attendant shepherd and dog. The silver firs on these mountains were overgrown with mistletoe, the wild flowers were lovely. One fine summer's day we drove to Gabas, where we had ordered mules to meet us: they had men's saddles,—tall pointed things, and it took some little time before they could procure two of the ordinary women's saddles of Spain, which I think are far the best for mountain rides. These have a stuffed coverlet to sit on, cross-bars back and front to hold on by (if necessary), and a footboard slung underneath, and one must sit honestly sideways and not wriggle about too much or the thing will roll round; but it is much less fatiguing than pummels for a long journey over steep paths and rocky stair-cases.

Our Catalan muleteers were most picturesquely clad in purple with scarlet sashes, scarves, velvet breeches, tags and tassels, and scarlet baggy caps. The mules too were much betasselled and bejingled, and were full of deliberation and dignity, standing much on the order of their going; they have an acknowledged leader amongst them, and an order of precedence for the single file, which the narrow paths compel them to take. It might have been a risk of life to interfere with the mules' ideas on these subjects, and indeed the less one had to do with guiding them the better, so we sat still and admired the scenery, and left our locomotion to

those who had contracted to convey us. After leaving France the scenery became intensely wild, with not even a tree to soften the landscape, and after a continuous climb of some hours we reached the small lake and bathing-houses of Panticosa, which entirely covered the only scrap of level ground enclosed in an amphitheatre of gigantic rocks, the crack by which we entered being barely wide enough to let us through and allow the torrent to escape; after draining the little lake it falls almost perpendicularly down the mountain side for some thousand feet. A zigzag stair leads over the granite blocks from the back of the cliffs to Cauterets, but there were patches of snow on it, and it was said to be too slippery and dangerous to attempt returning that way, as we had intended.

Panticosa seemed utterly dreary, not a tree, not a flower,—great empty barrack rooms amongst the snow and rocks, and a sprinkling of poor shivering Spanish invalids huddled up in their long cloaks, and walking about all alone, as if condemned by their doctors to the solitary system as well as to that rock-bound prison. The mineral water was undrinkable, the baths looked as if they were never cleaned out, and the food was—Spanish. One thing in Spain is always good, and that is chocolate, and generally the bread also; people must be very dainty who cannot live well on those two things. Our descent from this lively place was made on fresh mules belonging to, and under the charge of, the Alcalde himself, a most solemn and magnificent gentleman, accompanied by his son and a smuggler-looking groom, who carried my father's black chimney-pot hat on the top of his own gay head-dress. As we got lower the scenery grew green again;

first scrubby Scotch firs appeared, and then more woods, and at last a pretty undulating country studded with villages, and our destination, Torla, built on a mountain spur, backed by blue hills.

It was all intensely Spanish, the Posada a perfect ideal of its kind. We were given possession of the sala, in which the Padre was playing at cards with the Major-Commandant of the place; an alcove in this apartment, with transparent gauze curtains, contained two beds, which were allotted to my sister and myself; some men's clothes which hung around it were stowed away elsewhere, and we were supplied with a boot-jack, a pie-dish full of water, and a book of Spanish prayers —what more could we desire? My father shared a corresponding cupboard with a big corporal, all the muleteers being in a room through his. The night was not a peaceful one, but the people all had good manners, and said "What your honour pleases" when asked in the morning for the bill. They were very proud of their church, a dark dingy building, painted and gilt; as they wished us to admire it we did, and parted the best of friends with all at Torla.

The ride up to Gavarnie is said to be one of the finest in the Pyrenees, but clouds prevented our enjoying it; they only cleared off for an hour the next morning, so that we could see the famous Cirque with its amphitheatre of precipices, snow-clad ledges, and innumerable torrents streaming down from them. One of these is said to be the second highest fall in Europe, and has a considerable glacier at its base, through whose icy arch the river Gave de Pau pierces its way; above all is the curious notch in the cliffs called the Brêche de Roland, cut by the sword of that

mighty champion of France. We longed to climb up and look through it again into Spain, but had had clouds enough, so rode on to Luz, whence we sent our mules home, the Grand Alcalde being abundantly content to get an extra five francs, and shaking hands warmly with each of us, he assured us that his house was entirely at our disposal whenever it suited us to take possession of it, the usual compliment of all Spaniards, which means rather less than the compliments of other nations.

St. Sauveur was filled by the French court, and we saw the beautiful Empress Eugénie walking about in a shady hat and red petticoat, with a huge St. Bernard dog, or driving in a very modest little pony-carriage with the Emperor, without any attendants or fuss of any kind. Luz, Cauterets, and Bigorre came next, then we settled at Luchon for a month in a capital lodging belonging to the principal guide, Bertrand Estrujo; Mr. and Mrs. Bentham being in the same house we made many charming excursions together, and walks innumerable. Our landlady was a very pretty specimen of a Bearnais woman, and used to take us for a stroll sometimes of an evening, with her knitting always in her hand, and make the girls sing to us, as they sat on the benches outside their houses. Her husband too had a glorious voice, he would sing the national songs as he rode along, cracking his whip to keep time, and making the hills echo again and again. Riding was all the fashion among the French visitors for the season; they always went full gallop up and down the long street, shrieking, laughing, chattering, and cracking all their whips, so as to make as much noise as possible, their costumes being as "loud" as

their talk; indeed, that slang word apparently comes from France, the description of a bright coloured dress being that "it cries from far off," literally translated.

At Luchon I made my first attempt at painting landscapes, having had an idea till then that I could only draw near objects the size of life; but the beauty of the view from our window tempted me, with its poplar trees, river, rich meadows, and the fresh snows on the mountains near the Port de Venasque in the distance; that same Port was a smaller edition of the Brêche de Roland, and was a favourite excursion of the Luchon world. There was a hospice under the last steep zigzags which lead up to the narrow notch in the rugged cliffs, from whence we looked down into Spain, with its great Maladetta mountain apparently quite near, but a long journey to reach it; a still blue lake lay close under its snows and rocks, and beyond were blue mountains, one over the other, and the plain of Languedoc, like a hazy blue sea, far away. A scrambling descent on the Spanish side leads down to the Trou du Taureau, where the icy torrent from the Maladetta glacier loses itself in a hole of the limestone, to emerge five miles off as the source of the Garonne. One day we crossed another beautiful pass, through forests of grand old sweet chestnut trees, entered Spain at St. Beat, and followed that same Garonne for many miles through most picturesque scenery.

Every way round Luchon was lovely, but we had also something to employ us at home, for we had determined to learn Spanish, and as my sister was the only one who had any genius for languages, my father and I had hard work to keep pace with her. Our master had originally been an officer in the Spanish

army, but after killing his colonel in a duel at Tobosa, he ran away and settled himself as a Professor of languages at Luchon, where he married a Frenchwoman, and also kept a grocer's shop, in which we used to see him weighing out tea and sugar; he was a good Latin scholar, and could read and understand English, while French came as easy to him as his own language.

On the 17th of October we packed our three selves into the coupé of the diligence, having quite a large party of friends to see us off—one old market woman throwing in bouquets, and hopes of seeing her *petites souris* and *petits choux* back again next year, strange terms of endearment amongst the French peasantry. A grand storm accompanied us into Toulouse, and we stayed a day to dry our trunks, and sketched the picturesque old cloisters round the Museum, which are made beautiful by fine old cypress trees, such as we had never yet seen, nor yet the crisp strong light and shade of the southern sun which gilded them.

From thence the rail took us to Perpignan, where we had our first experience of a Spanish diligence; it had twelve mules, with a horse to lead them, the latter being ridden by a postilion called "the monkey," who jogged through the whole journey, changing his own saddle on to a fresh horse at each post, and keeping the whole cavalcade straight through the narrow streets and round the sharp turns,—no easy matter. The mules were all strung together in pairs with bits of old rope, much knotted and patched; the mayoral or coachman only drove the wheelers, but was assisted by a wild man, who was changed with the animals, and who jumped up and down from the box to the road, filling his pockets with stones, and flinging them

with exquisite precision at the ears of each mule as he named him. One could see the ears wince before the stone reached them, as he shouted and abused each in its turn, using between whiles a tremendously long whip to rest his lungs, till his arm ached; then he began the stone exercise again, running up and down, shouting and throwing as before.

We drove at a furious pace over zigzag passes and round shoulders of the Pyrenees, racing with a rival diligence, in the most breakneck manner, too shaken and excited even to notice the wondrous change of vegetation till we reached Figueras, and found ourselves among vast woods of olives, caruba, and cork trees, whose poor scarlet trunks had been lately skinned. All the water-courses were bordered with tall and graceful reeds,[1] and the Mexican agave offered a most unpleasant hedge to tumble into, if we were overturned by any chance. The market was full of pomegranates, grapes, tomatoes, and pimentoes, all of the richest colours; and the people and houses seemed coloured to match them. We had to stay a night and the best part of a day there, and then only got on as far as Gerona, a town full of priests and fine churches raised on terraces, which were approached by noble flights of marble steps.

At three in the morning we were ready to start, but were told the mail was full; another came at eight, and brought us before night to Barcelona, a magnificent city, the Liverpool of Spain, with a broad sea-wall, behind which the largest ships could ride at anchor. Our hotel was on the Rambla, a kind of boulevard, where all the fashionable world promenaded or

[1] Arundo Donax.

sat after dark, sipping iced drinks or smoking cigarettes, both men and women delighting in the brightest shawls and scarves. The shops were hung with gay striped draperies and blinds; the very fishes seemed to partake of the national love of colour, and were most gorgeous. We made ourselves rather ill while trying to paint them. Spanish inns of the second class were so uncomfortable that we decided to go thirty-eight hours without stopping, on to Valencia, in the coupé again of the best diligence—a most comfortable apartment, with abundant room for our feet as well as for ourselves, and fitted with a table, looking-glass, and pair of lanterns. We took a basket of provisions, spirit-lamp, and teapot, which rendered us independent of Spanish food, and gave us time to see something of the places we stopped at, and to take a walk on ahead sometimes while the rest were feeding, which was a great rest.

Near Tarragona I marked a beautiful subject for a picture—a solitary old Roman tomb among dwarf palms, arbutus, sweet bay, and lavender bushes, with the blue bay beyond, shadowed by the old town and cathedral on the cliffs above it, and a tall date tree over all, its feathery head showing gray against the deep blue of the sky. Later in the night we stopped at Tortosa, where we had a talk with an Englishman out of a window, who said he was staying there to sketch, and we were the first he had seen for some time who could speak his language. We never heard his name, nor he ours, but mutually enjoyed our meeting there.

Valencia is an ideal Spanish, or rather Moorish city, its quays, walls, and gateways as finished and

sharp edged as if built yesterday, and the irrigation still in perfect order, as it was when the Moors left it, producing marvellous crops of grapes, corn, beans, hemp, oranges, pomegranates, figs, olives, and white mulberry trees, on which enormous quantities of silk-worms are fed. One of the most elegant buildings in Valencia is the Silk Hall, in which piles of the golden undyed material might be seen and felt—for its worth is judged only by touching with the fingers; some persons having an especial delicacy of touch or feeling for this purpose, make a profession of it. After looking with respect if not appreciation at pictures in the Museo by Juanes, Ribalto, and other Spanish painters little known elsewhere, we drove down to the seaport, in a black covered carriage, rather like a gondola on wheels, drawn by the fattest of black horses, along the Moorish quays and bridges, by the dry river-bed and rice-grounds, to the sand-banks and pine forest, whence we could see the real salt sea, as well as miles of back water or *agua dulce*. Dwarf palms and berried myrtles grew under the tall pines; as well as prickly oaks, loaded with acorns in prickly cups, and agaves with tall flower-spikes; nothing that we were accustomed to at home seemed to grow there. The best Spanish lace is made in Valencia, and the women sit outside their houses gossiping of an evening, and making their black silk cobwebs on pillows on their knees. They are famous for beauty, and the soft black drapery about their heads shows it to perfection, in the warm evening light.

A few hours' drive took us to the railroad, and a night's journey by it—to Madrid, where we found rooms ready for us in the principal hotel; carpets were nailed

down into every corner, English furniture and English prices; it was like the city itself, a miserably pretentious place. Madrid tries to look like Paris, London, anything but Spain, but its collection of pictures redeems it, and one forgot all else in looking at them. It has probably the finest collection of portraits in the world, Titian, Vandyke, Antonio Moro's portrait of Queen Mary, all in red,—chair, dress, hair, what Whistler would call a symphony in red (but one he could not paint). What a masterpiece of rich colour it was! Velasquez's Roman-nosed horses seemed to be jumping straight out of their frames at us, but they were not exaggerated. I saw many such creatures ambling through the streets before we left the country, with their long manes and tails plaited up with ribands and jingling ornaments.

One day we met the Princess of the Asturias (aged six, I believe) taking a walk a few yards in front of her attendants, a most courtier-like party of grown-up people, including the old Duchess of Alva. The Infanta was perfectly composed and most babyishly haughty in manner, and had a little girl of about her own age walking after her; reminding us much of Velasquez's portraits of the Infanta of his day, all covered with pink bows. The royal procession soon got tired of walking, and were packed into carriages, each drawn by six mules, with a spare carriage and six following in case of accidents—they only moved at a foot's pace; we afterwards saw the baby heir-apparent with another train of carriages taking an airing. We did not see the Queen, but heard the royal librarian complain that when Her Majesty felt sleepless at night, after some grand dissipation, she would call him up to find

some valuable old illuminated manuscript, as she wanted a picture-book to amuse her; and once sent the treasure never returned. Many such treasures had been lost in that way; she had a catalogue and asked for them by name; he was her servant, and could not refuse them.

Our guide in Madrid was Colonel F—— whom we met accidentally at the *table d'hôte*. He had spent the greater part of his life in Spain, being essentially a soldier of fortune. Some fact of his early life prevented his return to England, and no romance was ever stranger than his account of his adventures, with which he entertained us one night till nearly midnight; but as I did not know how much of it was true, and how much not, I made no notes of it. He had an adopted daughter living with him, whose mother had been a vivandière; for many years before he found her out she had supported herself by smuggling baskets of salt on her head across the Pyrenean passes, and the frequent rains caused the salt to melt and drip over her face, which had given her a horror of it ever after, so that she could not endure the taste of salt, and never ate it. The colonel had found a husband for her, but Marie could not bear him, and said she meant to run away and become a dancer in the theatre. She was rather an anxious charge for the old gentleman, or for any one; my father did not look grateful when, just as we were starting for Toledo, the colonel brought his daughter down to the station, and said "Might she go with us, as she wished to pay a visit to the Governor's wife there." The lady was not well enough to see her, so we had the benefit of Marie's society for three days at the inn, and very amusing she was.

The Governor-General Milan de Bosch was our guide over Toledo. He had been educated and well treated in England when a refugee there, and he delighted in talking our language and being of use to any of our country-people. He showed us every corner of the noble cathedral, to its very roof, and took us up to the great bell, which has a crack down its whole length, wide enough to put one's finger through; he showed us a gallery full of hideous and gigantic wooden figures, which were dressed up and carried in the religious processions through the streets, and then, said the General, "They make me carry a little flag after them! Ugh!" We went also all over the alcazar or palace, in whose lower stories a regiment of cavalry (horses and all) could be stabled and stowed, with an inclined way by which they could ride up into the great hall above at the order of the Emperor Charles V. We looked out from its windows into the playground of a military academy, and the General said, "If the boys were not now away, I would clap my hands and cry, 'My little men, come up,' and they would swarm up the walls like monkeys to me; it is good fun to see, and I often do it." No doubt the boys loved the fine old soldier. He showed us a picture of the Queen, who, he said, was a good creature and full of spirit. When the war first began with the Moors, she said, "I wish I were a man, I would go too." "I wish I was too," said the King, who was a fool.

The position of Toledo is glorious, quite impregnable, with sheer precipices all round it, nearly encircled by the winding Tagus at their base, and but for the hereditary jealousy of Portugal the river could easily be made navigable, when Toledo would become the

obvious capital of Spain again. The old Jewish synagogues are very beautiful and unique specimens of Oriental architecture; their ceilings are of Lebanon cedar-wood, and the capitals carved in stone from their cones and leaves.

We stayed next at Aranjuez, where our eyes were again refreshed by the sight of green trees in the royal park, all the centre of Spain (where any irrigation exists) being given up to corn, and all trees cut down for fear of harbouring birds to eat the corn,—killing Peter to rob Paul, as locusts and caterpillars have it all their own way. Then came a weary journey of fifty-four hours in a diligence, never stopping by day or night except to change horses and to swallow a horrible Spanish meal; if we had stayed anywhere for rest there was no certainty of the next diligence (only one in the twenty-four hours) being able to take us on; our limbs ached too much for sleep, and one of the party was quite ill before reaching Granada. Those days of long diligence journeys are over now, and the tourists who abuse modern railways should remember they have after all something to be thankful for. We hurried on through the Sierra Morena at night, the bright moonlight illuminating its singular ravines or depressions in the table-land of central Spain, and making the tall sandstone obelisks and pillars look like gigantic and most fantastic tombstones of a Titan race. Then again came a long day of level uninteresting country till we reached the old Moorish town of Jaen, where the road re-enters the hills, and we finally emerged on the luxuriant Vega of Granada about midnight, and saw the towers of the Alhambra shining out in the moonlight, backed by its hills, the snows of

the Sierra Nevada glittering in the distance beyond them.

"Quien no ha visto Granada, no ha visto nada," and it certainly satisfies one's most extravagant expectations. After two days we settled ourselves in the (then) small hotel of Los Siete Suelos, within the garden of the Alhambra, where we could dawdle or sketch during every hour of daylight among the grand old courts and gateways of the Moorish palaces. It needs no description; every one has read Washington Irving or Ford, and Owen Jones has made every ornament familiar to lovers of architecture. But the real freshness and colour can only be understood on the spot, and to me it was a land of enchantment. José Ximenes, a tall young Spaniard in long brown cloak and large Andalusian hat, was our constant companion and guide, as my father had heard many stories of robbers and gipsies, and thought it as well we should have a native with us when sitting about in lonely places sketching; that hat-rim contained cigarette-papers, tobacco, pocket-handkerchief, knife, oranges, and nuts; his tongue never ceased to wag, and taught my sister more Spanish than any master could have done, though my own ears were always too defective to catch what he said.

The Fonda was entirely Spanish, and the waiter, Mariano, a regular Sancho Panza, very fat, talkative, and musical. He used to run in with a dish, put it down, rush to his guitar, sit down on the stairs and howl to it, till he thought the dish wanted changing, when he would make another rush to the kitchen, deposit a fresh dish, and continue his musical entertainment on the stairs. He was also an improvisatore,

and invented marvellous songs of "Mariano's" devotion to "Mariana," very gratifying to my feelings: sometimes the sons of the house and Ximenes also brought their instruments, and raised the amount of noise to an extent that was fearful; but there was a frank kindness about these people, which, if you did not believe too much in it or require anything of them, was most agreeable, and we three met them half way, and were all good friends.

My one best dress had become very shabby, so we bought a piece of black Spanish silk, and employed a grand lady in a mantilla to make it, which she did most vilely; but one could not scold, she smiled so sweetly, and on my admiring the green glass pins in her hair she insisted on my keeping them as a keepsake and taking them to England. So I altered my dress myself and put it on to go down to the city to call on the Countess Pulgar, who lived in the same grand palace her ancestor the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella had lived in; we pulled a bell, the small postern door opened of itself, and we entered the outer court (where a groom was washing the horses) and the patio, with its fountain and orange trees beyond; a voice told us to come upstairs, and on the top of them we found our host, who assured us the house was ours, and took us into a small room containing the family, and a very grown-up young lady learning to play baby tunes on the piano, assisted by a master. None of them knew any language but their own; they sat silent, expecting to be entertained, a task quite beyond my powers, so after awhile I sat down and sang to them, which gave great satisfaction, and we parted the best of friends: they asked me to come back every Sunday

evening, when I might have the opportunity of entertaining all their friends, as well as themselves, and perhaps drink a little lemonade; we did not, however, repeat the visit, but I used to be known in Granada as the Englishwoman who could sing. These poor Spanish girls do little, being brought up in convents, and married off at once directly they come out; they have time for little but flirting their fans, and sweeping along the Alamada in their long dresses, Indian shawls and mantillas, the most queen-like of women. Granada seems a fit setting for them, whether on the beautiful walks round the city or in the churches; the latter are crowded with rich tombs and figures, cut both in marble and in wood.

In the Cathedral Isabella and her family are buried; her crown was put on my head, and her sceptre in my hand, which seemed to bring her nearer to me. In the Carthusian convent was a perfect museum of marbles of every kind of colour, its cloisters decorated with daubs of Roman Catholic martyrdoms, including those of the Carthusian monks of England in the reign of Henry VIII.—quite a novel historical fact to my Protestant mind at the time, though I afterwards learned how much my own ancestor, the first Lord North, was mixed up in the transaction.

There was a theatre at Granada, and we walked down one night, with Ximenes carrying a lantern in front of us, and saw a new comedy, in which a number of live chickens were introduced with a great cackling, and gave great delight to the audience. The gipsy encampment in the caves on the hill opposite the Alhambra was full of such studies as Philip has painted so exquisitely, but was more tempting than safe to

linger too long in. We also traced the old Moorish aqueducts for many miles into the mountains to their source, where the waters bubbled up from a crack in the limestone in sufficient quantity to fill a four-foot pipe at once, whence it was led round the shoulders of the mountains, fertilising thousands of acres beneath, and turning many mills. There were many other water-courses coming direct from the snows of Nevada by various conduits, all fringed with maiden-hair fern, and many of them needing repair. On one of the Alhambra towers hangs a great bell, which rings by day and night, giving notice by its number of beats to the different divisions of the Vega when their time comes to turn on the irrigation, thus causing it to be divided equally to all. The best bread was made near the source of the Fuente Grande; it was sent in to Granada, and cost more than other bread.

On the 30th of November we left the Alhambra with a long train of mules, my sister only being favoured with a beautiful little cream-coloured horse and side-saddle, borrowed for her by the landlord's son. He and Ximenes accompanied us as far as the "Ultimo Sospiro del Moro," where Bobadil took his last look at the beloved city, and like us entered the mountains which close in the Vega on the south. Roads were bad and our progress slow, and we had barely enough daylight left to appreciate the romantic situation of Alhama, our night's quarters. After a long drag over a dry gypsum plain covered with thistles and aromatic herbs, with here and there a few acres of dry corn-stubble, our party had been increased by the addition of a Polish artist and an English clergyman, whom the natives admiringly called "Rubio," from the warm

tint of his hair, an appellation which made him exceedingly wrathful, as he did not himself see the beauty of red hair, and occasionally he retaliated by making ugly rushes with his stick after the children in the villages.

We also took Mariano, who invented a story about his sick mother in order to have the fun of a journey to the coast. He perched himself and his guitar on the top of our pyramid of luggage on the much enduring luggage-mule, and greatly added to our fun also, for we could never look at him without laughing. Lanza the muleteer was a famous character, and was said to be leagued with all the brigands in Spain, so that no one he undertook to convoy had ever been robbed.

The sunset effects on approaching Alhama were very curious, the fog behind us in the east becoming a deep pink colour, while the heights above were apparently covered with snow, and the clouds overhead of a murky brown. On opening the shutters of our unglazed windows next morning we found sleety rain and mist, and no hopes of clearing, so we could not explore the old Moorish baths and hardly saw the rocks on which the town stood, the streets being paved with their rounded tops, without any attempt at levelling them. The descent from those bare mountains to the rich valley behind Velez Malaga was very refreshing, though the road was nothing but the dry river bed, very rough, but bordered by masses of sugar-cane, orange and lemon trees; any water the dry summer had left was taken off into irrigation channels. At last we pushed our way through the oleander bushes to the high road by the sea, and followed it

for seven hours the next day into Malaga. It was Sunday, and we met streams of people in their most gorgeous attire, often three on one horse or mule, singing and playing guitars, and making holiday easily, no hurry or thought for the morrow; every group made a picture with its sunny background of aloes, cactuses, dwarf palms, reeds, and roses, with vine-covered houses and iron caged windows, through which the Spanish cavaliers made love to the bright-eyed senoras, both parties having carnations stuck behind their ears; the sea was very blue, the sand very golden, and fishermen were picking strange-looking fish out of their nets in the early morning as we rode along.

Malaga did not attract me; it was full of invalids and of soldiers returning from the war. Mr. Marks, our Consul and his family, were most hospitable, urging us to stop and on no account to go on overland, as we should certainly be stopped by snow and possibly by brigands; however we risked it and met neither. Our first day was over the wildest crags and steepest of paths, the baggage-mule fell more than once, slipping itself out of its load most cleverly on one occasion, and giving itself a great shake of relief after having done so; fortunately we met just then two soldiers with a smuggler prisoner, who was a famous muleteer, and reloaded for us better than before. But these accidents delayed us, and we reached Casarabonela by moonlight. Its streets were like a stone ladder, so steep and uneven none but mules could have climbed them, and we felt their feet were safer than ours for the purpose. Our posada was in character with the place. From thence we climbed over ridges of serpentine and gray and white marble, passing a glorious fountain

which rushed out from under the former rock, and at last reached the high table-land, from whence we could see Ronda, apparently some five miles off; but it took long to reach it, our men never having an idea of the time any journey would take, or how far any place was: *quien sabe* and a shrug was the usual answer to any such question.

Ronda is a most civilised place, though in those days it could only be reached by riding. It had foot pavements, a bull ring, and many noble palaces. A chain hung across the principal door showed where a king had once entered, this portal having ever after to be closed to all of less degree: all other mortals had to enter by a low door which was provided in its place. From the terrace of Ronda one looked down a sheer precipice of 700 feet, the river winding at its foot, after its great leap from the crack between the town and fortress; over it a single stone arch had been thrown, joining the one to the other. In the far distance we could see the rock of Gibraltar no bigger than a pin's head, on the sea horizon, and overhead the great eagles came sweeping down, so close to us that we could see the evil expression in their eyes, as if they resented our possession of the latter place, between which and Ronda there is much trade or rather smuggling. The views of the strange city as we left it in the morning were most picturesque; it seemed a mountain surrounded by mountains, cleft partially in two by the river, which fell down some 600 feet amid a mass of greenery, turning many old mills, themselves almost hidden in ferns and climbing plants. Through these our path wound, from terrace to terrace, till we reached the valley below, with its old farms

and villages, olives, figs, and pomegranates, and farther on the clear Guadalquivir, with the fortified castle and town of Zahara perched 1000 feet above it. "Woe is me," said an ancient Alfaki in 1401, "the ruins of Zahara will fall on our heads; the days of the Moslem Empire in Spain are now numbered." It was a perfect subject for painting, but wanted a Turner to render it. We afterwards mounted again among scrub woods of arbutus, myrtle, laurestinus, and lavender, to the wretched village where we had to pass the night.

In the ordinary posada the traveller must expect nothing but a small white-washed cell with a shuttered window, no glass, and a brick floor. A bed is put up after his arrival, but little else; he must fetch his own water, bring his own provisions, including crockery, knives, forks, etc. This was all amusement to us, and our Polish friend saved my father all trouble in bargaining and paying; he quite enjoyed fighting over the bill, and at this last place went so far as to produce his revolver, frightening his own party quite as much as the landlord, who, however, withdrew about half his demand. We parted quite on good terms, and he mounted his pony to show us a short cut and better bit of road, over which we had an easy ride down and over the plain to Utrera, observing as we passed quantities of red-berried mistletoe on the olive trees, and enormous flights of small birds, which were probably migrating to warmer winter quarters. The Fonda at Utrera looked quite magnificent after the places we had lately lodged in; and the jolly fat landlady petted us, and made a marvellous stew of the dry old roast turkey we had

left from our Malaga provisions. *Arroz a la Valencia* is a dish for an emperor. We sent on our luggage and rested the morning there, and then crawled over the weary dusty plain to Seville, whose gates we reached after dark, where we found the luggage waiting to be examined (or rather that the custom-house people should be feed for not examining it). We were dead tired, and my father too cross to speak. Our Polish friend made orations in his Italian Spanish, and talked of the Emperor of all the Russias, of whose Imperial Guards he was, etc. etc. Nobody cared, and we were marched off to a guard-house a mile outside the gates, where at last we found an officer who was also a gentleman, who made many apologies, and sent us and our luggage to the much-wished-for hotel, where we made ourselves at home for ten days.

The Cathedral of Seville soon became, and is still, my ideal of church architecture; there is something so dignified in its simple unbroken columns, its deeply pointed arches and windows, while its gloom and mysteriously dark shadows impress one with a sense of vastness. One could never see the end of it; indeed it was so dark that the verger used to light lucifer matches and hold them to the different parts of the pictures to show them bit by bit, a process which rather came in the way of their general effect, but left much to the imagination. It was Advent when we were there, and a curious ceremony took place every Friday at that season: the Cardinal Archbishop and some hundred priests walked in procession, all carrying wax candles, and seated themselves within the gilded railings round the high altar, on which many chandeliers were lighted, all the rest of the

Cathedral being totally dark; a band of musicians in plain clothes stood on one side without the railings, and sixteen chorister boys dressed like the pages of Ferdinand and Isabella, entered within, with many bows and waving of their plumed caps, and danced a kind of figure-of-eight Scotch reel, to the time and steps of a minuet, singing sweetly all the while, and bowing at intervals to the altar. It had a very beautiful effect, seen from the darkness of the nave, which was crowded with black kneeling figures, and might have been originally a popular ceremony belonging to the worship of the Goddess Ceres, whose temple the Cathedral had supplanted — which the priests had thought wise to continue. It was all done in such a solemn manner it never struck us as being in any way incongruous till one day when a small dog got in, and was hunted out by the officials, across the very altar steps, when the Cardinal himself had his gravity upset.

Our Polish friend had a mania for collecting old pictures, and he picked up two "veritable" Murillos and a Memling from old shops in Seville. They were certainly well painted, and if they gave pleasure to their owner, what did it matter whose hands had painted them! We went on to Cordova, and wandered about under the forest of old heathen pillars, of which its famous mosque had been built, collected from all parts of the Mediterranean coasts by the Moors: and we abused Charles V. (as all travellers ought to do) for having knocked down some hundred of these to make room for his great gaudy church in the very middle of the unique building.

After this we floated down the Guadalquivir to

Cadiz, a dreary fortified island, to wait till some good ship could take us home. Our friend Lachnitzki settled himself, with his artist umbrella and easel, outside the walls one morning, to commence a sketch of a subject "veritably ravishing;" but this the Spanish soldiers would not understand, and they marched him off to the guard-house,—easel, umbrella, and all, and kept him all day being examined by different officials, who insisted that he was making a plan of the fortifications, and was moreover an Englishman. At last he succeeded in getting a note to the Russian Consul, who soon set him free, and brought him back delighted with his day's experiences, which he proceeded at once to illustrate. He was a good little fellow, and a most thorough gentleman, and we were all sorry to say good-bye when our ship at last took us away homewards on the 3rd of January 1860. It was a merchant steamer, loaded with wine, oranges, quicksilver, and oil; and there was only one passenger besides ourselves, the whole end of the vessel, with eight berths, being given to my sister and myself. Captain Russell was a model sailor, full of talk, and always in good humour. He used to call my father the admiral, and pretend to take his orders in all ship matters, and took him about showing him everything, and teaching him to know the peculiarities of all the sailors, who seemed devoted to their jolly Captain.

Like most sailors our Captain was superstitious, and he told us one story out of his personal experience which should interest the Society for Psychical Research. When a cabin-boy, sailing on his first voyage, he was one stormy night ordered aloft for some work among the rigging. And up there, amid

the whistling of the storm, he saw, as he thought, his father's face looking wistfully at him between the shrouds. Young Russell was naturally frightened, and when he came down he told the captain what he had seen, who advised him to make a note of time and date; this he did by writing both inside the lid of his sea-chest. When at home again, months afterwards, the circumstances of that night having almost faded from his memory, his mother was one day unpacking his box when she exclaimed: "Why, Jack, what made you write down these dates here? that was the night and the hour when your father died, and his very last words were a message to you!"

The old recurring story, so often told! but in this case the witness was an undoubtedly honest man, and he fully believed it.

In the middle of the Bay of Biscay we met a Spanish vessel, which stopped us to ask "where they were," as they had lost their bearings. "Bless 'em! they're no better than children, and ain't fit to go alone," said our Captain, after roaring a curious string of foreign words at them through his trumpet. The sea was kind, and we went so close to Hastings we could see the people walking on the Parade. A fog met us off Deal, and we had to anchor for the night, and wished to go on shore and take tea with our cousin John Nisbet, the Rector; but the Captain could not answer for his men returning sober, and as he piloted his vessel himself up to London he wanted all hands to help him the next morning, so we stayed quietly on board till we reached Gravesend, and thence home for the usual winter festivities at Hastings, and an uneventful session in London.

CHAPTER II

SWITZERLAND — ITALY — TRIESTE — POLA — FIUME — PESTH — THE DANUBE — CONSTANTINOPLE — SMYRNA — ATHENS

In August 1860 we three again crossed the Channel, with our three portmanteaus weighing under 160 lbs., and liable to no extra charge on railways or steamers: we made straight for Ragatz.

One cherished article in our dear old father's creed was a boundless belief in the virtues and efficiency of any natural hot water. When on our long mountain walks we came to any little obscure bath-house frequented by a few poor local invalids, he would at once insist on stopping there, and, whatever its chemical qualities, plunge trustingly into the healing waters (sometimes with consequences not altogether successful). So on this occasion, scorning the fashionable Ragatz, we drove straight up to the old bath-house of Pfeffers, a dark damp conventual building of at least two centuries old, with a strong smell of the domestic mangle pervading its long mouldy corridors. The old summer residence of the Abbots of Pfeffers is now turned into a Kur-haus, much frequented by poor Swiss and German people, who wish to retard the

inevitable complaint of old age by an annual wash in its beneficent hot water. This bubbles out of the rock about a quarter of a mile farther inside the hill, where the crack almost closes 300 feet overhead, allowing only a few glimpses of the sky; while the Tamina rushes furiously like glacier milk below, seeming to shake with its violent vibrations the crazy wooden platforms on which we walked to the spring head. Except the road and the piece of ground the house stands on, there is not a scrap of level ground in the valley, but a steep climb took us to the lovely Alps above, where the air was pure enough to bring a feeling of youth back even to elderly Germans.

But all Switzerland is now as well-known as Clapham Common: Glarus with its red pocket-handkerchiefs and Schapsga cheese, Lucerne and the Righi railway, Engelberg with its goats'-milk, and crowds of old ladies knitting stockings.

We walked up to the Joch pass and found ourselves for the first time in such an Alpine garden as no art can make—pale large-eyed forget-me-nots fighting for the prize of brilliancy with the deep-blue gentianellas. I cannot say even now which colour is the most marvellous, so different and yet both so purely blue. The alpenrosen, the pale yellow anemones, we felt quite wild with the wonders of that alp, and no second one ever had the charm of that first glimpse of a new world of flowers to me.

We stayed some days at the châlet at Engstlen not far beyond the pass, and could enjoy all the beauties of the flora, as well as the grand mountain views at leisure; such strong food requires time to digest and to take in properly. At Engstlen we met a Roman

artist who has been my friend ever since. She was a strange mixture of simple original character and true appreciation of beautiful things, combined with much obstinacy, old fashioned prejudice, and conventionality. She had found perfect artist-quarters at Engstlen, a mere farmhouse surrounded by a few cheese-making châlets, piles of mossy boulder stones, cembra pines all hoary with lichen, twisted and gnarled by the winds, as well as some scraggy old spruce firs, and beyond a small lake, with Titlis glaciers reflected in it on one side, on the other a magnificent view of the great central mass of the Bernese Oberland. Long-billed birds were perpetually picking at the cembra cones, and flocks of goats gave life to the foreground. The master of the house, a notary and militia colonel of Meiringen, treated us all as his invited guests in the old Swiss style, which is not often found in the country nowadays. A botanist and geologist of Bern and two Russian landscape-painters made a pleasant company, over whom we found our English Signora had already established certain laws and regulations. "If they wished to smoke they must go into the cow-house," etc., to which they gave way most obediently without a grumble.

We fell in with the Francis Galtons at Meiringen, and walked on with them to Rosenlaui, where the famous traveller inveigled my father up the glacier, and flashed signals at his wife from a pocket lens instead of coming back to *table d'hôte* luncheon, as was expected of him.[1]

Thence over easy Oberland passes to Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen, of which I remember but a confused

[1] To flash signals from the Rosenlaui glacier down upon the inn has long become an impossible feat, as the glacier has in the last thirty years retreated so far as to be now quite out of sight from below.—ED.

mixture of chamois, marmots, echoes, strawberries and cream, big horns, fogs, and fatigue. At Interlachen we fell in with Blumenthal and his cousin, and had much music on a bad piano. At Bern we saw the bears and heard the organ. At Freiburg we heard another organ, and saw a curious reflection of the suspension bridge cast on the mist below, every iron bar of its cobweb-like structure being reflected in long rays beneath, the sun rising just above it. It is a singular spot, and the curves of both bridges are very elegant.

Thence to Zermatt and the Riffel, where we looked at the rain for two nights and days, having to spread our waterproofs and umbrellas to keep ourselves from soaking in our beds. Now and then we got a peep of the Matterhorn, which rewarded us for the dreary time of waiting. From the Gorner Grat at sunrise and from the Schwartz See it looked still finer. We walked round by Saas and had a stroll with the famous old Padre and naturalist Imseng, then over the Monte Moro, which some people make difficulties about, but on the top of which we met two cows and an old woman carrying a stove on her back! The day was perfect, every rock and crevasse was clear on Monte Rosa, and we were glad to rest under the magnificent old larch trees on the Italian side, to enjoy the view of it and of its glittering snows against the deep blue sky, before descending to Macugnaga.

Here we stayed a week, mostly enveloped in fog or mist, but between whiles getting higher views, and I made an elaborate picture in an original and most unorthodox manner, suited to the unstable weather; drawing and finishing first the foreground, then the church and moraine, finally the mountain as it came

out, bit by bit. Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Lionel Robinson were our fellow-prisoners at Macugnaga, and capital company they were. What good talk there was at supper-time! But I confess to a dislike of those cruel glaciers, and was glad to walk down the valley to the region of chestnuts and cyclamens, and farther on to the vines, figs, and Indian corn of Italy.

One can never have too much of Baveno, with its sunny gardens and islands, or of Lugano, with its steep mountains coming down sheer into the lake. One evening we landed at Oria, on the north side, and climbed to the top of Monte Boglia, reaching its top at sunset; having miscalculated the difficulties and length of the descent on the Lugano side, with no guide and scarcely a path, we should have got into serious difficulties but for some good-natured charcoal-burners who helped us; but I shall not easily forget the terror of the rocks and roots, and the nearly pitch darkness of that night. My father hated guides, and we had many narrow escapes of this sort.

We returned by Luino to Maggiore, and from Stresa walked over to Orta, the gem of all these lakes, with its bustling little market-town and island church with the jingling bells which were always ringing, and the pretty towers and houses of Pella beyond, all reflected in long rays on the clear blue water, whence a lovely shady walk took us over in about five hours to Varallo, a fine old town under an isolated rock crowned by the chapels of the famous Sacro Monte. Here is the junction of the snowy Sesia with the emerald-green river from Val Mastalone, which run together for some little way without mixing; the purity of the latter water has caused the place to be famous for its

grissini,—long crisp biscuits, which are packed in tins and sent from Varallo all over the world, and are the most delicious form of bread I know anywhere.

A diligence took us to Novara, where we saw tubs full of live frogs in the market.

Milan, Verona, Brescia, Venice, who can describe them? The latter place certainly must impress every one differently; to me it was a never-ending series of wonders—to be put into a floating omnibus at the steps of the railway station, to see beggars in gondolas, grinding organs, Austrian soldiers relieving guard, funerals —all in gondolas; boats full of gas, and others full of fresh water, the latter being simply ladled out on the pavement, and after washing it well running down open channels into the beautifully ornamented wells, from whence the professional water-carriers drew it up, and distributed it in the brightest of brass pails as drinking water all over the city.

When we were at Venice the Austrians were the grievance of the place, and the pigeons of St. Mark (holy birds) used to have the Italian colours tied to their tails, and come fluttering down at the feet of the white coats or Bianchi (washerwomen, as they were called), who dared not touch them or revenge the insult. All round, inside and out, St. Mark's was a world of interest. I loved the uneven pavement, with the pulpit pillars, also cut of different lengths to fit it (now nicely smoothed and "restored," they say), and the Armenian pulpit and altar in the nave, with the grand white-bearded old priest who used to come and go through his own peculiar service at that altar every morning.

Outside the building there was a corner where the

poodle-clipper used to station himself to perform his art, while the clever dogs would stand on their hind legs and submit to the ceremony of trimming and colouring with pink and blue as gravely as an old gentleman being shaved would have done; while others waited their turn and looked on approvingly. Italians are very fond of keeping these large poodles, as they save them the fatigue of carrying their own baskets or bundles. I bought one tiny black poodle puppy from a gondolier for three florins, and had to give the waiter another florin the next morning to take it away, as it screamed all night long for its mother, from whom it had never been properly weaned: but it was a real Venetian wonder, with three tufts on its back and one on the tip of its tail, and as black as ink.

The fishing boats too were wonderful, with richly coloured sails and quaint devices, and the piles of fruit landing on the Rialto—peaches, nectarines, and plums, in pyramids nearly a yard high, mountains of water-melons, hot cuttle-fish, and sea-eggs (echinus), which they eat like apples in great bites. Of course we saw miles of gorgeous paintings, of which but a few remain in my head now. The Santa Barbara of Palma Vecchio gave me especial pleasure, and the general richness and warmth of colour of those Venetian artists is unequalled by any other school. The sunsets on the lagoon are still warmer and richer than the paintings, and the perfectly-balanced mass of Santa Maria Salute outlined against them one never tires of looking at; the magnificent Austrian band too was a rare treat in those days, the Italians have never succeeding in equalling it, but their hatred of the invaders was so great that the great square used to

empty when the music began, and it was left to the strangers to enjoy it,—a real enjoyment it was to sit surrounded by all those curious buildings, with the pure evening sky overhead, listening to such music.

Milan had already escaped from its German rulers, and had a more happy busy look; a Leonardo mania possessed me then, and I spent hours among his drawings in the Ambrosian library there: every stroke of his seemed so full of meaning, and he tried all sorts of subjects, flowers, caricatures, infernal machines, etc. I bought all the photographs I could of these drawings, and have a most interesting collection.

My father hated towns, and his first thought on entering one was how to get out of it again. He tired me quite out at Genoa trying to escape; as white walls enclose every road one can only do it by scaling the very tops of the steep surrounding hills, whence the views were certainly fine. A steamer took us on to Leghorn, thence we went by rail to Pisa, with its beggars and that curious group of buildings, so exquisitely finished and polished, but jarringly contrasted with its surroundings and with the apparent poverty of the people. Florence I hardly saw, as I was in bed two out of the three days there, with the frightful pain which for many years used to spoil so much of my life. But I remember crawling out after it to some old convent, and seeing Mrs. Higford Burr there, sitting on a high stool copying a Fra Angelico, in a gray dress, with a gilt net on her exquisite little head. She made more impression on me than the famous little picture she spent such time and labour over.

Other friends we met in Florence, and a Mr. —— an art critic, who bestowed a good deal of time

in lionising my sister and showing her "important examples of rare men," and other such like art jargon, entertaining but tiresome to me.

Both Florence and Rome are too full of art treasures; one does not know what to see and what to leave unseen in a short time, so that one is kept in a perfect fever of excitement. I enjoyed more wandering with my father through the gardens, with their outdoor views, than over the buildings and galleries. At Rome he made friends with Gibson, and used to join him in his stroll round the Pincio before breakfast in the morning. Once Miss Raincock took me to see Gibson's young American pupil, Miss Hosmer, in a large unfurnished studio she had just taken, where she was preparing to make a portrait statue of some famous countryman, it was to be nine feet high, she said (looking herself like a small child); she had only one chair, which she gave me, as the stranger; seating our old friend on the table, she mounted to the top of a high ladder herself, from whence she chattered and laughed with the happy air of one who is successful and sure to please. Miss Raincock had once received a note from Gibson,—"That poor American girl has fever, come and nurse her," so she had packed up her old carpet-bag and gone at once to obey the order, thus forming a friendship for life.

One day we saw a grand mass in St. Peter's, during which the poor old Pope in vain tried to get a pinch of snuff; no sooner had he got his fingers on his box than he was violently seized, and put into some gorgeous new raiment, and had to hide it up again: he never to the end succeeded, though he was infallible.

St. Peter's itself certainly succeeds in looking small;

from its perfect proportions, I was told, but could never understand that so-called merit, it would have been more economical to build it small at once, if that were the effect wished for! The music was noisy, and the unnatural soprano voices of men were unpleasant to me. I spent some days copying Titian's Bella Donna of the Schiarra Palace, and then we moved on to Naples, making different excursions to the buried cities of that great demon of destruction—Vesuvius. Our voyage to Marseilles was stormy, and the mistral blew so hard that we had to turn back from the North Cape of Corsica and seek shelter in Elba for the night and part of a day, after which we got on safely, though the sea was very wild, the spray often flying off from waves a mile long: we shaved along close under the French cliffs, where the water was of a nearly blue-black colour, and comparatively calm under the shelter of the land.

We were right glad to land and rush on to Paris, where we put up at a genuine old French hotel: women in white caps sat in a glass case on the stairs, keeping accounts and gossiping among a number of canary birds in cages, while men in white aprons did the housemaid's work. Strange how different our next neighbours are from us in all their ways.

In 1861, after Parliament was over, we went straight to Switzerland again, and walked first round Mont Blanc, then round Monte Rosa. At Aosta my father was much interested in hearing from the landlord, Jean Tairraz, of the recovery and identification of his brother's body after forty years in the ice, as he had been buried by an avalanche on one of the glaciers in the valley of Chamounix in 1820, when Professor Forbes

prophesied that the body would eventually come out at the glacier cave, as it actually did in this year, 1861.

It was a happy free life, walking over those low passes, with not more luggage for us all three than a strong woman could carry in the basket on her back, and the country inns were very pleasant, though sometimes rather full at that season. Gressonay, in the Val de Lys, was a nice resting-place, with larch and spruce feathering down to the glacier at the end of the valley, and a very civilised sign-post with "To Monte Rosa" on the north-east side of it, rather an unnecessary luxury, we thought. From the Col d'Ollen we got the nearest and finest view of the mountain, and then descended to the Val Sesia and Varallo again, and over the pretty Col di Colma, to Orta and the Leone d'Or, where our old friend the cook in his white cap held the boat steady as we walked straight in at the window of the little sâlon, and felt at home again by the blue lake that is never ruffled. We drove by Varese to Como, and lingered a week at Bellagio, in those days less full of English than it is now, and from thence rushed again to Venice.

Of Venice my father writes: "The sensation of being in a gondola and drinking evening coffee in St. Mark's piazza never tires. I wonder how I can have lived till sixty without even flirting with the Sea Cybele? St. Mark's too, that gorgeous incarnation of Byzantine ideas, has an attraction about its ceiling of dull burnished gold, and the wavy surface of its cracked floor, that no other building I know can rival. True, both are greasy and decayed, but the glorious mosaics never fade, and the cluster of domes, under the affectedly plain shadow of their vast bell-tower,

give a contrast that Pugin and Vitruvius together could not have imagined, and that modern architects cannot even copy."

We left the Queen of the Sea at sunrise on a September morning, and steamed away through the growing daylight, watching her towers and cupolas gradually sink under the horizon, lovely to the last. On board were two navy men of very different types. One a Hungarian, who had gone round the world in the *Novara*, talked perfect English, and was well read on all subjects; the other a Yankee merchant-captain, whose ship was built and registered in a southern port, though its owners belonged to Boston, and he dared not return to America for fear of capture on both sides while the war lasted. So he had bought 200 boxes of Venetian shell ornaments, and meant to take them to sell at Rio, in addition to the corn he was loading with, at what he called Try-est. That same place is amusing for a day or so; its grand hotel is on the actual quay, with a wide busy road separating it from the big ships lying against the wharves in the harbour, and one can breakfast if one likes outside the windows, at little tables in the midst of the crowd of busy people, without doing anything out of fashion. Flower girls bring lovely bouquets to sell, and every kind of strange fruit, birds, and monkeys may be bought there.

We only rested a day, and then coasted along in a small steamer down the Adriatic to Pola, stopping at many picturesque places and taking in picturesque people. Pola was full of soldiers, and not tempting to stay in, but we had time to see and sketch the grand Roman amphitheatre. All its interior fittings

have been carted away for building purposes, and the mere shell remains, with the blue sea and sky showing through its wide arches and portals; it stands quite at the edge of the sea, in a small bay, and the golden tinted marbles are reflected on its still surface as in a looking-glass. A small arch of Victory and a temple of Juno are also in good preservation.

We had a still moonlight to continue our voyage, and entered the beautiful landlocked bay of Fiume next morning. Mr. Glennie the artist had given us letters to his sister there, and she and her family were most hospitable. They had made a fortune out of some paper-mills they had established at the mouth of one of those strange rivers of pure water, which gush out of limestone cracks quite close to the sea-shore; indeed, these springs sometimes bubble up from under the sea, and one can row out in a boat and taste the perfectly fresh water as it forces itself up in the midst of the salt. All the tops of the hills are mere deserts of dry limestone with hollows through which the rain-water filters into the cracks beneath. We saw washerwomen at their work on the actual sea-beach, through which a considerable stream of pure water was bubbling out.

Fiume used to be the port of Hungary, but had lately been separated from that great country, and declared part of Croatia, at which it grumbled much, and little trade comes near it now. We keep a Consul there, with nothing to do, so he was delighted to lionise us. He gave us a dinner of the country, consisting of tunny-fish (tasting like roast pork), polenta, and *brodetta*, the latter a stew of all sorts of odds and ends of fish, with a good deal of oil; the polenta is a dry porridge of Indian corn, of which in the mountains I

have often made a meal, with plenty of milk; it is the very best diet for walking or working on. Our Consul's son-in-law was a sea-captain with eighty florins a month, out of which he supported his old mother comfortably, and never got into debt. The usual peasant's dress is pretty, those of one of the near islands always dressed in black wool, in memory of their chief Frangipani, a famous pirate, who was hung by the Austrians (their sheep were also all black, but of course that had nothing to do with the colour of the wool).

Ten hours' drag over the stony hills, and past many of the curious natural filters of Istria, took us to Adelsberg, whose caves are one of the wonders of the world. We walked in for some two or three miles, crossing and recrossing the black rushing river, and seeing all the elegant white and yellow stalactites as well as we could, with an "extra Beleuchtigung" of about a dozen tallow candles. We refused to buy one of the wonderful little eyeless pink swimming efts, peculiar to the place, called Proteus, but it probably was starved to death by some other less conscientious tourists who came next. The wet weather prevented our going to see that curious cave fortress on the lake of Zirknitz, which lake dries up for some months of every year, sufficiently long to allow a harvest of corn to be sown and reaped upon its site, after which the lake refills, and, strange to say, becomes again full of fish.

We took the rail on to Pragershof, a junction station, meaning to sleep there, but found not a house, even the station was only beginning to rise from the ground, so we caught a train up the valley of the Drave to Pettau, over a rich flat country full of vine-

yards. As one enters Hungary the cultivation increases, and immense plains of Indian corn and pumpkins begin, with groves of venerable oaks, which reminded us of English parks. Great herds of red and white cattle were to be seen, a thousand often in one drove, curly-haired swine in vast quantities, but rarely any sheep, and no fences anywhere. We were again set down at our journey's end without any apparent facilities for going or staying. The good-natured station-master tried to get us a cart, but in vain, and we walked on a mile or more to the ferry on the edge of the Platten See, where a farmer kindly offered us a lift in his barge full of sacks of corn, which was bound, as we were, for Füred. The boat-men were also kind, though their load was already very heavy.

We stuck continually in the mud, and all hands (except ourselves) went overboard to push and pull the boat along, including two policemen in petticoats, who shot at the ducks between whiles with their long guns; it was quite dark before we landed, and we had to grope our way up to the almost deserted bath-house. The season was over, and we had 200 rooms to choose from; the cold empty passages seemed end-less, but English were very popular with Hungarians then, and they gave us everything they liked best themselves, one of their dishes being one of the few I have ever met with which I could not swallow, *Dorf nüdeln*, its composition being home-made maccaroni and sour curds, finished in bad oil. Kaiser Franz was said to have died from eating it, and I do not wonder.

The only other guests in Füred were a most charm-ing old Professor from Pesth, his son, and an engineer.

They took us an expedition the next day to see a convent which draws a revenue of 100,000 guldens a year from the surrounding land, and supports six monks only out of it, who, they said, lead a most jolly life. The convent is built on a cliff jutting out into the lake, said to be volcanic, with limestone and fossil shells embedded in it.

The vintage was going on, and the pickers brought us quantities of delicious grapes, and would accept nothing in return. Driving across the country in Hungary is a trial to one's bones, the great carts (or rather baskets on wheels) have no springs and no seats, only some hay, on which it is wise to rest at full length, and perfectly loosely; if one tries to resist the shaking, or to hold on, one's hands are burnt by the friction, and one's bones run a chance of dislocation. At Stuhlweissenburg we found a railway which took us to Pesth, and we woke up the next morning to see the noble river Danube rushing under our windows and dividing us from the quaint old city of Ofen on the other side, with the fine palace of the Blocksberg on the height above, looking gigantic among crowds of little one-storied houses, which are the fashion in Hungary.

Pesth itself is cosmopolitan, and has fine buildings of every style in it, and splendid shops; it might have been of any nationality, except for the inhabitants, the men being all in high boots and much braided coats, the ladies imitating them with jaunty Spanish hats, and cloaks hanging over one shoulder, fastened with silver chains and clasps—no Austrian soldiers were to be seen anywhere. We went twice down for a wash in the hot sulphur baths of Kaisersbad, and wandered

among the vineyards above it, where the best Ofner wine was making—men dancing on the grapes in their high boots! (I believe all Hungarians sleep in boots.) All sorts of grapes were put in together, of all colours, and after they had been trodden sufficiently, the mash was carted home in rude barrels on wheels, and placed in loosely-jointed tubs to strain, whence the juice ran out in a continuous stream, enough to fill a two-inch pipe at once. The grapes all grow within a foot of the ground, and are as sweet as sugar.

We also went up the river to Gran, the seat of the Prince Primate of Hungary, a small Pope in those parts with two bishops under him; he has enormous revenues, and is generally a prince of the blood: one of the last had been appointed to the office when a baby in arms, and died when he was twenty-three. A grand Cathedral had been built at Gran, on the cliff over the river, all of red porphyry; and the chapter, in a spirit of ultra church-wardenism, had plastered all the inside over with a light scagliola, because the building seemed too dark. It evidently occupied the site of an old fortress, possibly Roman, and was backed by lovely vine-covered hills, looking over long reaches of the Danube, as well as its own tributary river Gran. The vintage was also in full operation, but here the grapes were pounded with wooden pestles instead of boots, which looked at any rate cleaner.

Returning down the river in the steamer we made friends with a young doctor of law, in a complete blue suit all over braid, who brought a volume of English poetry out of his pocket, and talked our language perfectly (as did six other gentlemen on board). They all said we ought to go and see the fair

at Debreczin, and he gave us his card for some friends there. He also took us to see some national dancing, and to hear some good gipsy music in a Pesth café, for that strange race make all the public music in Hungary, and their melodies have a peculiar wild character of their own. The whole way to Debreczin was over a perfectly flat plain; no forest was visible till we came near our journey's end, but there was much fine corn land. It seemed all to be a light gravelly alluvium: originally, no doubt, the plain had been a lake which had its exit at the Iron Gates, and up which, doubtless, Jason's boat had sailed to pick up the golden fleece and deposit it at Laibach. The Platten See and some few other lakes, with low flat shores, are all that now remain of this enormous European Caspian Sea. The only relief to the endless flats was from a few probable barrows, which were called Russian soldiers' graves.

Debreczin Fair was a sight worth coming to see,—whole streets of rough wooden sheds, some filled with furs, some with books or groceries, shoes, iron and metal work. Everything was sold wholesale, and the natives from all parts of Hungary and its borderlands had gathered together there, to stock their shops for the coming year. Cattle and horses were also collected in multitudes, and there were races and other entertainments to amuse the people. Our landlord sent us in his own carriage, drawn by beautiful half-broken young horses, with scarcely any harness on them, and we were put in the best places, and made much of, because we were English, the popular nation at that period. There were English horses to run, an English cup to win, and an old English jockey to ride the favourite horse, who had

been for forty years in the service of the greatest grandee in that district; he himself was dressed in purple from head to foot, and covered with braid and tassels; he bade us welcome in good English, with the manners of an English gentleman; his family and all the other grandees came on to the course at full gallop, in springless hampers on wheels, with magnificent horses driven three abreast, and gorgeous servants hanging on behind. All these gentlemen wore long spurs on their high boots, one of them remarking to us that "they looked well, they were so lively."

The peasantry were generally clothed in long sheepskin coats, many of them wearing the fur outside, and of course all wore the inevitable national boots.

The one-storied houses looked absurdly small on each side of the wide streets, which were often a hundred feet across, about thirty feet in the centre being paved with circular sections of trees, filled in with smaller wood, making a very solid roadway, with a most dusty edge on each side of it. As every house of any importance is within its own yard and gardens, and none are more than one story high, it is not difficult to understand why the towns cover so much room. There are no detached cottages, and few villages anywhere. The card our friend in blue had given us was for the chief lawyer of the place, who, with his family, received us like old friends: they had plates laid for us at every meal, whether we came or not, and the daughter (who talked good English) lionised us everywhere.

They gave us a grand supper at their house, their bill of fare being in the following order: Tea, bread and butter, roast potatoes, and cakes; then, when we thought

all was over, came Mabel, — a famous bird from the Theiss, with a long pointed nose, — first chicken, no wine, but rum and milk with the tea. My father was modest about smoking in the smart drawing-room, as his host did, but whenever he let his cigar go out it was at once relit, *nolens volens*. When we returned to the hotel after the entertainment we found some dozens of new guests had arrived, old friends, our host said, and a third bed had been put in our room for my father, much to his dismay, the only place he could have—the passages were already full of less particular guests, both male and female, rolled up in their sheepskins. We were introduced to the Burgomeister, a most gentlemanly man, who also talked our language; he has a council of 200 under him, and is elected by the whole city for a period of three years. He invited and pressed us to stop for his State ball, but we had no wedding garments, and did not think three in a room comfort, according to our insular prejudices.

A long sandy desert stretches beyond Debreczin, and after that came the famous vineyards of Tokay, but they did not tempt us to go more out of our way, and we turned towards the Danube again, stopping at the walled city of Temeswar, where there was another crowded fair, but more Austrian than Hungarian. From Basias steamers took us on, we changed them three times, and went through grand scenery, driving in carts past the rapids caused by the famous iron rocks, which stretch across the wide river, but not so continuously as to prevent the barge which conveyed the luggage from floating down the stream between them. A most curious collection of people made the voyage with us, Bulgarians, Moldavians, Wallachians, drawn

apparently from the very scum of Europe; dice-boxes were continually rattling, and the women wore diamond ornaments, and accused one another of stealing them in the ladies' cabin. Many of these people spend their summers at Homburg or Baden, and their winters at Bucharest, which is the Paris of the Levant.

We had a most unwholesome fog on the Lower Danube, and one morning we passed another steamer sticking in the mud, and barely visible through the thick atmosphere, but out of one of the cabin windows my father recognised the head of Mr. Darby Griffiths, M.P., and began to understand what he had seen in the papers at Pesth about how the Anglomaniacs there had been fêting *Milord Derby!* The real man, he knew, was at home at the time, now the riddle was solved, it had been *Darby Griffiths* who had been taken for a Prime Minister, and treated "as sich."

At Tchernawoda we landed and took the railroad towards Kustendge over a scarcely dried up lake, rank with vegetation, but, except in one small spot, where a good crop of cabbages was growing, it was entirely abandoned to a forest growth of weeds. The banks were of a chalky limestone, and Trajan's wall came down continuously in a double rampart, with ditch outside, pretty close to the rails, south of the road from west to east. About four miles from Kustendge the locomotive made up its mind, from some reason unknown, to go no further, and we had to walk the rest of the way on foot, under the full light of the moon, an officer of the Prussian Embassy at Constantinople attaching himself to us, sword and all, and declaring all the rest of the party to be *canaille*. One old lady particularly, who had amused us much by her

rattling talk, he professed to know as a Russian spy, and he lectured us on this maxim, "Whenever you meet a woman travelling alone, who knows all languages, keep your gloves on!" I have little doubt he was right in that case, if not in another. Of a fine old Turk in a fez, who was inspecting telegraphs, he said, "He knows me, and I know him, and do not like him." My father thought him rather hard on this old father of all telegraphs, with whom he had been smoking some long and most satisfactory pipes, but the Prussian was not a man to contradict, he marched us on, clear of all the rest; they went into the inn, while we continued straight on board the steamer, where he made the unwilling and sleepy steward bring out a good supper for us.

At five the next morning my father went on shore, through the poisonous fog, to identify and bring our luggage on board; and seeing the Prussian's unclaimed, brought it also with him: a few hours after, when we were on our way through the Black Sea, the wohlgeborener Herr came up storming with rage at his luggage having been left behind, then my father quietly showed it to him, and said he had brought it for him. He never even said "Thank you," and took no more notice of us!

The Bosphorus, when we entered it at sunrise, was a sight not easily forgotten. All the Danube fogs were gone, the air was pure and soft, and the sky of the clearest tints. Many coloured little wooden houses were dotted among the rich gardens on the banks, while great masses of dark cypress trees were relieved by white minarets, domes, and palaces. The hills above, though less high, reminded us (in their

general proportion of land to water, and their abundant population) of the Como lake; and the scene grew always more and more beautiful, till we landed at the steps of Galata.

An old giant mounted all our three portmanteaus on his back and head, while we followed him up the steeply-paved street to our hotel at Pera, from whence the views were exquisite of the Bosphorus below, with its island tower of Miranda and the tall cypress groves of the Scutari cemeteries creeping up the hill of Bourgalù, on the other side of the water. The abundance and richness of the colouring in this, and all general views of Constantinople, was what struck me most. Every house was apparently tinted differently, in shades of red or yellow, blue or green, and yet all was harmonious; the mosques alone were white; their forms were so graceful that too much light could never be thrown on them. Then the lattice-work of the hanging balconies of the windows relieved the high straight walls most agreeably. Every house seemed to be buried in its own garden, so that as much space was occupied by trees as by buildings when looking down on the city.

Pera is built on a high ridge, in the angle formed by the junction of the Golden Horn with the Bosphorus. The Embassies were mostly there, including a huge one, which our nation had paid dearly for, but which was at that time always shut up, Lady Bulwer preferring to live at Buyukdere, and her husband in bachelor quarters at Scutari, where my father visited him, and he talked of old Harrow days, taking doses of physic at intervals, and looking like the very impersonation of Molière's *Malade Imaginaire.*

The cemeteries behind Scutari were tempting subjects for a picture; the tombstones tumbling about in all directions, their turbaned heads richly coloured, and the Arabic inscriptions deeply cut, their graceful curves being always most ornamental. The women's tombs are not worthy of inscriptions, and have merely a flower cut on them; according to Mahometan belief women are little above vegetables, and only go to Heaven by favour of their husband—if he thinks he shall be the happier there for taking them with him. These ideas made sketching much easier for us than for a man; we had no souls, and could not injure the souls of others by drawing their portraits; it was rather amusing to see us at it! All the cemeteries are shaded by tall black cypress trees; their sweet-smelling wood is supposed to purify the air, and to do away with the unwholesomeness of the Oriental graveyard. The peeps of landscape and deep blue sea from under these dark shades were dazzling, and most exquisite.

The ferry-boat which took us across was always entertaining, and once my sister and I had the courage to go in the part set aside for women—a kind of covered sheep-pen. We did not venture a second time, for the occupants nearly pulled us to pieces in their curiosity to see what we were made of, and how we were put together. They themselves were anything but beautiful, and much marked with the small-pox; we found it easy, even in our short experience of their habits and ways, to understand the little respect in which they are held at home. The long bridge of boats leading to Seraglio Point was also a capital place to linger at, one saw there people of every Oriental race and nation: Jews, Armenians, Greeks, troops of women—mere

bundles of gaily-coloured silks or calicoes, slouching along in yellow boots, with loose yellow slippers down at heel; with one and sometimes two bright eyes and painted lids peering out at holes on the top of the bundle, henna-dyed finger-tips keeping it open. Then there were packs of mangy dogs in every street, a most melancholy race, kicked and ill treated, but never exterminated, as they are useful scavengers. They cannot endure Christians, and revenge on them the bad usage they dare not resent from Orientals.

Another bridge had been begun but never finished across the Golden Horn, as it came within the province of Ali Pasha, the Sultan's brother-in-law, and as it was to be a free bridge, it would have injured the tolls of the other, in which he had an interest. We saw the Sultan going to the mosque of Sultan Valide, and were allowed, as strangers, to stand close to the gate, though all the natives were pushed back. All the court dismounted some yards before reaching us, and followed on foot, the Sultan alone riding in, on a noble white Arab, who picked his steps most daintily over the paved court, and seemed quite conscious of the honour of carrying the Defender of the Faithful. Abdul Aziz looked the grand Turk admirably, keeping his eyes fixed in front, and seeing no one; and his dress was quite simple except for the diamond *aigrette* in his fez.

Of the great mosque of Sta Sophia we saw little; it is all washed over inside with thick yellow ochre, through which one could just distinguish the Cimabue-like head of Christ in the mosaic of its roof. The curious twisted column of brazen snakes, which once held the golden cup in the temple of Delphi, excited

my father more than anything else, and set him spouting poetry for some days after seeing it. One day we steamed up the Bosphorus as far as Buyukdere, and looked into the Black Sea again, whence a fine warm wind was sending the boiling floods down at a great rate, almost as rapid as the Rhone at Geneva, and nearly as clear, the united waters of the Danube, Dnieper, Dniester, Don, and other smaller rivers,—a mighty stream.

Behind Buyukdere in a small meadow stand the seven famous plane trees, the remains of one which perhaps existed there when Constantine founded his city, and from whose roots the present noble circle of trees were the mere offshoots. Greek fishermen were landing quantities of tunny-shaped fish, with mackerel colouring, from fixed lines, while a man perched on a long pole out at sea watched most carefully for the shoal. We had seen the same plan followed near Fiume for the tunny-fishing. Gray mullet seemed the best fish in the market; we also saw a sword-fish ten feet long lying there for sale.

On the 23rd of October we left Constantinople in an Austrian Lloyd steamer, with some 500 other passengers, forty of whom went first class. My father shared his cabin with a very well-mannered young Effendi, Secretary to the Embassy at St. Petersburg, who employed himself in writing a long letter to his father, holding a roll of paper on the palm of one hand, and writing with the other. Our ladies' cabin was filled with some great man's harem, having a regular black Mesrom in charge, who ate at our table, and went in and out amongst the ladies as unconcernedly as a black dog. We two sisters had an inner cabin to

ourselves. The deck was literally strewn from fore to aft with Turks, Syrians, and Egyptians, at least half of whom were women, and among these a parcel of Georgian and Circassian girls who were going to be sold in Egypt. The dealer, a truculent old savage, well dressed in dark robes and an extraordinary turban, wished to go first class with a second class ticket, but did not get his own way. He entered all the party in the ship's books as his daughters, letting some of his servants lead them about, and feed them on vegetable messes. They were mostly young, and we were told the old wretch expected to make £100 or £150 apiece by them. They did not look in the least unhappy, and nobody seemed to think that a Turkish law making such traffic illegal made any difference.

At the Dardanelles we stopped a short while opposite "Pot Castle," where boat-loads of the famous crockery came out to us. A grand yellow jug was handed up at the end of a long hooked pole, and an extinguisher tied on the end of another was poked at us, into which we dropped sixpence. The man lowered it, looked in, and shook his head. We shook ours, took back the sixpence and walked away, but were soon recalled: and the jug was given to us, and another too, at our own price—sixpence each. We found afterwards that these same jugs had sold for six guineas in our great exhibition of '62.

After that we hoisted sail, and passed between Tenedos and the Troad: three tumuli being conspicuous on the mainland. There is a channel five or six miles wide between it and the island (which is about as big as the Isle of Wight), leaving plenty of room for ten times Agamemnon's fleet to

anchor in. Immediately south of the low land with the tumuli the hills began to come closer down to the sea, and craggy mountains appeared behind them. My father thought he could see Mount Ida, and began spouting unknown tongues again, saying it was worth any fatigue to have had these glimpses of old Homer's scenery, and of those tumuli, that were traditionally (and he believed truly) erected thirty centuries ago. Mitylene is said to have a population of 45,000, and to give a revenue of £60,000 from olives alone, all mortgaged by the Government. About sunset we passed some pretty rocky islets, and saw a small Greek brig, unable to stand the windy gusts from the Gulf of Adramyttium, but in spite of its topsails being carried right away, the gallant little ship stood right on. As the sun sank the wind dropped, and we entered the beautiful bay of Mitylene, where we landed and received many passengers, among others the Pacha-Governor of the island, a most courteous gentleman of about forty-five. Our young Effendi would have knelt to kiss his hand, but was prevented with much good-humoured dignity. We woke up the next morning in the lovely bay of Smyrna, and soon found our way to the new hotel, which the German landlord and his young wife of eighteen had only taken possession of that morning, and as new brooms sweep clean, it was then fresh and wholesome quarters.

Our reception was most kind; Mr. Meyer guided us over the entertaining bazaars, where the never-ending strings of loaded camels and their wild drivers give an Eastern look that is wanting in those of Constantinople. Nothing stops them, nor puts them out, and woe be to the person or thing which comes in their way:

tramp tramp, crash crash, down go the shutters, or children, donkeys, crockery, anything which projects too far from the walls, or does not squeeze itself sufficiently flat, before the big ship of the desert approaches. The Arab element abounded, and those grand-looking figures clothed in kaftans seemed as much astonished at all they saw in the shops and streets as we were. We climbed up to the old castle on the hill above the town, and found its walls largely composed of marbles from old Greek buildings. Near it was the tomb of Polycarp, "Saint and Martyr," one of the early Greek bishops, who was killed in the amphitheatre (some ruins of which also remain not far off). His tomb is marked by one noble cypress, which makes a most tempting foreground for the lovely view of the blue bay set in a semicircle of lilac hills beyond. All around the tomb are other tombs of dervishes, as they say "it is good to enter Heaven with the holy," and care not to what particular denomination the saint belongs.

The hills around Smyrna are arid and treeless, but in the hollows, where any water can be found, the vegetation is most luxuriant. The grapes are delicious, the large ones like those of Valencia, golden, and large as pigeon's eggs; the small ones are stoneless, and when dried are exported as sultana raisins, most intensely sweet, and their very stalks eatable; figs, pomegranates, and apricots are also famous at Smyrna. Donkeys took us to the lovely gardens of Boudja, where clear springs come out from under the limestone crust, and (wherever the wretched Government have kept up the irrigation system) have produced a richness of vegetation which has given the valley the name of Paradise.

Another day we spent with an English engineer, who had built himself an Indian bungalow on the very site of the Greek temple of Hercules, the remains of which he discovered when digging the foundations of his garden. Three noble aqueducts were close by, crossing the valley of the Melas, which was reduced by irrigating channels to a mere rivulet, fringed with oleanders, figs, plane scrub, dwarf oaks, and many other shrubs whose names we did not know, besides the universal bramble in abundance. One of those aqueducts still supplies the Turkish quarter of Smyrna with pure water, from a source about a mile higher up. We were shown an aperture through a jutting point of the tufa rock called Homer's cave, but it was evidently the mere cavity of a disused channel or aqueduct, with others still running above and below it. The aqueduct bridges, still perfect across the valley, are nobly picturesque, most of them with Gothic arches. An English miller, a genuine John Bull, was establishing a fine flour mill close to Homer's cave, with a wheel of thirty-five feet diameter; wood, stones, and all being brought direct from England. He treated my father and our friend the engineer to Bass's pale ale. At the temple we found a bit of hard mortar with the print of the workman's three fingers on it, probably marked twenty centuries ago, possibly longer.

"Caravan Bridge" is another of the sights of Smyrna. Near to it is a bit of waste ground, where all the camels rest after their weary journeys; large parties came and went while we watched them, generally tied in strings of five, head to tail, and led in front by a donkey, on which their driver rides. We watched them feeding: first they had a heap of chopped barley straw,

then the offer of water, but few drank much, looking round and moaning; they seemed to prefer grumbling to enjoying themselves. At last they received great balls of dough, which the men had kneaded up for them of flour and water. These were thrust into their mouths in the rudest way. We were told they liked this, but they showed no signs of pleasure, and continued to look discontented and to make miserable moanings always. They were very rough, and never groomed nor clipped, but were said to be worth up to £50 apiece, and to earn on their journeys about ten shillings a day each. Their drivers were always honest; the common street hammal might be trusted with untold gold.

Many Asiatic tribes come to trade at Smyrna, and the old banker said he could talk French, English, Arabic, Turkish, Druse, Italian, and Greek fluently, and all were necessary in his business there. We paid a visit to his pretty villa at Bournabat, and also to the father of the English colony, Mr. ——, and went as near Ephesus as the train could take us, and even three miles further with the stoker on his engine, till the rails came to an end, when we scrambled up a stony hill, and saw the distant plain, almost fancying we saw some of the ruins, but the broiling heat and evening fever dews prevented our going farther, as we longed to do.

We had taken third class tickets at the station, thinking thus to see more of the natives; but in spite of that the English guard (he came from Norfolk, by the way) insisted upon putting us into a first class carriage. "That don't matter, sir, I ain't agoing to allow them young ladies to go into third class carriages, which

is only fit for Turks and sich, there's no saying what they mightn't catch." So we submitted, and found afterwards it was quite the custom for Europeans to take third class tickets and go first! which made us wonder less at the natives, who tried to bargain with the ticket-sellers about the prices they were to give, often walking away and expecting them to follow and accept their terms or make a fresh "bid." The railway was the last new toy of the Smyrniots, and the harems were perpetually making excursions to the station, where the ladies would seat themselves in a line along the platform for half a day, eating pomegranates seed by seed, and watching all the odd ways of the Europeans, till it was time to go home again, when they were packed like so many bundles in a kind of open horse-box, laughing and shrieking with delight. The railway was a failure for goods traffic, the camel-drivers not seeing the fun of coming all the way from the interior to a lonely station, and losing the grand amusement of a few days in Smyrna. So they declined going at all unless they went all the way; and used to tramp on and on, by the side of the rails, in almost unbroken strings, going and coming, the strange beasts and their drivers looking superciliously and without astonishment at the fussy, puffing, rushing thing as it passed by them.

Another curious inhabitant of Smyrna is the chameleon, which may be seen darting over any old wall or heap of stones in search of flies; but it becomes very stupid and slow in captivity. One was given to me, which afterwards died at Athens, and was buried in the Acropolis. While at sea I used to catch flies for it; at the sight of one it would open its mouth

very wide and very slowly take it in: after a sufficient while I offered another, and again it opened its mouth slowly and wide, when the first fly would walk out again! It was too limp and depressed to swallow its food, poor thing, and died of starvation diet; but it had not lost the power of changing its colour—black as coal on the dirty floor, straw colour in its basket.

All were sorry to steam out of that lovely bay, but we soon got among the Greek islands, bare stony rocks, whose very names raised my father's spirits, for he had pictured them all to himself years ago, and his head was full of their legends. At Syra all passengers stayed a night and changed ships, but it was too rough to land for so short a time, and my father's notion of "getting out of the town" would not have been a quick process there, where the rock is as steep as a sugar-loaf, and completely covered with flat-topped white houses with windmills dotted about all round instead of trees. The colours of the sea were exquisitely clear and pure; and shoals of porpoises were gambolling round us, rolling over and over, making high jumps into the air, and then gliding in again so gently as hardly to raise a splash. An old Scotchman and his servant amused us much. They had been the same round we had, but had seen little but one another all the way: living as "Scotchmen should live," never talking foreign tongues, nor eating foreign dishes, and their watches still went as they went at home, which was the only place where they kept good time. They did not believe in any foreign time which did not agree with their own watches, made by the best makers in Edinburgh, and they did not intend to put them out to suit the stupid lazy habits of foreigners!

We left Syra at nine, and reached the Piræus at sunset, under a dull cloudy sky. Ægina showed well, with its purple cone temple crowned, and there was just light enough to see the distant Parthenon as we entered the port. As regards the shores of classic Attica, which we had just toiled past for three hours, since passing Sunium, it was all barren, no vegetation, no signs of inhabitants showed themselves; we met not a dozen boats after leaving Syra till we reached the crowded emporium of the Piræus. Several men-of-war were anchored in its classic waters, carrying flags of all nations, and many small boats of altogether a British character. At last we were landed, and (believe it, ye gods of Homer!) packed into an old-fashioned hackney-coach, driven by a man in a fez, who stopped to drink only once in the five miles of bad road, and finally set us down at a very German hotel, close to the still more German Palace of King Otho.

Athens is not large; my father and myself walked all round it before breakfast the next morning, but we agreed that it was one of the few places whose beauty and interest far exceed its reputation. The modern town, almost a village, half Greek houses, half German, with shutters to all the windows; the big palace standing among trees, palms, and garden ground which had cost an endless amount of money to irrigate and keep green, but which seemed almost an impertinence just under the venerable Acropolis. I had never dreamt of the loveliness of the sunrise and sunset reflections on their smooth rocks and golden-tinted marble ruins; they were positively dazzling. The temples themselves are now known to every one from

photographs and from the various models scattered over the world, and would require the knowledge of an architect and of a classical poet together to describe, but if one place only in the whole world could be visited, I should say "Go to Athens," and live on its remembrance all the rest of your life.

We stayed only three weeks, sketching hard half of the time, and if we produced but poor imitations of the original glories, we learnt at least from such close study to estimate the more their marvellous forms and pure colouring. Every day after the first was sunny; we had the most charming of guides in Mr. Finlay, who had spent the chief part of his long life in Greece, and had written there the history of its Middle Ages. One night we had tea in his house, when his Armenian wife sang to us some Turkish songs, making us remain in one room while she walked about and sang in the adjoining one,—as she said the sight of us made her shy. Her history is told in About's famous book, *La Grèce Contemporaine*,—how Mr. Finlay when a young sailor had fallen in love with her sister at Varna (I think), and when his ship was about to sail made her promise to have herself packed in a box, and be put on board unknown to her family; but at the last moment her courage failed her, and this sister volunteered to take her place. The poor young man, though greatly disgusted at the change, felt he was bound in honour to marry her, and not to send her back to her angry parents,—and they seemed to have got on very well together after all. But she could never endure to go with him to England. She said the moths would get into her carpets if she left them, and those carpets were the pride of her heart.

Another friend was a fine old Greek admiral, who delighted in talking of a visit he had once paid to England many years before, where he was much fêted and admired in his Albanian costume by the great ladies. The old Duchess of St. Albans had asked him if the Greeks were not great thieves? He answered that he had been watching her Grace's diamonds all the evening admiringly, and longing to steal them. "If you do," she said, "I shall be well content to see them in such hands, and I hope you will bring them to Holly Lodge, where it will give me much pleasure to entertain you as long as you like to stay." Pretty speeches! I wondered if great people make such nowadays? We also met that old American hero of the Greek war, General Church, who said he still rode down to the Piræus every morning to bathe, but that recently the sharks had taken to frequenting the harbour, and had made it dangerous. Mr. and Mrs. Hill we also met, who had come to Athens before there was a single stone house there. These good American Missionaries had done more than most to civilise the people by their admirable teaching and example.

One day we rode to the ancient fortress of Phyle, which is built of huge unmorticed stones, on the top of a considerable hill, having glorious views over the Gulf of Corinth and Bay of Salamis, with a foreground of small stunted turpentine pines, even then being gashed and tortured for their hearts' blood. Half-way down in a crack of the rock was a monastery, partly hollowed out and partly hanging to the cliff, with masses of arbutus in full fruit along the sides of the little stream which trickled down from the almost

dried-up spring. The monks gave us baskets of the ripe berries with delicious honey; the former when fully ripe are not unlike strawberries, and refreshing enough in a hot climate.

Another day we went with two friends in a small sailing boat to Ægina, taking five hours to go there and only two to return, flying like the wind with the great sail almost resting on the water, not wholly comfortable to those unaccustomed to Greek boats and squalls; but our captain had the rope end twisted round his great toe, and was quite up to his work, only laughing at our fears. The temple of Ægina is of a coarse gray limestone, it is 300 years older than the Parthenon, and its architecture is heavy and barbaric, in character with those sculptured figures from its pediment we remembered at Munich, which, in point of art, are as inferior to the Elgin marbles as the temple is to that of Pallas Athene. But it made a fine picture standing out against a marvellous sunset sky of red and purple, to which a great round full moon succeeded, and sent her long reflections over the ruffled sea, as our boat flew along over its surface. The temple occupies the summit of a height, twenty minutes climb from the shore, and looks proudly towards the country whose supremacy it successfully defied for many years, till the Persian triumphs made the Athenian Acropolis master of the Greek world.

Travelling about Greece was so unsafe then that Sir Thomas Wyse advised us not to attempt any other excursions, even to Thermopylæ, so we steamed away, close under the mountains of the Morea, to Sicily, and through the Straits of Messina, with snow-capped Etna gloriously clear all day, its zones of vegetation

and forest and every crack defined on its surface. Only those who have been shut up for a week in a steamer can realise the delight of landing and wandering in beautiful gardens, among the sweetest of orange flowers, citrons, heliotropes, roses, and carnations, or on the scrubby hill-sides full of lavender, rosemary, and other shrubs, and over terraces of olives and figs, for as usual our object on landing was to get "out of the town."

A rough sea carried us through the straits between Sardinia and Corsica, and quite near Caprera, the home of that most unselfish among modern heroes—Garibaldi.

We landed at Marseilles, and steamed on to Nismes, through the craggy olive-clothed plain of Provence. Low limestone hills and rocky cliffs in all directions, fertile throughout with vines, mulberries, and abundance of the ordinary Levant pine, as well as a few stone pines; occasional tracts of sterile, stony, almost African desert, the so-called Camargue; picturesque crags crowned with castles, or rocks resembling them, scattered about,—this is the landscape of Provence. We were anxious to see the Roman amphitheatre and Maison Carré after our late visit to Athens, and found them in their way quite as perfect: doubtless also better known to tourists, being so much nearer home, —which we reached in a few days, to begin the usual festivities at Hastings Lodge.

General and Mrs. Sabine, with Mr. and Mrs. Headlam, spent their Christmas with us, and had hardly left before my father was seized with an attack of congestion of one lung. A large dinner to the Mayor and Corporation had to take place without him; he would not hear of its being put off, so his friends

Mr. Headlam and his wife kindly stopped on to help to entertain them. For three long weeks the dear life hung on a thread, and I only left his room for three hours' rest, from two till five every morning, when our old housekeeper, Mother Bunfield, relieved me, as he had to be fed every two hours to counteract the enormous quantity of tartar emetic our clever doctor was giving him, enough to kill a horse, he said; it was a new way then of treating the disease, and it succeeded admirably. His old dog lay outside his door by day and night, and would not be moved.

The old lady who helped me to nurse him was a peculiar character. She was a Roughamite, and entirely devoted to the squire and all his family, and had been in and out of our house, filling odd gaps in the household, as long as I can remember. She was under five feet high, with a frightful temper, and quarrelled with every one. Her husband, whom she called "the old man," was a picture of meekness and benevolence, and looked after the garden at Rougham. For some years she acted as cook when we were at the flat during the London season (our quietest time), and it was a joke with my sister and our cousin Sarah to go and see me order dinner. "What shall we have to-day, Mrs. Bunfield?"—"What *you* please, my dear."—"Shall we have a beef pudding?"—"No, my dear, you can't have no beef to-day."—"Cutlets?"—"No, my dear, you can't have them because of the stove." At last: "What can we have?" and the invariable answer came, "I was thinking you would like to have a nice shoulder of mutton." Of course we had it, and it became somewhat monotonous day after day, with apple turnovers to follow, varied by gooseberry fool and rhubarb

(stewed walking-stick, we called it) in their season. This tiny old woman was a powerful virago, who in her frequent rages spared not her master any more than her kitchen-maids. Once, hearing the sounds of an extra row in the kitchen, my father walked in to see what was going on. As he stood meekly at the door, waiting his chance to get a word in, she suddenly turned round upon him, arms akimbo, eyes flaming, and remarked: "And there *you* stands and says nothin'!" Yet she loved him, but it was "her way."

During the short Hastings winters my father had a queer fancy for importing foreigners as temporary servants. Gaspard Delmonte from Macugnaga; Uccetta, the landlord of the Fobello hotel in Val Mastalone; and later on Carlo Marato from the Lake of Como. They answered well for the time, being good tempered and always obliging, and they were glad to go home to manage their own mountain inns when we went up to the small flat in Victoria Street for the London season.

With these North Italian cooks the ordering of dinner became sometimes an anxious matter; it had in any case to be done by the aid of a dictionary. Once my father went down to tell Uccetta there was company for dinner, and more would be wanted than had been at first ordered; so in the evening *two* legs of mutton appeared in one dish, and everything else was doubled in the same proportion. Hares and rabbits always appeared at table lying on their backs in the middle of the dish, their legs kicking in the air. He loved to adorn his sweet dishes with mottoes and fantastic devices, and to send up game birds dressed in their own natural feathers. This meek giant

would sometimes be found crying and wringing his hands at the stubborn incapacity of his English kitchen-maid, but on the whole he got on excellently well by dumb show, and was a favourite with all the household.

Uccetta did more of the work himself than English chefs usually do, cleaning his own stove and even the kitchen windows, and declaring there were too many *femmine* about the premises. He arrived from the Alps with various mysterious bags stuffed into his trunk containing juniper-berries and mountain herbs of unknown sorts, with which he imparted Italian flavourings to English dishes. Meanwhile, at home, his pretty wife Maddalena attended to her guests (few in winter), and looked after everything, indoors and out, dressed in a bloomer costume of blue serge trousers and very short petticoat, both turned up with red, a red handkerchief tied over her head, turban-fashion, and with a ruff round her neck. Such is the universal costume of the Val Mastalone, and the reason the women have adopted it is, that the men are in the habit of wandering over the world to seek their fortunes as cooks, leaving the women to cultivate their small farms, which are generally at an angle of 45° at least. They also mount the trees (ash or alder), and cut down the branches and leaves for their cattle and goats to feed on, their sensible costume enabling them to climb almost with the ease of the latter animals. When the men have made a fortune as cooks they generally return to their native valley, begin building a large house, and die before it is finished: and their successors leave it standing as it is and start afresh again, so that these Piedmontese valleys are full of ruined or half-

built houses, and of brave Amazon-seeming women, whose appearance is apt to startle the occasional tourist coming over the passes from more prosaic Switzerland.

Our other Piedmontese servant, Gaspard Delmonte, afterwards assisted on the occasion of my sister's marriage, but had the church-door shut in his face by the beadle, who thought him only an intrusive "foreigner." "The water did come into mine eyes," he said afterwards, describing his disappointment; and, the whole show having been marshalled and tyrannised over by our grand aunt, Lady Waldegrave, I found it hard to forgive her this churlishness of her obsequious myrmidons, though I did not resist, when afterwards at the wedding-breakfast, she insisted, first on taking "the Duke" into breakfast, and then on herself standing up to make the first speech and propose the health of the bride and bridegroom, leaving to my father and me quite the back seats at our own table. We were used to it, and indulged the old lady, as it pleased her more than it hurt us. She had been Pope in a small sphere all her life.

The old days of Hastings are long past, and there is now scarcely any one living who remembers them. But my aunt could remember the time when her father was rector of the two old churches in the snug valley between its two hills, and when her first husband, Mr. Milward, was Squire of the parish and a despotic magistrate, without whose leave no dog might bark. There were whispers of various profitable smuggling transactions allowed to pass by the authorities at that period, when the most respectable looked with kindly leniency on the trade. No

one smuggles now. It is no longer worth while. Even the fishing, the great trade of old Hastings, is a half-dying industry, while the big formless town of fashionable lodging-houses to the westward grows and grows, and is the only Hastings this generation knows. Our aunt's old house, the Mansion, still remains unchanged in its sheltered nook beneath the hill, and summer after summer the great creamy magnolias unfold and fade again among their shiny leaves upon its ugly red-brick front. But all else is changed, and (may she never know it!) a Catholic poet inhabits that gloomy old house, sacred erewhile to Protestant tea-parties, for she was a stern evangelical, and almost on the site of her stable-yard an immense barnlike Roman Catholic Cathedral has been erected, which stretches aggressively across the picturesque valley where she once reigned over church and people.

Do ghosts walk, I wonder? Surely this would be provocation enough, even in the nineteenth century!

CHAPTER III

ADRIATIC AND SYRIA

1865

Our Egyptian journey, long talked of, came off at last, and it was a misfortune that brought it to pass! At the General Election in July 1865 my father lost his seat, being turned out by George Waldegrave, with a majority of just nine votes: after the first vexation we turned our thoughts to utilising the unlooked-for leisure, and started at once for Switzerland.

Our first halt was at Brunnen, on the Lake of Lucerne. After a few days there we drove up the valley to Muotta, and took a day's rest in the quietest of wooden inns, sleeping on sacks of beech leaves, extremely clean and sweet, but apt to get into a hard hole before morning. After that we walked over the Pragel Pass to Vorauen in the Klönthal, where there was an old-fashioned farm-house inn whose owners treated us like friends. Here we settled for a whole week; the meadows around were sweet with flowers, and below was a clear little lake, into which the giant cliffs of the Glärnisch dipped, to be again doubled by its reflection. They gave a great idea of the height of the mountain so close above our heads. In the evening the clouds, which wove themselves in and out

of the seeming cracks above, showed what great valleys these really were, and the pure cool air put renewed life into us day by day, after the worries and heat we had lately endured at home.

The old landlord might have been a model for a Hofer or a Tell, and was usually in the highest spirits, but soon after our arrival a pet cow died from eating too much of the fresh green grass, and then the whole family went into mourning, and did nothing but shake their heads and say, "Ach Gott!" The daughter was very pretty and nice, and did all the waiting, sitting down between whiles to knit and gossip with the guests. She said the cow would not have died if the *knecht* had not gone away dancing last Sunday (my Aunt Waldegrave would have said it was a judgment on them that such wickedness should have been possible), but when the old farmer was scolded by his wife for not looking after the man, he said she might as well scold him for not looking after the cow, as he was not dancing. There were no guests but ourselves living at Vorauen, but on Saturday about a thousand people came up after work was over, and slept about higgledy-piggledy in the cow-sheds and hay-lofts, and afterwards spent all their Sunday scrambling about over the hills, filling pails and baskets full of wild strawberries, raspberries, bilberries, etc., etc. They walked home in the evening, singing and yodeling till the hills echoed again; such excursions did them a world of good, and sent them back fresh for their factory work in the town. There were other Sunday visitors, who drove out in their own waggons and gigs, and made the place most unquiet, but we saw no drunkenness; they sang part-songs and danced in

the shed outside. All were gone by six in the evening, and left us sitting on the bench outside the door with the family party, lamenting the death of the cow in all peace and comfort.

The eldest son of the house had been eighteen years in Aleppo and Bagdad, as agent for the cotton and other manufactures of Glarus and Switzerland, and had come home a comparatively rich man. He gave my father many hints about our future journey to the East. He said he had ridden thousands of miles there, and never lost anything except one of his horse's tails, which was cut off in some wild camping-place at night. He brought up a beautiful Arab for me to see and ride, and I had a canter over the meadow sitting sideways on his man's saddle, but in trying to stop it I lost my balance and fell, and the pretty creature stood still beside me to let me climb up again, and brought me home as gently as a lamb, or rather as only an intelligent horse would, seeming to understand the difficulties of my position. Another horse had been given to our friend by some great Arab chief when he left the country.

We afterwards spent some days in Glarus, which interested my father as being the smallest independent state in the world. It has its own little Parliament and taxes, which are heavy, but it hoped in twenty years to pay off its own debt for the great fire, roads, etc., there being a capitation tax of two francs per head, which pays all Government expenses; a property tax of two and a half per thousand, for roads and poor. They have two poorhouses and large out-door relief, and, though the majority of the people are Protestants, they allow the Roman Catholics to worship in their churches

at such hours as their own services are not going on. The population of Glarus was about 20,000. The precipices of the Glärnisch come sheer down to the edge of the town at an angle of 70 or 80 degrees, looking as if a snowball might be rolled off the eternal glaciers on its top on to the green gardens of the town beneath, and it was curious to have such a mountain within a few hours' climb to the summit on one side, and a railway station on the other, from whence one could go straight by train to the British Channel.

Two hours drive took us up the Linththal to the bleak little inn under the Tödi. We climbed up to the famous Pantenbrücke, which spans a chasm above the torrent running 300 or 400 feet below, surging through a crack not five yards across. A Berlin family had started with us, but some way before we reached the bridge the son declared himself *schwindlich*, and turned back, leaving his old father and mother to go on alone. Even close to Glarus the walks are delightful. We went one morning up 3000 feet before 12 o'clock breakfast, over a path smooth enough for fine ladies' slippers, and obtained grand views of the Tödi and its snow saddle, as well as of the compact little capital below, with its fields full of freshly-dyed red pocket-handkerchiefs and turbans for Eastern trade.

After leaving this nice place we skirted the lovely lake of Wallenstadt, passed miles of Indian corn, potatoes, and reeds, and were at last set down at a station in a marsh, which contained one woman, who offered to fetch a carriage, tied a handkerchief over her head, and disappeared among the bulrushes, to reappear in a wonderfully short time with a nice

carriage and two horses, which took us in ten minutes to a lonely house in the marsh. Into this the driver disappeared, and left us to broil for about three quarters of an hour, grumbling in true English style at the horrid waste of time, when the landlord again appeared so beaming in his very best waistcoat, and so content from his recent good dinner and liberal allowance of wine, that all power of scolding was driven out of us, and we were taken on ten minutes farther to the ferry, where we had to get out and be taken over in bits. After which we had another drive of about five minutes, and were then set down at the Austrian custom-house, where a snuffy old Beamter in spectacles proceeded to copy the whole of our passports into a book, complaining that strangers never came that way (no wonder!). He then proceeded to make as much fuss as possible over our luggage, and my father's portmanteau was rather curiously packed. It contained a tin washing-basin, tea-machine, fishing-net, hammer, sugar, candles, books, bottle of ink, etc.; all of which the old fogy fingered and growled over. My father gave his help fivepence, he looked sheepish, was called away, and came back discomfited, his chief having transferred the miserable coin to his own pocket. At last we got on to Feldkirch, an old world town looking like an illustration from Froissart, but so full of black flies and soldiers that we went two posts farther to Dalaas, a pretty country village with a clean wooden inn, kept by a gossiping landlady with a fur muff on top of her head. She had two pets, a cow and a sheep, which came to the balcony when she called, for bread, and the sheep wagged its tail for thanks like a dog. I saw also there a dog which barked at me

with an apple held in its mouth all the time; its mistress told me it would not drop that apple even for a bone till she gave it leave.

Crossing the Vorarlberg to Landeck, we went on over the bare Finstermünz to Mals, paying six shillings each for thirteen hours of *stellwagen*, and the last stage, from twelve till seven, was done by one pair of horses (steadily!). Now and then they stopped to eat hay, but were never taken out of the shafts, and the next morning the poor things were required to start back again at 5 o'clock. We stopped for "a wash" at Meran, and heard Haydn's mass on the Emperor's birthday, with its usual accompaniment of cannon outside, after which we were dragged over the rather uninteresting valley to Botzen, and took some walks into that dolomite district which had lately been much written up by Churchill and others. Those mountains are to my thinking most outrageous freaks of nature, twisted into all sorts of grotesque shapes, and not only the peaks themselves but the roads and stream-beds are all dazzling and colourless—most unpleasant to the eyes at noonday, but gorgeous when reflecting the skies of sunset and sunrise. The alps between these peaks are particularly green and gay with flowers; the people exceedingly sociable and simple in their habits.

We started, with a wretched lad to carry our things, and he took us to the chief guide of the district, a most sprightly little man of five feet high, who strapped our bags on his wooden frame with a flourish, saying it required "knowledge and experience to do even that well," and then tripped off with his load as if it had been feathers. He was the sort of little old man

that generally comes out of a hollow tree dressed all in red in fairy tales, very intelligent and confiding in his talk, but there was something no-canny in the way he carried his load. Bad Ratzes was our first halt, and was a horrid damp hole cut out of the fir forest, with the Schlern so completely over our heads that we could not even see it. The "bad" guests were mostly of the lowest class; they bathed eight in one room in wooden coffins with lids, and just a hole for their heads to come out of, with a towel to stop the gap round their necks. The more genteel classes find Ratzes *langweilig*, and divide their time between some tubs on a pond (in which they push themselves about with a spade for a paddle) and playing at tops on the dining-room table. I also found Ratzes very cold, and damp, and tiresome, and was glad when our little man led us out of it; he himself said nothing could induce him to stop another night there—"no dancing, no nothing!" We crossed the lovely Seisser Alp, even then full of flowers in its second crop of uncut hay, and descended to St. Ulrich, in the Grödnerthal, a village inhabited by people who spend their lives in cutting out wooden toys, rocking horses, Noah's arks, jointed dolls of every size, as well as crucifixes and other church decorations. They begin to cut when they are four years old, and few lose their fingers; they are born carvers from the beginning. The warehouses in that valley are a sight worth seeing. We saw one packing case, nine feet by five, containing some hundred thousand dolls' heads going to England. What becomes of them all ultimately? Are they burned or buried, or do babies eat them? Our little guide was a famous zither player,

and he brought some of his musical friends together, and gave us a really good concert at St. Ulrich.

From thence we walked round the base of the Langkofel, the Matterhorn of Tyrol: across the Brennerbad, and up the opposite side to Dreikirchen, where there are three little chapels, and a three-gabled Kur-haus full of old women, one of whom was just dead from having taken the milk cure just on the top of the grape cure. There was no spare room, but some talked of moving the body into one of the chapels, and putting us three in its place, an arrangement we none of us fancied. So after dinner we walked for another four hours along a high but level path, having glorious views across the Brenner valley to the Schlern and other dolomitic peaks, walking under shady trees and through cheerful meadows all the way to Klobenstein. The inn here is situated on the Ritter Alp, and is a most enjoyable place to stay at: it is near the famous and curious earth pyramids of Bozzen. These were originally caused by the washing away through long ages of the softer soil, all except certain portions which were protected from the rain by big boulder stones shaped like umbrellas: and these now rest on the tops of apparent obelisks of hard earth from ten to fifty feet high,—a grotesque assemblage of petrified giants.

We returned to Bozzen and on to Trent, a fine old town surrounded by towers, fortifications, and horned battlements, in a fertile and feverish plain, with a richly supplied market, full of fish, fruit, and frogs, mosquitoes and soldiers too abounding, and the latter looking far too Germanic for such an Italian city: noble old churches too, with curiously twisted and knotted pillars resting

on the backs of strangely sculptured beasts holding smaller beasts between their paws, and all of fine marble, like the churches themselves.

We took an *einspanner* and drove through the Val Sugano to Borgo, where there is a great silk factory. The master showed us the whole process from the beginning: winding off the silk from the cocoons has to be done in a stifling atmosphere. Many of his moths had died a few years before of the usual disease, and he had had the spirit to send to Japan for eggs, and was then reaping the benefit of his enterprise, for they had answered perfectly. This descent into Italy is very striking, bare dolomite crags above, and corn, vines, and tobacco on terraces below, the latter crop being a prerogative of the K. K. Government. There are also some lovely limestone caves and springs in the lower part of the valley, fringed with maiden hair; the streams which issue from these are powerful enough to turn paper mills close to their source, but are soon afterwards lost in the Brenta. It would be a great possible blessing to the city of Bassano if these could be utilised by means of an aqueduct to supply the city; the work would not be over costly, as the distance is small, and the fall very great: at present the people have to carry up every drop of water in pails from the river below.

There is a curious settlement of Germans on the tableland above, which is called the Sette Commune; they are said to talk the old language of the Nibelungen Lied, and never to have mixed with the races about them: there seemed to be no small paths up to the place, and only two valleys leading down from it. The old towers of Bassano looked grand against a golden sky as we drove through the richly cultivated fields,

the loaded vines trained in festoons from tree to tree, generally a pollard maple or the white mulberry, on whose leaves the silkworms are fed, while pumpkins and Indian corn covered the ground between. A lovely garden tempted us in the next day, and I asked and obtained leave to sketch there, and the gardener told us the daughter of the house had married one of the ministers of England (we found out afterwards he meant our old friend John Ball). Soon afterwards the owner of the garden came out, with servants carrying an easel and artist umbrella, which he begged me most kindly to use, and we were so vexed not to have remembered in time who he was, but could only return his courteous kindness with thanks, and try to do justice to his beautiful garden, with one of the old city towers covered with climbing plants in its midst, and the blue mountains beyond.

We drove on to Padua, thence to Venice and Trieste, and by steamer again to Pola, of which we had had a mere glimpse on a former journey, but now took leisurely, and made many sketches. It was sad, however, to see such an interesting place sacrificed to soldiers; fifteen detached forts could be counted from the hill behind the amphitheatre, and all trees were cut down from the once lovely shores of the bay; the streets swarmed with soldiers and trumpeters, who were constantly practising in the amphitheatre, but they were well disciplined and never came in our way. It was lovely moonlight, and a perfectly smooth sea, all the way between Pola and Zara, so that we could sleep on deck, and not have to endure the purgatory of the small crowded cabin below.

Zara was full of market people and merchants,

picturesquely dressed, with a great preponderance of red amongst them; the women were grand figures, with red bodices and headgear, and some yards of iron-studded leathern belts wound round their waists. The Dalmatians seemed a very handsome race, and held themselves beautifully upright, balancing their tubs of wine on their heads, for at that time the vintage was in full force, and the whole population appeared to be employed in decanting the new wine from tubs in boats to tubs on shore, everybody and everything was more or less dyed with it; men in turbans and petticoats abounded, and the whole scene had an Oriental look. The fish-market was full of John-Dories, with monstrous horny spines down the whole length of their sides, of common whiting, red and gray mullet and sepias in profusion, with the usual *frutte de mare* or echinus.

We took a whole day steaming on to Spalato, a city built out of the ruins of Diocletian's Palace, old arches and columns in every street and corner. But the gem here is the Temple of Venus, in the centre of it all, now called the Duomo, and fitted up by the old Venetians in the grotesque style of St. Mark's, the Christian and heathen work both equally fine in their different ways; the octagon shell of the temple is quite perfect, and the doorways, pillars, and friezes are of the richest possible carving, and as fresh and polished as if finished yesterday. A Venetian clock tower had been put together out of Roman stones, and Egyptian sphinxes and other barbaric spoils adorn the arcades outside the Duomo, all collected and brought there by the Emperor Diocletian. We drove five miles into the country to Salona, the old city, where we found miles of scattered ruins amongst the vineyards and olive gardens.

The vintage was then going on, and wild men in turbans, with huge pistols and daggers in their belts, gave us the most delicious blue grapes, as they were carrying their wine in goatskins on little donkeys to market. There is a river of the purest water running away to waste into the sea close by, while bits of the old aqueduct remaining suggest some talk of repairing it for present utility, but funds and energy are wanting.

A festa was being held while we were at Spalato, to celebrate the election of the mayor,—a would-be patriot who had made his fortune in a building company, which had improved the town by erecting a theatre large enough to contain all the population, rags and all, forgetting that there were neither drains nor water-pipes. Every drop had to be bought, and brought a long way by men on their shoulders or heads, and enough money was spent in this way every year to repair Diocletian's aqueduct; nevertheless the favourite mayor had a great fuss made about him, and the whole front of the palace town was festooned with sweet Greek pine and myrtle, and enlivened by coloured lamps, fireworks, and music; hundreds of country people came in with turbans and patched pantaloons, and curious daggers and pistols stuck in their bright coloured scarf belts; while the upper classes dressed themselves up in bonnets, chimney-pot hats, and the usual atrocities of civilisation. We had two rooms in a private house at Spalato, and took our meals at a *trattoria*, in the same room with the Austrian officers (the hotel being said to be too bad to lodge in), and though I was the only lady at those eating-rooms nothing could exceed the quiet courtesy of two white-coated officers, who never took the least notice, or

stared at us as strangers, only leaving the best table always for our use.

Our steamer stopped at the island of Lissa, and some other ports on its way to Gravosa, where we landed soon after daylight in a landlocked bay, which looked like a salt lake, and mounted to the top of a low ridge, from whence we looked down on the city of Ragusa, standing out into the sea like Monaco, surrounded by fortified towers and almost cyclopean walls. These are built on the edge of perpendicular cliffs, honeycombed with caves and hollowed out by the continual wash of the sea, whose colours are as varied and delicate as those on a mother-of-pearl shell. Such a glorious spot, it reminded me of one of those old towns in Albert Dürer's backgrounds. The walls were so strong that though an earthquake had once shaken down all the houses they had remained uninjured to the present day; the city had been soon rebuilt with stately marble palaces in rectangular streets, but their owners then took to building beautiful summer villas outside on the hill, which tempted the Montenegrins to come over their borders and burn them all down. Between the ruthlessness of its neighbours and the frequent earthquakes, Ragusa has had a hard struggle for existence, but there are still some 7000 inhabitants packed within those tremendous walls, which have only two gates, one approached by a flight of steps from the land, the other opening on to the sea. The shores all around are full of ins and outs, islands and rocks, and are most picturesque everywhere, and the people very kind. One day, as I was sketching near a garden gate, the lady of the house came out with a tempting little tray of coffee,

cakes, and fruit in her hands, and sat by me while I enjoyed them and finished my sketch. English people had a good character in Ragusa, and our good Consul, Mr. Paton, was much to be thanked for making their name respected. He took us many expeditions about the country round; most of it consists only of rocks with a sprinkling of caruba trees and Levant pines, except near springs or artificial irrigation. At Canozza a noble fountain rushes out; and two giant plane trees, measuring twenty-nine feet in circumference at six feet from the ground, have gathered quite a large village under their shade.

We passed a night in the Bocche di Cattaro, and wished it had been day, for it was a wonderful place, hanging on a rock at the foot of a steep mountain: a terrible zigzag road leads up its almost perpendicular sides for over 4000 feet to Montenegro, and it is the only sea outlet of that country, so is naturally a source of perpetual discord between Greece and Austria for its possession. The beauties of Como and the Bosphorus are said to be both combined in the winding channel which leads to Cattaro, and the height of the hills on each side looked quite awful in the semi-darkness as we steamed up and down it. At Budia, where we left the last Austrians with their families, we seemed to be parting from civilisation, and resigned ourselves to the sole company of our very intelligent young Hungarian captain and his most sagacious poodle dog for the rest of the voyage; the former talked every kind of language and talked continually, the latter did everything but talk, so that our party was very complete in its way.

We put in at three Albanian ports to take in mails,

but did not land, and thought ourselves excessively ill used when we arrived at Corfu and found ourselves liable to eleven days of quarantine; I am sorry to say my father lost his temper. He had taken his ticket all the way to Beyroot, and now was not allowed to change ships and go on, just because the Corfu people wished to spite the Turks and make something out of the compulsory board of any strangers they could catch, the whole island since England gave it up being more or less bankrupt. My father sent a letter to the Consul-General, who was in England and could not answer, but his sub, Baron D'E., came out to us after six hours of consideration about it, and found my father in a state of bottled indignation that was truly alarming. He made him a speech over the bulwarks, which was not complimentary to the Greeks and their ways, the captain saying "hear, hear!" and the poodle flapping its tail approvingly at intervals. The poor Baron became intensely civil, and offered us his own yacht to pass our imprisonment in: our time in it was not pure pleasure at first, as it was about the size of a Hastings fishing-boat, and rolled at anchor considerably, the crockery rattling and windows tumbling in, while the atmosphere under the town wall amid all the drainage was not invigorating.

After a while we were moved out to the harbour of the lazaretto; this rather increased our anger by making us think we were to be landed in that odious place, but we had merely shifted anchor and quarters, and were in the best of air and a quiet sea under the shelter of the island; I began to have a wash of three weeks' accumulation of clothes,—no joke, while my father smoked a long pipe, and watched our new maid

Francesco up to his elbows in soap-suds. The latter was a most brisk little man with very hairy legs, no shoes or stockings, a head like a mop, and very ragged shirt. He "did" the rooms much more effectively than our Elizabeth at home, letting himself in and out through the skylight, and putting everything tidy, rolling the bedclothes into a bundle before breakfast, which he also cooked himself. He had a wife and a *bella piccola*, who came to the corner of the town-wall to look at him several times a day, and they hallooed a few words to one another in an unknown tongue. He was so fond of doing this that I asked him what he would do now we were removed three miles off from the town. He said he always thought, when he left them, Would they die? if so he would be very sorry: if they lived he would be very glad,—he could do nothing else.

Five other cutters kept us company, full of fellow-sufferers. They had talked with the people on shore at the other harbour, so had been sent to join us. All these vessels were kept well apart, so that no risk of infection could ensue from touching one another.

One day great events happened: first a dead calm came on; then the doctor was rowed out to inspect us. He had odd eyes looking across one another, badly fitting teeth, and a most villainous grin. He kept his boat at a safe distance, and read aloud an Italian letter from the Baron about the extraordinary exertions he had made for moving us here; my father would not understand, so he fetched a half Englishman in his boat to interpret; and then the Austrian Lloyd agent appeared, with an honest-looking head on his shoulders, and the opportunity was too good to be lost.

My father stepped gracefully on the rim of our tub, and grasping the ropes in one hand, left the other free to see-saw up and down in the true M.P. style, and said, "Signor Direttore," the signor took off his hat and said "commanda," with an extra squint; then my father waved his hand again, saying, "Signor Direttore, j'ai voyagé con mia figlia in tutta la terra, and, hang it, tell him I never was so shamefully treated!" Upon that I chimed in, and we both gave it to the ancient Greek, who seemed to expect it, and only squinted the more blandly, and hoped I would walk as much as I liked on the island, with as patronising an air as the Duke of Devonshire might have used when placing Chatsworth at my disposition. The Austrian Consul was much amused, and advised us when we did escape to go straight to Constantinople, and avoid quarantine at Syra, but my father said Delos was the Greek centre of the world, and we should not be in an out-of-the-way place there at all.

There was some amusement but much weariness in that small boat, and I felt my brains becoming angular from the constant knocks on the head, there being but few places on board one could stand upright in; I fancied perhaps that was the reason Francesco had never had his hair cut, but used it as a pad to keep the ceiling off his skull. What toes he had too! He would catch hold of the ropes with them like a monkey; and his poor little spine got so tired with stooping below that he used to stand at rest on deck, as if preparing to make a somersault backwards in order to straighten himself, as one reverses the rolling of a sheet of music paper. A Greek dragoman named Matteo from the hotel used to bring out provisions

every day at fancy prices, and there were some books and tracts on board of a dismal character. "Are you prepared to die?" was the title of one, and I remember thinking it added insult to injury in our case, especially combined with the big pumpkins and watermelons they sent us. We had an official of the quarantine to watch us, who followed my father about like a shadow if ever he landed on that wretched island, to prevent his speaking to any of the poor prisoners there; he was not beautiful in his worn-out green uniform. Francesco hated him as much as we did, and enjoyed seeing me give him a row one day. He turned green with fear at my queer rowing, and I did my best to upset him but could not do it without personal risk to myself, and had no fancy for becoming shark's food. One day the squinting doctor came out and told us how much a certain old Lord Guilford had done for the island, proving again the uselessness of relations, or why did not the grateful islanders let us out? They did so at last, but contrived that we should be just too late to start in the next steamer to Beyroot, and we had a whole week to wait for the following one. It is not a great hardship to stop in beautiful Corfu, but we felt we had been trapped, and there was something melancholy in seeing the place going so fast to ruin,—we had to drive out into the fields to avoid the holes in the once excellent roads, gardens were neglected, houses shut up; it did not pay to bring the abundant fruits and vegetables to market, so people told us, now there were so few buyers.

The damp heat of October was depressing, and we never felt really free of quarantine till we steamed

away from Corfu in the good ship *Germania*, in which I, as the only lady, had quite a grand suite of rooms to myself. We touched at Cephalonia and saw the famous mills on the beach whose wheels are turned by the sea waves, which enter and disappear into caves beyond. Also at Zante we stopped, left mails, and took in passengers, and were always in sight either of some island or of the Morea till we were again in quarantine at Syra, but this time for twenty-eight hours only, in our own comfortable ship, anchored outside the harbour. It was difficult to discover rhyme or reason in those Greek quarantines. They refused to receive any of the merchandise on board because it came from Trieste, and it had to be taken on to Constantinople and back again whence it came.

Another sister ship came from Candia, and all the passengers were ordered into the lazaretto, the ship was to stay at anchor five days and then to be considered clean and land her goods. The two captains were old friends, so they consoled themselves by shouting confidential abuse of the Greeks through long speaking-trumpets from the tops of their respective paddle-boxes. Our captain was one of those big good-natured Italian grown-up children one feels inclined to pat or stroke like some purring cat; when happy he would walk round and round the saloon, playing softly on a violin, all by himself; and then he would get into fearful rages on deck with all the sailors, flinging his arms about like an amiable old windmill; sometimes he put on an old wide-awake and trotted round and round his raised gallery, with hands behind his back, like an Englishman in his garden at home. The whole ship was an agreeable contrast to the den

of half-starving thieves we had lately escaped from, the crew all looked so honest and practical.

Syra, with its steps for streets and pyramid of white houses, glittered through a blue haze of heat just as it did when we passed before, and at night it looked like the back of some huge matchbox, on which giants struck their matches, the lights were so white and phosphorescent. They kept us fifty hours there, and the confidences through the speaking-trumpet got louder and louder, the violin was locked up, and we had the beginning of a mutiny among the men over their soup; then came the direct boat from Trieste, some hundreds of odd people were packed into ours, and we started, and by the time we left Chios our deck was a perfect human museum. That island looked lovely from the sea, covered as it was with miles of garden-ground, filled principally with oranges, lemons, and mastic trees (with which the Greeks spoil their wine), but the silly old Turks had read in some newspaper that there was cholera in Trieste, and they, like the Corfiotes, would let no one land without eleven days quarantine. What a pity they ever learned to read on that island! Homer was born there, they say.

The wife of the Austrian Consul had been sent to some baths for the summer, and was told she would die if she returned to Chios, but she said, "What good to live away from husband and children?" so she had been put on board our ship at Syra very ill. I had helped to take care of her, and got fond of the poor delicate invalid, and now she must go to the lazaretto for eleven days, and our doctor said would probably not survive it. Our captain tried to persuade her to

go on to Smyrna and return in another ship, thus avoiding quarantine, but she feared more sea, and preferred to land.

Smyrna looked very much like an old friend, and every one there seemed pleased to see us again; the long strings of camels appeared to have been tramping on continuously ever since our last visit—such noble long-haired beasts, meek but obstinate, nothing stopped or astonished them, though they did seem sometimes to prick their ears at a railway whistle. They were chiefly employed in bringing in cotton, together with their old loads of figs and madder. The gossips of Smyrna were much excited over a German Fraulein of "a certain age" who had suddenly come amongst them, and who was ambitious of becoming a second Ida Pfeiffer. She wished to begin her adventures by a journey overland to Constantinople—a road infested by all kinds of robbers and wild tribes. She thought she could ride it all alone with a dragoman and a Turkish dictionary! I made friends with her, and found she drew tolerably, and was a nice modest little woman, but had little idea of the difference between the two semi-civilised ends of the expedition,—and the long wide waste between them. Her ideas of teaching herself deprivations were amusing. She was staying in a rich luxurious family in Smyrna, and insisted on washing her own cuffs and collars (only) herself—scraping them with a penknife,—and living on bread and onions. She would carry a big portfolio in one hand, and a bag in the other, and walk through the streets and bazaars at the rate of a Turkish express train. Of course they thought her mad, and respected her accordingly.

We went again to Ephesus, but the train only allowed us three hours there, and as my father dared not stay the night in such a feverish swamp, and the ruins are much scattered, one could see but little of them in that short time. I painted one of the pillars, probably from Diana's temple, now built into the ruined mosque; the top of the capital had a text from the Koran, the capital itself was fine Corinthian work, the shaft of Egyptian granite (probably from the original and older temple); and the fig-tree climbing round it was a good emblem of Nature, which confounds all religious castes. The blue sky above, which had seen and outlived them all, remained still as unfathomable and incomprehensible to all. Near the caravan bridge was a small custom-house, with one black and two white officers attached to it; a stream of people went in and out, standing still and holding their saddlebags or bundles to be examined, all perfectly quiet and placid, and far too hot for any expostulation,—wonderful living bundles of bright-coloured drapery and fierce-looking weapons; black cypress trees as background, and strings of camels continually passing and looking always the same, with their long shaggy coats, jingling bells, and dislocated movements.

Gas had been introduced into Smyrna since our last visit, and we were no longer compelled to carry paper lanterns after dark. The new railroad to Magnesia was opened whilst we were there, and we had gone to the station to see the train start, when a man we had met on board the steamer, and whose name we never made out, introduced us to all the chief people, and one family took us into their own reserved carriage and adopted us for the day. Special

constables had been appointed for that occasion, principally chosen from the Gsabeg tribe (the greatest thieves in Turkey), on the principle of "set a thief to catch a thief." These men wore high sugar-loaf caps, with dangles over their faces (like Osiris the Egyptian god), and huge belts stuck full of all kinds of death instruments, some of them highly ornamental. They were a tall race, with some gigantic negroes among them, and were said always to come to a bad end. The engine was dressed with flowers, and every station crowded with spectators. Magnesia is a grand-looking town, containing 80,000 inhabitants and thirty-nine mosques, the principal one is a noble building of white marble, with crescents of pure gold on its domes, nestling in a lovely garden of pomegranates, oranges, and cypress trees. Our friend was solicitor to the railway company; he took us to the house of a rich Jew, whose cause he had won, and who was overflowing with gratitude and hospitality. We were taken up to a nest of little rooms at the top of the house, furnished with exquisite carpets and divans, having lovely views of the mosques, gardens, and distant country. A meal of native dishes was served to us by the family, headed by their grandmother, who had great black circles painted round her eyes, rather too coarsely to be improving to her beauty; they gave us *kabobs* and *paste*, and a huge dish of hot *angels' hair*,[1] for our hostess had come of a Spanish race, and still retained the habit of making it as well as other choice dishes of her country; the gourds she grew in her garden. She was five feet high, and a perfectly round lump of fat;

[1] *Angels' hair*, a favourite Spanish preserve, made of a kind o pumpkin.

her chest was uncovered down to the waist, with a pink satin bodice, orange under-jacket, drab satin overcoat, turned up with pink, and a wonderfully flowered chintz dress, a purple velvet cap bound on her head with an embroidered handkerchief, and long veil falling behind of another flowered chintz such as we make curtains of. Of course she had also diamond earrings, gold chains, and yellow slippers; she gave me continual thumps of approbation on my back, with exclamations of "bravo!" over my sketch, much to the detriment of the straight lines in its difficult architecture. She had a daughter of twelve, dressed with the same simplicity, and already engaged to be married to one of the rather unpleasant-looking Jews who were lounging about.

The city is finely situated at the foot of the hills, with abundant streams of water running through it; the bazaars are full of life. Horses were being tried and sold in the ill-paved streets, flourishing their heads and tails, and seeming to care nothing for the stones; the people were as yet unspoiled by Europeans, and let us linger in and out of their splendid mosques without the least distrust. A good half of the population were at the railway station, and the white-veiled Mahometan women looked like big snowballs; they kept their faces honestly covered up, while the Armenians and Jewesses made a great show of gaudy colour. The Pasha sat in the middle of the platform, with a sort of court round him, including the Archbishop; all looked grave and unexcited, smoking the pipe of peace. The commander had given a great dinner to all the principal officials and residents in Smyrna, and they came back very merry, and cheered

our Consul-General very heartily, who had never been seen without his official uniform, and was popularly believed to sleep in it!

Our late captain and his two under-officers came on shore on purpose to introduce us to the captain of the ship we were to go on in, which they did as "Monsieur my Lord et mees sa fille," without any trouble about finding a name for us: but it was meant most kindly, and had the effect of getting us well cared for in the ship which took us out of the beautiful bay of Smyrna next day. This ship was very large, with the saloon raised above the deck, and an open deck above that for the few first-class Europeans on board; a gallery ran all round it, covered with canvas, in which the Turkish women were stowed side by side like horses in a stable. The part at the end behind the wheel was devoted in the daytime to the use of the family of the Governor of Beyrout; at night the precious beings were locked into the ladies' cabin by the eldest son, who put the key in his pocket, being the guardian of his mamma and Co. I hoped the old lady never inflicted grievous bodily injury on the latest acquisition in a white sheet and large eyes, it must have been a sad temptation when they were locked up together in such close quarters. This son and heir was a most ill-favoured young man, he wore a lilac dressing gown, yellow boots, and no stockings,—light and airy altogether was his costume.

There was a colonel covered with orders, a fine old gentleman, who seemed to own all the children on board, though the stewardess said he had only three wives, an Italian, a Greek, and an Arab. I made friends with the two last, who were very handsome and unveiled,

but I fancy the Italian was ashamed of showing herself in public; there were seventeen women in all belonging to that very gentlemanly colonel! At Cyprus he went on shore and brought back a big basket containing huge radishes and black bread for the family; its Head was a most domestic character, and used to cut up the salads for them, and hush the babies to sleep in his arms; sometimes he gave them a cuffing all round too. How patient those poor women were! they neither squabbled nor complained, though for four days and nights they never came out, and had only a couple of yards of space apiece: raw vegetables, bread, and water were their sole food, but the children had brown sugar with their bread.

The Governor's harem was treated to more dainty dishes; we watched the making of one, which was pretty if not good. First, radishes and tomatoes were cut up fine, then hard-boiled eggs in quarters, with olives arranged in a mosaic pattern: lemon-juice was squeezed over it, then sardines were carefully skinned and laid with their heads all in the centre of the pattern: when this dish was completed, with much washing of hands and nicety, grapes were put into the small end of a sugar-loaf basket, bread above them, and this salad in a shining green crockery dish on the top of all; and the cook looked up with an expression of conscious pride in his work, and said "very good" as he sent it in to the ladies, who I have no doubt enjoyed picking it to bits with their henna-dyed finger tips. Although they were such great grandees they were not admitted into the best cabins, and I had these again all to myself. The children ran about the deck, playing with the captain's pointer dog, and it was funny to see him rushing on

ahead of them with one of their yellow shoes or a cap in his mouth, the whole tribe of fancy-dressed little things after him, till the colonel got up and cuffed them all round, and the dog took his prize, and laid it at the feet of his own European friend.

Though we stopped some hours both at Cyprus and Rhodes we could not land at either: one island seemed full of date palms, the other of windmills, and the mouth of Rhodes harbour was quite narrow enough for a Colossus to have rested with one foot on either side. We had a harp and a violin between the decks every evening, and the strange figures crowding round them, lighted partly by the full moon, and partly by lanterns, would have made a good study.

Eliot Warburton's dragoman (then landlord of the Oriental Hotel) took possession of us at Beyroot, and carried us off to his house, and very Oriental it was! From my window I saw many flat house-tops, a woman washing clothes on one, beyond her were fig trees and the blue sea; hundreds of sparrows, and a bird like a water-wagtail, with a yellow waistcoat (*Budytes melanocephala*), were on the near walls; quite close to me was a chameleon catching flies in the sun, much more wide awake than my old pet; how ugly it was! one of the sparrows made a peck at its head and it moved its eyes right round and frightened the sparrow away without stirring otherwise.

Our quarters were not bad, but the house was too full of men boarders; all their families being still in the hills, and having taken their cooks with them, the men were forced to live in the hotels. We were also tormented by dragomen hungry for work; nineteen called the first morning in every sort of costume and

all degrees of roguery. We had to explain that it was impossible to go everywhere with them all at once, but we would take their portraits if they liked; they seemed to think that would not pay, and so departed. The dragoman of the house of course easily captured us as strangers, and took us for a half hour's ride to a café under some pine trees to see a game of jereed; there was none after all, but we saw fine horsemen scampering about very prettily, their steeds decorated with strings of coins, and they moved most gracefully in and out swayed by every movement of their riders' bodies, one of the mares having a little foal trotting after her.

We soon left our hotel with its *table d'hôte* of eighteen rather rough-looking Europeans, and found nice rooms at the Bellevue, which we had all to ourselves, with a long open gallery to sit in facing the beautiful bay, beyond which was the snow-covered Mount Lebanon. On the other side, between us and the sea, were rocks caved out underneath, and honeycombed, so that every wave which dashed against them sent the water up in fantastic fountains through the porous crust; there were lovely sea-weeds and marine creatures in those caves. Behind the house were huge old hedges of cactus higher than myself, with trunks like timber trees, palms and agaves and flat-roofed houses golden in the sunshine, and festooned with vines half hidden in gardens of figs and pomegranates, with roses and hibiscus wild in the hedges. Many picturesque people wandered about, who looked pleased to see us, and did not want to be our dragomen, or object to being drawn; women with their faces uncovered too, and glorious eyes, who carried small babies on their hips and sometimes on their shoulders,

the sleeping heads resting against their mother's, and small fingers grasping her long hair. Some of the women carried empty water jars slung over their shoulders, as in the Elgin marbles.

While we were staying at the Bellevue a most entertaining pair of people came there, Emin Pasha and his wife, both belonging to the Belgian branch of the noble family of Schwartzenberg. He had just been appointed to the military command of Beyroot, after having spent eight years far up the country, often living for months without seeing another European, Madame also left alone for long periods, and in the greatest anxiety about her husband when he was sent on service of danger. She was the quietest and gentlest of old ladies, and wore the same sort of poke bonnet she had taken out of Europe with her some ten years before—almost a Quaker bonnet. He was a perfect gentleman, with the most caressing manner, but warmed up as he talked till, like an actor, he could not help impersonating the character he was describing. I never heard stories better told, and we sat hour after hour quite into the night listening to his adventures, and enjoying the beautiful French he told them in; we never got enough of it. The old lady was so proud of him, she enjoyed his stories as much as we did, and when we were alone she was nearly as interesting to listen to as her husband. She was a true heroine, and had gone uncomplainingly through all sorts of dangerous times and discomforts, often entirely without servants, but then they had such horses! The General's black horse was absolutely perfect. It had three white feet, which Arabs say meant good fortune, and a star on its forehead for invincibility; for the rest

was quite a blue black in colour, with a most intelligent head, and a glorious shape. It was only five years old, and the General was still educating it, teaching it to do all sorts of wonderful things. He offered me a ride on his favourite, but I knew my place and declined.

His Arab mare too was of unknown value; no Arab would sell one of that race for any money. She had been taken in battle, and two of his soldiers disputed for her possession. They went before the Cadi, and wrangled for an hour and a half, when he stopped them and declared the rightful owner, who paid as his fee a camel. The General gave the man the worth of the camel, £5 (in the desert), and took the mare, and sometimes he heard Arabs exclaim as they saw her, "There goes——" I forget her name. She was fourteen years old, and her daughter even more beautiful than herself. The common fee for a judgment about a horse is a camel, for a camel it is a sheep, for a female camel two sheep. When the precious filly was born it had a camel for a wet-nurse, and she got so attached to her foster-child that she used to stalk off to the hills to feed in the daytime, but always returned of her own accord to suckle it at night. The chief of the tribe to which this mare had belonged had offered eighteen of his best horses to have her back again. (We heard many years after that all these pets of the Pasha's had been poisoned by people who did not like his honest ways of collecting taxes.)

He told us some amusing stories of Turkish stupidity: for instance, he said he had once accepted an offer of breakfast from a rich man who knew the ways of the world, and thought himself quite

a Frenchman. The servants spread a clean table-cloth on the ground, then they brought a handsome inlaid table, which they laid on the table-cloth, but upside down, with its legs in the air, and then a tray of good things, which they balanced on the tops of the legs! Another old Turk, when shown a portrait of some great man by Desange, said, "Yes, it was like, but was not the embroidery equally beautiful on the back of his coat, why did they not paint that in too?" Another asked what that great box was for, meaning the piano, so Madame sat down and played to him: he said, Mashallah! and began a deep calculation, declaring that that woman must be at least worth 60,000 piastres! One day Emin saw an old gentleman looking very inconsolable, and was told he had just lost a most beautiful and favourite daughter, so he went to try and comfort him. "Yes, she was most precious, of infinite value; fool that I was, I refused 50,000 piastres for her only last month, and now she is gone and it is too late."

His stories did not tend to raise our respect for the Turks. When he had first gone to Hâmah, six years before, the road was in such a state that it could only be passed over at full gallop; his luggage was stopped, but he and his escort were just in time to drive the Arabs off: when he left the district any one could go safely at any hour over those roads; he used to be held up as a terror by the native women to their children: "You be good or Emin will come," and at the mention of this mild old gentleman's name the children stopped roaring. If at any time he heard of any violent or rebellious deeds he said nothing, but the next day at sunrise he was among the culprits,

and fired a cannon into their tents, when they thought he was the devil and submitted. He told us how he had gone to the Governor of Syria at the time of the Damascus massacre, and found him looking out of a window with other officials at the people cutting each other's throats. He asked for authority to stop it, the Governor refused, "then I shall take it," said Emin, and went into the streets with 200 men he could trust, and one cannon, "twirling my moustache very fiercely." The Arabs said they did not like my looks, that I had a *mauvaise mine*, so they soon dispersed and slunk into their houses and hiding-places, and the murdering ceased. There was great rejoicing amongst those people when he left, the old state of things re-establishing itself at once, and the authorities wished him to return, but he had had enough of it, and thought six years of such complete exile was as much as he could endure, or his wife either, who could never help dreading that Fuad Pasha's enmity might still prevent their staying on at Beyroot, where they for a while enjoyed a certain amount of civilisation.

The French had lately opened a diligence road to Damascus, and we were unlucky enough to go over it in a sort of omnibus, in which we were too crammed to be able to see out; a horrid fat Jewess was sick nearly all the way, and the whole party had a great idea of the danger of travelling on wheels; we should have enjoyed the journey if we could have ridden, as we afterwards did, over that beautiful road on horseback. It was a fine bit of engineering, and took us up and down the two mountain passes of Lebanon and anti-Lebanon in twelve hours. A new French Consul was in front of

us, and all the great men and officials came out with escorts at different points to do him honour, the wildest figures, each dressed, mounted, and armed according to his own particular taste and means; they generally galloped up and down the banks on either side of us, and had mock fights wherever there was room, flourishing spears twice as long as themselves. They rode in the most reckless way, their wild steeds seeming to enjoy it; these last had a few broken knees, but many of them were noble thorough-breds. The men were ragged enough, with scarcely a pair of stockings among a hundred, but they had gaudy scarves and turbans or kaftans tied on with bits of camel's-hair rope. Between the two mountain ranges the diligence stopped half-an-hour for rest and food; we walked on and met a whole tribe of many hundreds of Arabs crossing the valley, gaudily dressed in red, purple, gold, and silver,—all the colours of a tulip bed. We stopped to look at them, and they stopped to look at us, and I was beginning to sketch some of them when our wild escort dashed up, hooting and clashing and flourishing their long spears like demons at Astleys, and they were followed by the horrid diligence, into which we were again packed in the midst of a perfectly good-humoured tumult, which was most exciting in its novelty. Then came darkness, and we found ourselves in Damascus, one of the places I had most longed to see in the world.

We soon felt ourselves at home in Dimitri's beautiful Eastern house; he himself had been Kinglake's dragoman, and was an ideal landlord, so fat, and sleek, and patronising, though he did wear baggy breeches, a Greek fez, and a sash. He greeted my father with

"Very happy to see you again, sir!" though they had never met before, but he wished to treat him as an old friend. His house had a marble-paved court with fish-ponds and pots of orange trees in its centre, and was beautifully clean and airy, with pretty painted and panelled rooms full of odd carved recesses, niches, and cupboards, elaborately carved hanging windows and odd staircases. His wife, a handsome Greek woman, was always pattering about on high Turkish pattens inlaid with pearl, looking after the household, and had generally some fresh flowers stuck behind her ears. They had no children, but had lately adopted a little boy whose parents had died of cholera the summer before; it was raging fearfully then, and our English Consul had lost both wife and child in a few hours from the disease. The shops both in the streets and the bazaars were quite intoxicating to me from their marvellous richness of colour; I felt I had never seen the East till then, and the very names of things there sounded like the *Arabian Nights*.

We were asked if we would ride horses or white asses, any other colour being *infra dig.*, and we were taken on the Mecca road in the morning and on that to Palmyra in the afternoon. The white donkeys are noble animals, their brisk pace, a kind of amble, is most lively and agreeable; but the greatest attractions were the wild Bedouins in every variety of striped *bournous* or *abbaieh*, grand specimens of toasted humanity, and the heads of their half wild horses were wonderfully intelligent and handsome too. The common women, in blue drapery edged with red or yellow, put over the head and folded gracefully about the figure, reminded me of old Italian Madonnas.

Everything in Damascus seemed so real, the very original of all other places; we met running water at every turn, fountains and aqueducts—no wonder Naaman thought little of other streams; great plane trees stood in the midst of the streets, and maiden-hair grew in the midst of the bazaars; troops of women in white sheets and yellow boots were riding on white asses; men were carrying trays of beans and melons cut in wedges to be eaten with the fingers on the spot, or taken away in a fig leaf, others carrying a branch of orange or lemon, each as tall as himself, loaded with fruit, or a bunch of sugar-canes even longer; there were parties of wild-looking dervishes, Jews in chimney-pot hats and ringlets, an endless variety of races, but they all looked good-humouredly at us, and we felt safe to go alone through the crowd up the hill-sides or among the gardens. The Arab bazaar reminded me of Westminster Hall from its wide span, even the camels looked insignificant as they tramped through its crowded centre, and the views from its comparative darkness into the glare outside were enchanting; there were ruined mosques without number, and elegant minarets put up as memorials, like painted windows at home, more to show how rich the givers were than to honour the dead. There was also a wonderful vault full of some hundreds of silversmiths (very dangerous to my purse), all sitting cross-legged and hammering, each in his own little cage. When we went in the drawers under their seats were unlocked, and all sorts of jingling gauds were thrust into our hands, original in design but rough in workmanship, though one might see in the same place the finest diamonds cutting and setting, while the little children ran after us with

handfuls of nose-rings and earrings of value, as well as "antikitas,"—old arms or pots of metal exquisitely engraved or enamelled. They asked always ten times as much as they meant to take, though the people were honest in a way; one never thought at Damascus of locking doors in the hotel.

From the heights above the city the view was most striking, like an old dream to us, who knew it already from Mr. Lear's painting, in which all was so accurately drawn. The great spurs of Hermon and anti-Lebanon surround the golden desert on three sides, the other only relieved by sand-hills on the far horizon towards Palmyra, while in the midst lay the great oasis of some 30,000 acres produced by the wonderful irrigation of the rivers Abana and Pharpar, with its noble white city in the very centre, ornamented by domes and minarets innumerable. The great temple mosque and an old fragment of a rich Corinthian portico still stand up high above the Moslem bazaars. We had climbed one day on some of the neighbouring flat roofs near, in order to examine them more closely, and saw also the Christian inscriptions over the doorways, and on what was doubtless originally the "House of Rimmon."

I had a window looking into the street, in which strange figures were constantly coming and going, though this window was so fitted with shutters that I could only squint out of it. There was a poor street dog opposite with a family, which grew less every day, till it dwindled down to four poor little puppies; the mother got into awful rages when other dogs came too near, then her barking brought others up and

there was a general scrimmage; she worked hard to save her helpless children, and the natives in the neighbouring houses helped her, and gave her food.

We had a good-natured guide, a Jew named Elias, who protected me when sketching; my attempts at portrait-painting were not objected to in Damascus, and they let me work even in their crowded bazaars with great kindness, looking approvingly at the result afterwards, with one eye passing all over the paper within half an inch of the surface, and with an air of intense satisfaction. Once while at work an old man sat himself down by me, and gave me a handful of myrtle berries (which tasted like apples flavoured with eau-de-Cologne), and watched me munching them. If I left off for a moment he nudged my elbow, and pointed first at his basket of berries, and then at my mouth, so I went on to oblige him, and when I got up to go away he poured the rest into my pocket, and smiled benevolently. Elias took me one day on my white ass to the hills, where those myrtles and other aromatic shrubs grew amongst the dry stones, and on beyond the aqueducts, where we found many picturesque tombs (ruins enough to supply two or three English counties with a pretence for picnics); not a weed was to be seen there, though all was green below the water-courses. Many of the trees had English names, but were quite different in character; there were tall poplars with white linings to their leaves, and vines running up to their very tops, all then turning yellow in the autumn tints, huge old apricots, from which the famous mish-mash is made, olives full of ripe purple fruit, pomegranates, peaches, radishes as big as carrots, oranges, lemons, and citrons,—the sound

of running water was everywhere, and yet not a single well-kept garden.

We went to see the one belonging to Madame Digby (as Lady Ellenborough was generally called), and found it a complete tangle. She was still at Hums, having been in tents for eight months with her Arab husband, who was only thirty-two; she was much respected among the tribes, being very rich and charitable; when in Damascus she wore a crinoline and went to church (when there was one) like a European. My father left a card for the sister of his old friend and schoolfellow, and we were very sorry to miss seeing her. Abdul Kader was also living quietly in Damascus, where he had the reputation of being very wise, a prophet and the possessor of second sight; the great carriage and English horses the French empress had given him were the terror of everybody, and could only find room to move on the one great diligence road towards Beyroot, on which the ladies of his harem were taken for a mile every day, and then brought back again. Crowds used to collect to see them go, wheels being still a strange sight to all the inhabitants there, though they were not astonished, as I was, to see a big crab walk across the diligence road one day.

It was only ten days' camel ride to Bagdad, horses would have taken twenty, because slow camels would have been required to go with them and carry a supply of water for their use, though the beast of burden could content himself without any; how we longed to go on and see the scenes of so many of the *Arabian Nights!* The Turks have postage stamps, but would not trust any one but the postmasters to

stick them on; one had to pay for the letter at the office, and wait to see the official tongue lick the stamp and put it on. It took five days to get an answer between Damascus and Beyroot, though the letter went by diligence, which only took two days going and coming: we returned in the banquette on the top of the diligence, and admired the scenery as well as we could through a snowstorm, which continued all the way and nearly froze us in our seats. The "Post" himself shared the perch with us, and told us that nothing but the very worst weather drove him into the diligence, he could do it so much faster on horseback. He hated a road which was not straight, it was so silly going zigzag, as the French would insist on making it; but the two passes were about 5500 feet high, and we thought it would have been rather too steep without the "silly" zigzag. The clouds and atmospheric effects on that stormy day were very fine, but my father judged it wiser at that season to give up our talked-of expedition to Baalbec, and we went on straight to our old quarters at Beyroot, where we were welcomed again most heartily by the Pasha and Madame Schwartzenberg.

The plain of Beyroot is fertile wherever it is irrigated; orange trees produced abundance of fruit, but the extreme ends of the branches were frost-bitten; corn grew under the olives and mulberries, and the date palms showed their fruit shaded from the palest yellow to orange and brown, with rough untidy trunks. We rode one day along the sands to Dog river, *Nahr el Kelb*, and thence by a famous paved road, said to have been made by Sesostris, or some Assyrian king, whose tablets, covered with cuneiform characters, are carved on the

face of a cliff overhanging both it and the river. There is another tablet to some Roman emperor, and one to Louis Napoleon, who is supposed to have repaired the road more recently, but we could never make out where; I know my horse slipped his hind feet into a hidden hole, and stuck there, while I slipped off easily, and he was hauled up by a couple of passing travellers, one pulling by his head, the other by his tail, so we came home none the worse.

We left Beyroot in a most luxurious Russian steamer called after a Russian Prince Olaf, who they said conquered Constantinople about 1000 years before the rest of the world knew of its existence; we had forty-eight bullocks on board, going from the Crimea to the Suez Canal, but for us a most comfortable suite of first class cabins, furnished magnificently, and with only one lady and a little dog to share it. We landed at Jaffa, through a long reef of rocks, which almost grazed the boat on each side, as it was carried in on the top of a favourable wave, being lifted through the surf on men's shoulders; when we wanted to return, the same men poked my feet in first at a higher level than my head, and to this moment I have little idea how the rest of my body got in! A gentleman in magenta trousers was dropped in the process, and probably cursed the day when aniline colours were invented, and wished he had stuck to the old turkey red, the most durable of all dyes. The oranges which grow behind the town of Jaffa have a world-wide reputation, one sort especially, with a green skin of great thickness, and as big as a citron, was most capital, exquisitely cool, sweet, and juicy, with but few seeds. At Port Said the captain lent us his boat, and we rowed to the

end of the great stone jetty then in process of making at the mouth of the canal, but they would not let us land without four days' quarantine. The stones were brought from Messina and Malta by iron steamers, with large bow-shaped girders to strengthen them; dredges were working incessantly in the canal mouth.

CHAPTER IV

EGYPT

We landed the next morning at Alexandria. It was a nasty, mongrel, mosquito-ish place, and we got out of it as fast as we could; but I saw there the first mass of the lovely ipomœa called "morning glory" which ever met my eyes, and I can never forget it; there must have been some thousands of light blue bells three inches across, all turning towards the sun, and so close together as to hide the green leaves almost entirely. In the railway carriage which took us to Cairo we had Dr. Beke and his pretty young wife, with her hair cut short and manners rather independent: my father could not open the door fast enough when we reached the refreshment station half-way, so she beckoned up our dragoman, who was passing, and made him pull her through the window, merely remarking that she was rather heavier than when he last lifted her. Michael told us afterwards he had good reason to remember her, having been with her in the desert when there was a dispute with some Arabs, and the lady had shot off her revolver and wounded him, and **not the Arabs!**

Our route along the Delta was much like that

across the fens of Ely, but was richly cropped with cotton and Indian corn, with scarcely a tree to break the monotony of the landscape, and but few villages; every cottage a square block of hardened mud without windows, and the flat roofs covered with pigeons, chickens, and cats; primitive ploughs, as if taken from old Egyptian carvings, were scratching the rich soil, drawn by a cow or a camel, and sometimes both together; winter grain was coming up, and maize tops were harvesting for fodder. The natives had that calm soft type of countenance that marks the old statuary of their country, large eyes and gentle expression, but no strength of character, and one could easily see that the old sculptors had before their eyes the ancestors of the present race, and that, though the ruling classes might be changed in Egypt, the fellahs or original population of that land are of the same blood as their forefathers. Always slaves and unresisting to tyranny, they built the pyramids, and raised the huge masses of Karnak, just as within the present century hecatombs fell in the execution of Mahomet Ali's project, the Nile canal,—a grand and useful work; and now again quite recently at Monsieur de Lessep's still greater work, the Suez canal, or mud-ditch, as Stephenson contemptuously called it.

We had brought the great Michael Hamy with us to arrange for our Nile voyage, but found on arriving at Cairo all his proposals were so exorbitant that my father paid him off, and sent him home again, and we settled ourselves in the Hotel du Nil, in the centre of the town, contented to wait patiently in that most entertaining of capitals till something turned up! I found the picturesqueness of the streets and neighbourhood even

greater than that of Damascus, and should have enjoyed passing the whole winter there. My father hated riding donkeys, I liked it, so he walked and I rode, and my little blue beast went at such a pace that even he could not keep up with it, and I had to stop at every street corner till he came up. My donkey-man knew a few words of many languages, and made the most of them by transposing and reversing their order in a sentence, for instance, "gentleman like donkey," "no gentleman like donkey," "donkey no like gentleman." He told his beast where to go, and the clever creature trotted off right or left accordingly. "Donkey speak English," then the donkey always put its ears back and kicked out behind,—they thoroughly understood one another. I rode the native saddle always, using the high hump as a pommel to steady my knee on.

Our quarters in the German hotel were most comfortable and quiet. I had a room next the landlady's upstairs, with a window looking into the garden or central court, and my father one on the ground opposite, with a tangle of palms, lantanas, hibiscus, poinsettias, jasmines, and roses between us, and this was in the very heart of old Cairo. A huge pelican stalked about the gardens, and a tame monkey chattered and sprang amidst the tree branches and verandahs, a tame ostrich walked up and down the lane leading to the house, and seemed to keep guard over the entrance. I only remember one of our fellow-lodgers (the others being mostly German commercial gentlemen), Mr. Palgrave the Arabian traveller, who was extremely agreeable and amusing, full of good talk, and having an extraordinary knowledge of languages, especially those of the East; he was waiting for orders to go and find Cameron in

Abyssinia, and hoped the king might be a few degrees south of Gondar, it would be so jolly going there after him! He had tried many kinds of life, having been a mufti and preached so well to native Arabs in their own tongue that they never found him out. He had been a Jesuit priest at Beyroot and in Indian convents, and he was then paying court to a lady at Alexandria, I was told with the object of showing by matrimony that he was no longer a Jesuit priest, or bound to any particular religion, and I believe he was at that time honest in saying he had none; his father had originally been a Jew named Cohen, but had taken the name of his Christian wife, a lady celebrated for her beauty and an heiress. He was extremely kind to my father, who was very unwell while at Cairo, and treated him with more attention and skill than any doctor we could have found there; he was a universal genius.

Books might easily be filled with the wonders of Cairo and its architecture, its elaborate arabesques, and patterns in stone-work, plaster, and wood carving, every great man built new mosques and houses, and let the old ones go to ruin, which made them none the worse for an artist; the vice of restoration had not yet reached Egypt. The tombs outside the city were perhaps the greatest gems of all, they were surrounded by the desert of golden sand, and only visited by flights of falcons or stray Arab wanderers. One day we saw a grand review out on the desert, including the famous camel regiment, but the horses were none of them to be compared with those of our friend at Beyroot, though some of the great Egyptians were gorgeously dressed in crimson velvet and gold. Rich men spend vast sums on the decoration of their animals,

and I have seen donkeys with complete suits of silver over them. On our way to the review my donkey was pushed on one side by black horsemen, when a kind of Lord Mayor's coach with the principal wives, and thirty more full of the other women of the Pasha's harem, dashed past us, and such a dust they made!

Europeans seemed popular with the people, who liked showing off any words they knew, one poor man carrying wood outside the gates wished us *bona sera*, and chuckled to himself in the distance a long while afterwards; their dark skins were very beautiful, and the silver rope bracelets and sham corals looked glorious on their polished arms, their wrists were so slender, and the gap left in their huge heavy bracelets, through which they slip them on, was perfectly impossible for European arms of average size; they had great rings round their necks, and all sorts of jingles in their ears and from their noses, so that I could quite understand the delight of despoiling the Egyptians. I found picture subjects without end; when a merchant left his stall he merely hung up a net over the front and no one thought of touching it, though all sorts of valuables might easily have been stolen; many of the figures looked just like walking mummies, and required no extra wrapping when they died, while the striped *abbaiehs* when drawn over the head made men look like sphinxes, the lines falling around it just in the same formal way.

I confess to having looked at Egyptian things from a purely picturesque point of view, and was scolded for this by the Cairo clergyman's wife: "Dear, dear, like all travellers, you wander hither and thither and see nothing with a proper object, everything from a

false point of view. I suppose you never considered that on the precise spot where those Mameluke tombs stand the Israelites made their bricks without straw!" And her husband took us to the top of a hill and showed us the *very* stone on which Moses stood to count the Israelites as they passed out of Egypt! At any rate fine views were still to be got there, and the Nile valley and pyramids of Ghizeh and Sakkarah seemed a perfect sea of green vegetation, with but little desert in proportion. We picked up quantities of fossilised sea-shells on that hill-top, and my suggestion that they might have been the remains of a picnic the Jews had before they started, was not received favourably; yet it was difficult to ridicule the good man who, when a doctor in India, had stayed through a terrible time of cholera, taking care of the poor people when all others fled.

One day we went to Heliopolis with Mr. Palgrave, but did not find much left of that Egyptian home of learning except the obelisk; however we had a most entertaining day with our odd friend, the most curious compound of a reckless adventurer and almost old-maidish valetudinarian: the Consul-General and his wife were also most hospitable to us. One night we met at their house a very rich pair of English people, who had a difficulty in finding a *dahabieh* large enough to hold them as well as their man cook and maid and huge packages from Fortnum and Mason's, besides all the other encumbrances they had brought out from England with them. The lady was looking for a second maid, as her own was delicate and often unequal to the exertion of doing her hair; one day she had even been so unwell that Mrs. W. had to sit at home half

the day because her hair was not done, which was too tiresome! The husband had been to India and delighted in telling us of his elephant murders, which he called sport. One day we passed them both in the street, walking with a great Egyptian official, and the lady was asking him without any ceremony how many wives he had, to his great astonishment and disgust: it is strange how little tact some people have, and never can acquire.

At last we found a dragoman willing to take us up the river at a reasonable rate, and we started on the day after Christmas with two fellow-passengers,—a French gentleman in tight boots and a diamond ring, who traced hieroglyphics very slowly, and kept a journal, and Mr. S., a young architect with the R.A. travelling scholarship, and enormous industry. He took a camera-lucida and traced every squared stone with it from Cairo to Aboo Simbel and back: both were most gentlemanly and agreeable companions, dividing the end of the boat between them, while my father and myself had each one of the side cabins. We were excellently fed by an old cook, who said he had cooked for the English for forty years, but who had no visible eyes. The sailors were a happy simple race, and two of the boys were absolutely beautiful, of a bright shiny copper tint, and liked sitting for their pictures; one man only of the nine said his prayers regularly on a bit of old carpet, morning and evening, and went in consequence by the name of the saint. The old steersman was like an animal-headed sphinx, only I never saw any animal so ugly. He would collect a large bundle of grass off the banks of the river when we stopped, put it down near the rudder, and go on

munching it all day, as a cow chews the cud, till it all disappeared. The captain was as black as a coal and very dignified, he was always curled up on the upper deck on a heap of rags and pillows, and took cups of coffee perpetually with the air of a king, occasionally waking up and giving mild orders; he used most courteously to offer me his pillows each time I went on deck: query, Why have black people such pink tips to their fingers, does the constant friction rub the colour off? We had a poor goat, which was kept in a hole and would put its head out and cry after the kid which had been left at Cairo; my father, who liked to do in Turkey as the Turkeys did, used to make speeches to it, beginning: "Oh thou harem of Billy," thinking that it was the most delicate way of addressing a she-goat. Our waiting-boy or housemaid was like a hero of the *Arabian Nights*,—so languidly graceful and useless.

Our French fellow-passenger was absurdly national and unlike us in everything. He got up late in the morning, and came into the saloon in demi-toilette as we were finishing our breakfast, having been strangled and frozen entirely by the cold, and, *mon Dieu!* he had no appetite! he would take a glass of lemonade and his narghile, and lecture us in the most polite and unreasonable way about the *bêtise* and English barbarism of fatiguing the stomach so early in the morning by eating: after a little while he would get faint with hunger, and declare the cold would kill him, and, *mon Dieu!* he would die if he got nothing to eat till so late, and Achmet ya Achmet! and then he began gorging like a boa-constrictor, stopping every now and then to explain how much

better the food would have been if etc., etc., after which he began smoking again, and tried to draw, but, *mon Dieu!* he had no time, if he only had time he could do something of true merit! At dinner he told us the English ate raw beef and could not carve even a chicken in the right way, so he would like to show us how. His way was clever, but required chickens in the plural number if among several persons; he would divide the bird in two, taking off the back and legs in one piece, which he set up on another dish with the feet upwards; he called it a mitre, and sent it out to be kept for cold, cutting up the breast and wings in small disc-like bits to be eaten then.

All three men smoked continually all the evening, and were consequently happy, till I felt myself becoming as dry as a red herring; but smoking is a blessed invention and peacemaker amongst men, and I highly approve of it, so we all got on tolerably together, and my father's health improved every day. Mr. S. confided to me that the Frenchman went to bed clothes and all, and that his toilette in the morning consisted of a thorough brushing downwards with the same brush, beginning with his hair, then his green velvet coat, and lastly his dear shining boots, *c'est tout, voilà!* He made himself of use in the scolding way, and disapproved from the first of the coffee, which he called, *de l'eau sale.* He also complained he could not get filtered water to wash in, if he could not get it filtered he would not wash his "figure" at all. He was told Madame only used that of the Nile for hers. "Madame was too good to complain, and besides she was an Englishwoman, bah!" My father's cabin became like a fretful porcupine from the quantity

of pins and nails he hammered all over it, and we used to say that if the vessel took to rolling at night we should find him minced up in the morning; mine was perfectly comfortable, and when my waterproof was spread over my bed it made a capital wash-stand, and on it I painted all day when not on land.

The weary periods of the voyage were the many days without wind, when we were pushed and dragged against the stream, or hardly moved at all, but then we could get on shore, where one was sure to find something fresh to see or draw, and the steering creature got fresh loads of lucerne or grass to munch, winking at us between the mouthfuls, to show how good it was. "Billy's harem" also enjoyed it, and both feeds were stolen. If there had been nothing else the sunsets and sunrises would have rewarded us for going up the Nile; they were so gorgeous and so various in colour. We soon found out that our dragoman was a regular brute in every way. Once, in order to propitiate me, he promised to buy a little girl "so high" to wait upon me when we got to Nubia, and then he would set her free and send her to school with his own children when the voyage was over, but I knew how much truth there was likely to be in the last part of his speech, and my father was furious at the proposal. The sailors would sing some curious wild chants when rowing, the captain leading off each verse with an elaborate flourish, and they always sang the upper note very sharp, a good quarter tone too high, I thought; but as the Egyptians originally invented the musical scale, perhaps they were right and I was wrong.

We were continually sticking in the mud, and then

all the men jumped into the water, wearing their turbans but throwing aside all their other rags, to push and pull us off again; and once at sunset another boat beside ours was stranded, and all the neighbouring population was in and out of the river trying to get them off. The hour of prayer had come, and our saint and some others began at once, just where they were, up to their knees in water, going through all the devotions ordered by Mahomet. They looked picturesquely black against the orange sky, all reflected in the damp sands and calm river. It was a wondrous study of form and colour. Another pretty scene was that of the men taking their supper every night, when they would sit round a fire and boil up their broken bits of hard brown bread with an onion and some peas in a large pot, and help themselves out of it alternately with three fingers hollowed out like a spoon, shaking off back into the pot between each helping what they could not get into their mouths; the little low fire lit up their dark faces most magnificently: they were very stupid and awkward in their manner of dragging the rope, and often got it tangled up with the other boats and barges, trees and rocks, even broke it sometimes, when we used at once to drift down the stream faster than we had come up.

We passed many fine engines and other expensive machines, the toys of former pashas, rusting on the banks, and now and then one was in use for pumping up water or sawing wood; but most of the irrigation was done by the simplest pulleys or wheels, or even manual labour.

At Minieh we landed, and I bought some red and white calico, and then some more white to be dyed

blue (that colour is never kept in stock, as the natives prefer having it fresh), and I set to work to make a Union Jack. When we started my father had refused to have one, thinking it would hurt the Frenchman's feelings, but now to his horror he found he had hoisted the tricolor on board, and as both he and Achmet talked of buying slaves, my father thought it was time we had the English flag over our heads to render such traffic illegal; so we soon had a very remarkable specimen of that noble ensign, to which the French flag had to give place. Achmet was always cringing and bullying. One evening I came out rubbing my hands with cold; so the good old captain beckoned me to come and warm them over some wood ashes in a box, and we both sat on our heels stretching out our different-coloured paws over the heat most amicably, and making complimentary speeches in unknown tongues, when the odious drago-man touched my shoulder,—"that no place for you, you never go near them fellows." His touch seemed to draw all the warmth from my fingers and put it into my tongue, as I ordered him off. A little while after I heard his snake-like voice in the cabin hissing out, "Missis, you like jam omelette for dinner to-day?" Bribery and corruption! How odious that man was!

What a population there seemed to be in Upper Egypt, and how much might be made of that fertile soil near the river with a good Government! but the present rulers actually tax the wheels that pump the water which makes cultivation possible, and in one place we saw one of the finest English steam-ploughs sunk in the sand, and doing duty as a common pumping machine. We passed 15,000 poor labourers

being carried down to the public works of Lower Egypt, packed tightly in barges, and towed by steamers: how many of these would ever return? Siôout was our first regular day on shore, here the men made their bread, and we mounted the side of a hill, and saw our first caves, with gigantic figures sketched on the smoothed surface of the rock to guard their entrance, keeping their eyes at the same time on the rich crops of young corn and tares, lentils, cotton, and sugar-cane, which bordered the great river below. Mr. S. and I worked hard all day, while my father climbed the hills above, and the Frenchman in his best hat and gloves went off by himself to discover "something truly curious," but didn't; afterwards he made the chase of some "savage turtle doves," and made us eat them for dinner. We spent ten shillings in the bazaar on the pretty earthenware pots for which Siôout is famous; then we went on, and soon entered the region of the doum palm. Birds also became more common, we had seen troops of pelicans, ibex, storks, and ducks, and now we had abundance of larks and water-wag-tails, and lovely long-tailed green birds almost like parrakeets, but smaller. What people mean by calling the Nile uninteresting I never could understand, we always found abundance to entertain us on shore or afloat.

The men chose to fancy I was a doctress, and the old steersman would uncover his chest and show me with many grimaces that he had a pain there, and I used to give him bits of sugar with camphor on it, after which, whenever I looked at him, he would rub the spot gently, and smile gratefully. I wondered, if my bottle got empty, whether I could reverse the process,

and give him a bit of camphor with some sugar on it! I had plenty of those bits of camphor with me to frighten away the fleas, of which there are no lack in Egypt; it is also good to keep in one's pocket as a preventative against infection of any sort in travelling. The tamarisk trees were very refreshing as we got higher up the country, their colouring being of a peculiar bluish green, their foliage feathery, and the twisted trunks as pink in the sunlight as those of Scotch firs.

We were stranded during a whole day at a Copt village, and the Italian priest, a nice gentlemanly old man, came and had luncheon with us, and said he had not been home for twenty years. He was a doctor as well as a priest, and said his life was interesting. He gave me a large citron, grapes, and figs from his garden; and told us his vines bore fruit twice in the year, but the palms gave no dates till they were eighteen or twenty years old, after which the crops became enormous, and were worth about £5 each tree. The air there was most delicious, but as the wind continued contrary, and we were told it was "about" six miles only to Thebes, we three English decided to walk, with the distant towers of Karnak as our guide, across the fields. Achmet persisting in slouching after us in his red slippers, as his bad conscience made him think we were going to complain of him and have him bastinadoed, and he would not believe our assurances to the contrary. My father wished to leave him behind, and put on his seven-leagued boots: the race was terrible, over the roughest ground too, and of course, as usual, it was much farther than we expected, but we reached the forest of pillars by eleven o'clock, and took a

couple of hours' rest on comfortable flat stones near the great obelisk of Karnak, where I believe we all went to sleep. The air was fresh, but the sun was the sun of Egypt, and we had gone at a most mad pace for some hours, punishing ourselves quite as much as poor Achmet, and the grandest ruin in all the world could not have kept my eyes open.

We awoke refreshed, and able to take in the enormous size of that temple, and the rich colouring of its ornamentation, and to enjoy walking through an avenue of sphinxes who were apparently waiting for a surgeon to come to set their broken bones and put the right heads on the right breasts. That avenue led us on to Luxor, which is spoilt by a village taken out of it, sand and all, for at that time it was difficult even to trace the temple amidst all its rubbish, and in the middle of its finest group of columns nestled the house of Mustapha Agha. Many people said he was a thief, but he was a courteous friend to all Europeans on the Nile, and gave us welcome bundles of letters and newspapers, entertaining my father and Mr. S. with pipes and coffee, while I was seized and carried off by the faithful Omar to see Lady Duff Gordon, whom I had not seen for twenty-five years. She said she should have known me anywhere. She herself was old and gray, but had still the handsome face which had captivated me then, in spite of having burst two blood vessels that year, and she said the air at Luxor did wonders for her. The natives all worshipped her, and she doctored them, amused them, and even smoked with them. They looked on her as something mysterious, and even rather uncanny, and respected her accordingly. She lived in some rooms

raised up amongst the pillars of the old temple like a second story. While I was there a native gentleman and his brother the Mollah came to pay her a visit, and the latter wrote a letter under her direction to a friend at Siôout on the palm of his hand, and rubbed his ring in the ink to sign it with afterwards. From her balcony she could look across the broad Nile and great green plain with its two sitting colossi, many ruins and tombs, and beyond, the noble mountain with shadows that were rosy even at mid-day.

One native visitor held an opera glass to my eye, with his other hand just in front of it pointing out the different objects he named, so that I had an uninterrupted view of a very clean Turkish hand, for which kindness I thanked him most humbly, and when he looked through my glass I let him see my hand in the same way, and he expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the view. The Ramadan had begun the day before, and the talk was all about the exhausted state every one was in, as they only eat by moonlight; the moon was just then a mere thread of silver, with its ends turned up in a most unchristian way, but very lovely. We hoped to have stayed a day at Thebes, but when the boat came up our French fellow-traveller was in such a fever to go on that my father indulged him, and we fired a salute under Lady Duff Gordon's window as we passed, promising to stay a week or more on our return.

We went on, drag, drag, drag, again, eight miles only in thirty hours, and had plenty of time to think of what we had seen the day before—a hall with 133 pillars, the central ones sixty feet high, the outer ones forty, all carved and coloured most elaborately from

top to bottom, and then the obelisk of ninety-three feet high cut out of a single stone. Such things make one feel very small, and the whole scene would have seemed as a dream to me now had I not still, to prove its reality, the two sketches I made there between sleeping and waking. The sunset was particularly lovely that night; horns of rose colour were thrown up from it over a sky of gold shaded into lemon, emerald green, and blue, the latter having a touch of lilac just over the pink rays; there was not a cloud to shade the slender silver moon above it. The black children bathing in the sunset reflections were always most amusing to watch. First they rolled and rubbed themselves in mud and sand to take the place of soap, and then again in the river, trampling and dancing upon their clothes in the mud by way of washing them too; they went in and out, looking like shining fishes in the half light.

We stopped at Esneh to bake the men's bread, and I thought the half-buried temple there particularly fine. All the capitals of the pillars were different, and all copied from the lotus plant, its buds, leaves, stalks or flowers, but our artist declared it Ptolemaic and "debased." Soon after leaving Esneh we found one of our poor sailors was dying. We had missed him for some days, and were told he only had a bad stomach (the usual complaint), but the poor fellow died of consumption. He had been taken on board in that state knowingly by our brutal dragoman, as he agreed to work his way home without pay, and had been hidden up in the hold out of sight when too ill to work. They brought him up now, and Achmet was boasting to the Frenchman how good he had been not

to leave him on shore long ago when he *would* not work. I stopped him and ordered him to get some milk for the poor lad, — "What good waste milk when he be finished so soon?" And he was finished and buried a few hours after, near a small village on the banks. Men are said to be often buried alive in Egypt, the people having such a horror of any contact with dead corpses.

About Silsilis they were harvesting their dourra (millet), rather a dwarf variety, but the heads well filled. They generally cut the ears off first, and then the straw, but some people cut down the whole plant at once, and in all cases they thresh it out on the spot. Camels and donkeys were eating their fill of it, and there seemed to be much shedding and waste of the grain, though the straw did not look ripe. The threshing process was very picturesque; two buffaloes and three cows we saw in one place driven in a circle over the dourra, while a boy with a rake gathered back the ears which had been pushed out of reach of the animals' feet; the beasts were muzzled, contrary to the Jewish law, an unnecessary precaution, as there were plenty of small boys with nothing to do but to look after the cattle, all the younger children being unclothed because of the heat. On the 24th of January, lupins, with blue and white flowers, were the common crop on the Nile mud close to the water's edge, and looked very pretty. Wheat was also a good deal dibbled in on such spots, with a kind of broomrape (*Orobanche*) growing amongst it, no doubt a parasite, as all of that family are. The date palms often grew in clusters of seven or more from one root-centre, and their curves and feathery tops were most elegant.

The Nile here got much narrower, and its band of cultivation also decreased with the smaller population. The natives were much like children in their ways. I was often surrounded by women when wandering along the shores, who pulled me to pieces in the most amiable way, shouting with laughter at gloves or boots; they liked me to hold their little slippery black babies, which always reminded me of small black pigs, so round and pretty were they. The women wore nose-rings and glass bead necklaces, with their hair plaited tight in many small tags or tails; I believe it was always done freshly when they married. They were most anxious to please, and if they saw me pick any flower or pod would go off and collect a whole bundle of the same for me. A party of them employed themselves in teaching my father to make flat stones skip over the water's surface, duck and drake fashion, shouting with laughter and clapping their hands at every failure or success.

At Silsilis we were hurried on again by one of those vexatious winds that always came when we wanted to stay, and which went down as soon as we wished to go on, but we stayed some hours at Kom Ombo, the double temple, one of the most beautiful in all Egypt; it is full of colour, and stands grandly on the edge of a cliff, commanding a very beautiful distant curve of the river, desert and cultivation mixed, with a rosy hill in the far distance. It reminded us of a Rhine castle as we first saw it half hidden by the morning mists above us, the river washing away the cliff on which it stands gradually but steadily; half the huge Pylon was already gone, and the other half actually hanging over the water; the portico is of noble proportions, one of the

By R. Phené Spiers.

A FRIENDLY AUDIENCE.

Page 133.

fallen stones of the architrave measuring twenty-three feet and more in length.

A brisk wind made us unfurl our big sail, and carried us in a few hours to Assooán,—the far Syene, now a collection of mud huts and bazaars full of strange wild people from the interior, selling ostrich feathers and elephants' tusks; we noticed fifty skin packages, each containing four of these tusks, lying on the shore for shipment, and so heavy that my father and Mr. S. could not lift one of them, though using all their united force; slaves were also said to be sold here, but it was illegal and was not done openly. Enormous granite boulders were strewn about the river all round us, some of them covered with hieroglyphical inscriptions, and the channel was narrowed by the island of Elephanta. We spent the morning there among a most amusing crowd of little imps with three tufts on their heads, like Grimaldi, with some leather fringe and glass beads for their sole clothing; they had at first but one word in their mouths—"backsheesh," but were not otherwise annoying; they roared with laughter at the sketch Mr. S. made of them and me, it set their tongues free, and they chattered like monkeys; I imitated them, which made them mimic me in return, and we parted excellent friends, and lost the hateful word "backsheesh" altogether.

Amongst the boulders and yellow sand, which reminded me of the landscapes the Chinese paint on rice paper, we afterwards wandered out to the necropolis of the desert, and saw the unfinished obelisk, some ninety feet long but still undetached, at the foot of the rock from which it had been cut. The great field of granitic rock at Assooán would well repay the

closest examination of geologists, abundant cases occur in it of injection (before the heat which formed it had abated) of other substances into its cracks. In one place a very fissile and soft slate had interposed between two beds of granite, in many granite or an allied rock was apparently injected while in fusion; pure white quartz with feldspar, which was rose-coloured when in contact with the walls of the crack, ran through a considerable range, with a breadth of six inches to a foot. My father observed that feldspar alone was very frequent in veins, and always rose-coloured, and the rock from which the obelisk was cut had more than half its material of this substance. The sand was thickly sprinkled with pretty pebbles of carnelian, jasper, and agate, all most tempting to an amateur collector of a frivolous nature like myself, and our cabin was getting rapidly filled with those rather ponderous curiosities; a less objectionable taste than that of our French companion, who used to shoot little birds and try the experiment of drying them under the seats and sofa cushions, to save himself the trouble of "degorging" them, until my father ordered them out into his own cabin one day, leaving his partner there, Mr. S., to settle the rest.

A large American *dahabieh* had reached Assooán before us, and had consequently the right of precedence up the cataract. At first the Sheik swore it was too big and could not go, but the owner, being the American Consul, compelled him to tack; which they did for two hours, then wrecked the big boat on one desert island, and us on another. The Reis of the cataract swore he would go no farther, and waved off his attendants (some hundred imps and demons, black, white,

red, and every possible intermediate shade of colour), and they all evaporated, some under the water, some over or under the rocks, till the place seemed as thickly covered with them as they were with flies. Brother Jonathan being enraged sent into Assooán for the Pasha, about a mile's walk, and in a little while His Highness arrived with his secretary, and the Reis was ordered to move them on the next day; he had been smoking the pipe of sulkiness with us meanwhile, and was a nice mild old man, a cousin of our captain, who with all our other sailors belonged to Assooán. But there was etiquette even at the First Cataract, and our small boat had to keep behind the other, so there we stuck for the night, no great grievance, with the purest air and water, and delicious warmth and quiet (all the natives had gone back to their villages), a bright full moon, and pleasant company, for my father had given an English colonel and his wife a lift with us as far as Philæ, as their boat could go no farther; they were to return overland on camel or donkey back. The basalt rocks were wonderful, and the golden sand pleasant to rest on. Next morning brought the savages back in force, hooting, howling, chattering, screaming, and they were tied to the boats again, while some old men with long whips, perching themselves on high rocks (well out of reach of the others), were gesticulating and flogging violently in the air. After another mile they contrived to revenge themselves on the hated Yankee boat by wrecking her again on a rock, and knocking a hole in her, letting in the water up to the cabin flooring; all the stores were soaked, and we thought she would have been lost. It was a grand scene, huge boulders scattered and piled up in

every direction, like the pebbles on a sea shore, and the water rushing and dancing in twenty different channels amongst them, with smooth hills of golden sand in the background, also patched over with huge masses of dark granite boulders.

All the savages, as our Frenchman called them, paddled about in and out of the water, discovering and collecting treasures among the bottles and tin boxes of spoiled food which had been tossed overboard. One party near us had found a wine bottle full of water with a slight flavour of wine in it: they tasted it, then stopped to think, then poured a little out and tasted it again, hoping by degrees to get rid of the water and find the wine pure underneath; they got quite angry with it at last, and carried off the bottle on the end of a long spear, empty: they were very merry and entertaining to watch. I wandered about over the rocks amongst them without the least fear; my father and his two English companions meanwhile had been working like navvies with their sleeves tucked up, baling out the water and patching up the wrecked New Yorker, till at last she floated again, and was hauled up the last cataract, no easy task, in safety; one rope only going crack, while a north wind filling out part of our half-furled sail helped us. What a display of limbs and muscles there was! But one of the four captains of the cataract seemed to me to do half of the whole work, he was the tallest man I ever saw, in short white muslin trousers and waistcoat, and the blackest of arms and legs coming out of them; he was everywhere at once, and made the most miraculous jumps from rock to rock, always trying to keep hands and feet at the widest distance apart from one another,

like a cat which is thrown from the house roof. He sprained his wrist, however, by these feats of agility, and I bound it up with arnica after the excitement was over, feeling I was doing homage to a hero, on which His Magnificence uttered the one word "backsheesh!" and the dream vanished.

After this all the howlers vanished also, and perfect calm ensued as we floated gently on to the island of the gods, the very *Heiligen Hallen* of Mozart, and where his glorious song, "O Isis and Osiris," ought to have been sung 2000 years before it entered into the mind of the composer to write it. Philæ was even more enchanting than I expected, with its wall of rocky mountains and boulders enthroning it all round in almost a supernatural stillness,—not a soul but ourselves remained at the island. Its temples are curiously irregular in their relation to one another. Everything is disjointed and unconnected, and yet forms a harmonious whole, thanks to a few palms, tamarisks, and the surrounding river scenery. Those huge figures might have been scratched on the walls by some giant child, everything there is unreasonable and without system, yet all this makes it the more captivating. The Japanese say, only dull people make anything in duplicate, because they have not two ideas, and there is some truth in the saying. It was the last day of January, and yet warm as summer; we saw the sun set and the moon rise, and could hardly persuade ourselves to leave the grand old temples for food or rest, yet our architect told us they were in quite a debased style, only about 150 years B.C.!

We hurried on the next day, leaving our friends to ride back to Assooán, and hastened to the Second

Cataract, passing temple after temple on our way; the sunshine and blue sky were always glorious, though the nights were still often cold. One day we saw seven crocodiles, looking like rocks or shadows on the sand; we were disputing if they really were crocodiles, when the huge creatures curved their backs with a violent effort, raised themselves on what our Frenchman called their "pattes," and slid slowly into the water, as a fat lady descends from her carriage, with a certain waddle and air of importance.

Nubian women are often handsome, very fond of ornaments, and like showing them off; one grand lady at Korosko had three gold wheels with coral pendants on her forehead, a gold nose-ring like a double trumpet, two necklaces, one of shuttle-shaped onyx stones with coral and silver between, and splendid silver bangles on arms and wrists. Another had gold and silver rings and coins plaited in her innumerable tails of hair, which gave me the idea of never being undone, but simply soaked with castor oil occasionally; she was sitting on the steps of a sakkiah or native machine for raising water, flogging the beasts who turned it, and her baby was seated near her on the sand, a perfect lump of black flies, and so completely hidden by them that one could only discover it was a baby by its general shape and happy childish noises. These young creatures were very droll, with their hair in three knobs like clowns in a pantomime. I very nearly bought one one day at the mother's wish in return for two empty reels of cotton and a button, to my father's intense horror, not decreased when he was told I wished to hang it up to the cabin ceiling to act as a fly-trap; the button and reels would have been

probably offered to the next boat as antiquities for sale.

The only flowers I ever saw in this tropical part of our voyage were a beautiful lilac ipomæa with passion-flower leaves, and the common *Euphorbia Indica*, with its great pods of thistledown and floury leaves and stalks, the gum of which can be used to cover iron and protect it from rust under the sea.

We had been looking a long while through glasses at the distant hills for Aboo Simbel, when all in a moment we discovered the four gigantic figures of Rameses II. calmly looking down on us from just above our heads, bathed in the golden sunset rays, and half smothered by golden sand; we all shouted with delight at finding them, and the sailors called out "backsheesh!" and got it. Soon after that we reached Wady Halfah, and mounted to the basalt rocks of Abooseer, finding interesting dust-heaps and broken tiles belonging to cities whose very names are lost, and the most extraordinary view of river and rocks, all higgledy-piggledy, covering miles of space below us and extending into the far distance, a few tamarisk bushes alone breaking the hard contrast of the colouring between the gold-coloured sand and black rocks. My father called these rocks sandstone in horizontal strata, mixed with a pebbly conglomerate, but all were very friable, and with them were thin strata of black and red highly crystallised ironstone, assuming the strangest contorted forms, sometimes as thin as paper and crumpled like it, sometimes in nodules like the Sussex ironstone. The Nile had cut through all this, but found the ironstone under it too tough, though its current had for ages with the help of its boulders (brought down

by floods) been shattering the hard whin or basalt bed into innumerable black groups of islands, through which its divided waters rush on like a mill stream; it seemed all confusion as far as the eye could see, the river of the most intense blue, except when broken by foam and emerald green shadows, the rocks of dark madder brown and purple, while the sand was of a most dazzling apricot colour. I found the colours almost impossible to imitate, but liked even my own crude attempts in pure tints better than our academician friend's usual mixture of Prussian blue, Vandyke brown, brown pink, and yellow ochre.

Wady Halfah was a very poor place, but the people seemed a contented good-humoured race. Our Frenchman went on shore with his revolver, and was much disgusted not to find them tarred and feathered, and having no inlaid arms to sell: he said it was "a place the most savage and inhabited by imbeciles!" We saw three women grinding at a handmill, all squatted on the ground round it, working with their left hands and pouring half handfuls of wheat in through the axle of the top stone as fast as it needed feeding; the grain came out well ground upon the lower stone, which was formed into a circular trough. They showed us also a hollowed stone with a round one beside it for milling the meal and water and pounding it up together into a sort of polenta or porridge. We stayed three days at Aboo Simbel, painting and studying the noble temples and figures, which alone well repaid the whole expense and trouble of a Nile voyage: the four great figures of Rameses II. seemed to me the finest monuments in the world, they are carved out of and on the face of the rock; the material,

as shown in the fragments of one Colossus that is destroyed downwards to its knees, being friable as Nile mud, though its grains are of indestructible silex, translucent when seen through a magnifying-glass. The figures are sixty feet high, and the hieroglyphics of the entablature are as sharp as on the day they were cut, though the grand cornice, which no doubt once overhung them, is gone, with its cartouches and asps, and the row of monkeys under it is much damaged by its fall: the countenances of the four great Rameses retain all their original expression of calm dignity, as if superior to the convulsions of thirty-three centuries.

In some of the side chambers of the temple within, the intaglios on the walls are only marked by black lines, as if the workmen had been interrupted after it was planned by the architect, and the plan seems inferior to that of the entrance, where the grand figures of Rameses in battles and in triumph are carved, the horses of his chariot seeming actually to breathe with life and energy. The ceiling of the entrance is painted only with six vultures, all formed as if their heads issued from an egg, and winged like the winged globe, which latter appears only in a few unimportant places. Over the principal figure in the wall hovers a demon, with the left wing drooping, and a man in his claws.

The depth of the interior caves from the entrance is nearly 200 feet, and the great door is buried in the sand drift to within a yard or so of the top; to me the effect was perfectly magical, as I looked from just within the entrance at the double rows of gigantic Osiris figures down the nave of the huge temple, leading into the very depths of darkness (for

only in the glare of noonday could one see anything beyond them), afterwards turning round to look out at the pure sapphire sky, and the glittering gold of the sand, which positively blinded one with its reflected sunshine under the carved ceiling of the great doorway; against this one of our grinning black sailors was resting and playing my guardian angel, making a combined study of both nature and art. There is a hawk-eyed deity over the door outside, whose human figure is modelled with the grace of a Greek sculptor. The other temple at Ipsambool is decidedly ugly.

My father took a bath in the Nile whilst I was at work, in spite of the warning of Achmet, who told him "that very morning a crocodile came and snatched a chicken out of the cook's hands while he was plucking it in the small boat, and if he did not believe him there were the feathers;" my father did not believe him, in spite of the visible feathers. We drifted slowly down the river from Aboo Simbel, often sticking in the mud, and with all the men in the water pushing and hauling us off again: stopping days too at all the old Nubian temples, with plenty of time to enjoy and sketch them.

Our old pilot afterwards took Mr. Lear up the river, and, according to him, described me in the following words: "This Bint was unlike most other English Bints, being, firstly, white and lively; secondly, she was gracious in her manner, and of kind disposition; thirdly, she attended continually to her father, whose days went in rejoicing that he had such a Bint: fourthly, she represented all things on paper, she drew all the temples of Nubia, all the sakkiahs, and all the men and women and nearly all the palm trees,

she was a valuable and remarkable Bint!" He rather overdid my powers of drawing, for the sakkiahs were innumerable almost as the palm trees, many of them standing still for want of hands to work them, all the men capable of work having been taken off by the reigning Pharaoh to Cairo, and only old men, women, and children were left, too weak to raise enough corn for their own consumption, far less to export or sell for others: with better irrigation and cultivation in that climate they might have grown coffee, bananas, sugar, almost anything. We could buy mutton, poor little black-woolled skeletons, for twenty-two shillings each, weighing about thirty-five or forty pounds. Though there were so few of the sakkiahs working we were seldom out of hearing of them, and the noisy droning they made was very wearisome: one horse-engine would have done the work of fifty, and have released one hundred oxen and fifty of these poor labourers for other and more important work. There were fewer *shadúfs* in Nubia than in Egypt, probably from the banks being higher; some were in five stages, with a man on each and ten feet between them, thus lifting the water forty or fifty feet above the river level.

The pilot said I drew all the temples, and certainly I tried, but will not try to describe that which has been so thoroughly done by many others, including the inevitable Murray; the people and country I enjoyed far more than the old stones, also the wonderful children, whose whole costume consisted of a few beads strung on odd bits of string; oyster shells, amber, glass, agates, buttons, empty reels of cotton, carnelians, and even necks of bottles were worn as charms. At Kalabsheh we took another day and a half; the great temple

was a perfect Alpine climb of great loose stones, but of a very late period, only a Roman building, our artist said; it had some remarkable examples of modern art, outlines of *dahabiehs* and tourists scratched on it in chalk, which the natives insisted on our admiring; in Bayt el Welly the carved pictures were really exquisite, in one of the chariots one quite felt the jolting and speed, and the reason why the warrior was holding on so tightly to keep himself steady, while the charioteer was leaning forward with his loose reins.

Dakkeh I thought a still more picturesque place, with its black sheep and people huddled up in black woollen blankets, but Gertássee was the loveliest of all; only six columns left with one huge stone resting on the tops of two of them, placed on the summit of a hill standing quite alone, with other hills behind it and the blue river making a grand sweep beneath, and winding away into the far distance, edged with palm trees; the colours were all so pure and delicate it seemed too lovely for reality, like one of Claude's small pictures: here a nice black woman found her way up with her baby and sat by me as I worked, she examined the contents of all my pockets, but put everything carefully back. She fell in love with my paint brush, till I told her it was made of camel's-hair, when she thought less of it, "it was such a common animal, if it had only been a horse's or a pig's!"

The wind was against us, and we stuck continually in the mud, and walked a great part of the last day down towards Philæ, near which there are plantations of doum and date palms, castor oil, tobacco, and corn. Philæ looked even more lovely than when we were there before, and we anchored three days on

its sand, and painted indefatigably, but it was not so quiet as before, a party of Americans (three *dahabiehs* full) having come overland from Assooán to picnic there. Among them was a lady with a baby three months old, in a hammock swung between two camels; and a pair who went about arm in arm over all the heaps of stones, dressed in Worth's very latest fashions; also a young man in a complete suit of cineraria colour, from stockings to cap, with his mother, wearing the most beautiful snow-white ringlets all over her head, who sat herself down at once within a few yards of the building strangers call Pharaoh's Bedstead, and began sketching it, and what is more, got it *all* in to her small sheet of paper in very tolerable perspective, a feat that even Mr. S. with his camera could not have performed. "Cineraria" came and guessed I was English, and said he would like to introduce me to "Mother," who I found was Mrs. Skinner of Boston, and that he was "Frank," and their genial characters and enjoyment of everything made them at once our friends, and they are mine still. But this Yankee incursion brought a tribe of idle "backsheesh" hunters, the place lost half its charm, and we fled to the mainland and wandered amongst the huge granite boulders, on one of which my father found the cartouche of Psammetichus the Second, who lived 600 B.C., together with the Smiths and Browns of many succeeding centuries. The cartouche had been scraped flat before it was engraved on, and showed the red feldspar, while the rest of the rock was black with age, and the twenty-fourth-century-old scraping was not discoloured: query, how old was the rock?

The views were quite fairylike from these main-

land groups of boulders, but our French friend found we were "not to be supported" for dawdling as we did, and that three whole days at Philæ were impossible; so we started sooner than we liked, and shot the rapids without difficulty, though much howling and noise were made over the six or seven feet of fall (the only difficult bit). We rested about five hours at Assooán, then came the great Edfoo, with its stupendous portico: then El Kab, fossils and limestone mountains, more sticking in the mud and contrary winds, and at last we found ourselves anchored amongst the other *dahabiehs* and mosquitoes off Luxor, with a pile of letters and papers from home; and took coffee with Lady Duff Gordon, who had a circle of admiring Arabs round her, and gave my father a chibouk, lighted by her own fair hand.

At Assooán we had lost our pet black sailor boy, always so graceful and good-humoured and strong. The year before he had been home there for a day's holiday, and had married a wife of eleven years old, and left the same day to return to Cairo; this year he went back to see her during our three days' stop at Philæ, then pretended to be taken ill and did not return, but sent his one-eyed brother in his place, and the voices all sang out of tune, and the oars all splashed; it was lucky that we seldom stuck on mud-banks afterwards, as none of the other men could have pushed us off as he did, and we missed him perpetually. His brother was strong too, he and Hassan had a race one day after me, to carry me into the boat not only through the water, but over as much mud as possible, as if they liked the work, and could not have too much of it; after which they caught

up my father, singing, both themselves and he, at the pitch of their voices all the way. Then the Frenchman insisted on riding his donkey into the water and up to the boat, as he could not bear *ces sauvages* to touch him; it was great fun, for he kicked and flourished his cane at them, and just as he got near the boat the donkey began to lie down for a roll, and if the "savages" had not caught hold of him in time and hauled him in, he would have had a good ducking. How they laughed! And he himself could not help laughing too: he had many good points about him, and when at last he had made up his mind to escape from our slow boat and slower society, and return to Cairo by steamer, he took some pains to part friends, and actually offered to lend my father money if he wanted it; though he could not speak English he understood a good deal, and had read all sorts of old books, including Marlowe's *Faust* and *Tristram Shandy*, which he said was the best of all novels, query, had he read it? I confess to being doubtful.

We worked hard at Thebes, where the distances are too great for hurry, having to ride from one great sight to the other over the burning plain, on which the harvest was then going on: the first day we "did" the tombs of the kings, the Memnonium and Colossi; I felt quite fit to be pickled and mummified when I escaped from the tombs, which were far too archæological for modern humanity. I hate walking where I cannot see my feet, or being hauled about even by the gentlest of Arab guides, but as I fell flat on my back once, argument and remonstrance were of no use, and I was hauled in by one hand, holding a candle

in the other; of course we were astounded by the amount of careful painting done in miles of darkness, before electric lights or gas were invented, and how we rejoiced when we got into the air and sun again! We enjoyed our walk over the outside of the mountain hugely; it is most elegant in form, and its colours perfectly gorgeous, the rock is a sort of Jurassic limestone, compact and splintery, and full of fossils. A steep zigzag led to the great green plain, all honeycombed with humbler tombs, and so on to the grand Memnonium, with its huge fallen statue of gray granite.

Everything in Thebes appeared too stupendous, it seemed to blunt my poor wits and pencil too, no cutting could get the wretched thing to a point that would draw straight; and then the flocks of Americans and "backsheesh" people drove all peace away. The little women of eleven or twelve years old, who carried water jars on their heads, only supported by the palm of one hand, keeping up with our fast donkeys at a run, were very bewitching, with their bright eyes and easy graceful movements. They said they were all ladies, not girls, meaning they were married. "You got wife?" they asked me. "Oh yes, you have in house in England!" as if I locked up my husbands at home as they do their wives here. But I did not form a high opinion of these young persons, and they and the donkey-boys would gamble away every penny one gave them as fast as they got it.

All this racket prevented any good drawing of complicated architecture, with no time at all to do it in, and I left it to my friend Mrs. Skinner, whose patience and courage never left her; but the grand statues sitting so calmly amidst all the marvellous

green crops of the plain, and backed by that lovely mountain, were always delightful to look at. Karnak would have taken months in itself to enjoy and study thoroughly, and was as hopeless to sketch as Medeenet Haboo, whose interior sanctum is of the finest rose granite, while its columns still show the brightest colours and are finely polished.

I was trying to paint a bit of this exquisite building, when Lucie Gordon came and sat by me; she talked in her old clever way and smoked, but soon got so tired I thought she would have fainted as Omar and I helped her over the stones back to her donkey; however, she could not have done even this when we saw her on our way up; she was idolised by her faithful Omar, and by all the natives in Thebes, whom she doctored and treated as friends; yet it must have been a dreary existence for a thinking person to live thus among people so little removed from animals.

Once while painting, and quite absorbed in my work at Karnak, a man sat down close to me, and I said "Good Morning" without looking up, till Hassan pulled my dress, and, oh horror! the man was holding a huge golden snake by the tail, a yard of shining, polished, slippery snake, quite straight and looking at me! I shouted and sprang away, and Hassan drove off the two wretched brutes. They take out the fangs of these tame snakes, but I hate even the sight of them now, though I used to like poor Lucie's pet when I was a child. My father felt the heat so much (the thermometer was eighty-two in his cabin after dark) that he decided to leave Thebes after a week, much to the disappointment of Mr. S., and I don't wonder, for the

studies there were endless, but I became really anxious about my father's constantly parched throat, he could scarcely swallow after half-an-hour without water, and he got into the same low state about himself he was in when we left Cairo three months before. I felt I had had a mere taste of the wonders of Thebes, and longed to return some day with a tent and camp out on the other side of the river, somewhere within sight of the great sitting figures who were then presiding over the abundant harvest, to see them in the burnt-up summer, or among the floods of autumn, as well as again on their green velvet carpet, whose pile was in the right proportion to their gigantic size. As many as forty or fifty corn stalks went to a single plant, and beans and lentils in the same luxuriance; what a rich plain it was! Then the huge Memnon lying on his broken back, and wondering what the Christian barbarians had done with his hand and arm. And the glorious buildings around him looking small in comparison, and behind that again the grand old mountain, its broad natural terraces pierced through and through with what were mere gimlet holes in proportion to the mountain itself, but which appeared to us mortals great underground galleries and palaces. In these had thousands of the unknown and forgotten dead been stored through centuries, to be now broken up and sold again in bits—hands, heads, and feet, by all the juvenile thieves of the plain for a few pence, together with scarabæi and blue glass mummies from Birmingham, at wonderfully cheap prices, considering from how far they came.

On the outside of that same mountain was a most beautiful portico, leading to a set of rooms Cleopatra is said to have lived in, all of the finest and whitest

alabaster, and painted with the purest and faintest tints to correspond; it is one of the finest gems of colour in Egypt, but "debased" decidedly in point of architecture.

We stopped a day at Keneh and rode to Denderah, a great temple full of columns, sunk in sand, with huge Isis heads for capitals, and much colour, and afterwards we lionised Keneh, the outside of which is very picturesque, with "cafés" shaded by trees and striped curtains hanging over the walls, and large herds of buffaloes sleeping in the water beneath, only the tops of their heads to be seen. We rode to Abydus another day, which was far too perfect, owing to its long covering of sand, to please me, but the ride through the rich fields of corn and poppies and lupins was most enjoyable, and the air delicious.

After Thebes, we saw great flocks of brown sheep and goats, and all sorts of creatures, including young camels (the prettiest of all young things), and I longed to hang up a mat and stay there a week to draw them, only I was not Rosa Bonheur, and could not have done it, even if I could have stayed. On the 11th of March I was sitting on the upper deck watching a wonderful round cloud tinted, like mother-of-pearl, from brightest green to rose, under it another slate-gray cloud, with rosy horns streaming out behind it from the setting sun: all seemed calm, when we saw a small boat in full sail flying towards us, and in a moment we were twisted round and driven on land by a sudden squall, the air had become dark with sand, and the river was all waves. There was a regular scrimmage, and screaming, and scrambling to get our head the right way, and after that we rocked at anchor

incessantly a whole night and a long day; the clouds of sand blowing across the river quite hid the water, but we took a stroll on land, and had much talk with the natives, who were harvesting, and who made us taste all their grain. My father told them stories in English, which delighted them, and they patted him on the back when he told them how much better their beans would be with bacon etc., etc. It was very funny to see the grave way they listened always, and then applauded, without understanding a single word. They liked his friendly trusting manner.

We stopped to see the caves of Beni Hassan, and found cool air up amongst them. They are said to be very old, about as old as the Isaac of the Bible, and have simple Doric columns cut in the solid rock, possibly copied by the Greeks at Ægina and in the Parthenon; the other columns are purely taken from the lotus. There are few sculptures, but much painting on the walls,—scenes of everyday life, such as a clever boy of ten might have painted, of games, of wrestling, running, and even leap-frog, and the saying that "shams do not last" was proved untrue there, where one of the Doric pillars of limestone had actually been *painted* to look like red granite some 4000 years before; the dates in Egypt quite suffocate one.

One morning we were surprised to see Achmet and the Reis go on shore amicably together, after incessant squabbling, for a walk, but a few moments afterwards a wild head with a mop of hair came suddenly out of the water and up the boat's side, and its owner seated himself on the edge and tied himself into a petticoat which he had brought on the top of the mop, and then proceeded to kiss all the sailors, who did not enjoy it,

while we shrank closer into our cabin shell. The poor fellows all gave him some coppers, and after he had administered another hugging all round, he took off and folded up his petticoat, put it on his head, and dived and swam off to a boat full of corn near us, to levy the same tax. They said he was mad, and consequently a saint, and thus gained his own livelihood; after his departure our superior officers returned on board.

We stopped at Memphis, and rode about the wonderful palm forest, all strewn with statues and bits of polished granite; one large one of Rameses II. lying flat on its nose, which is of the same shape as that at Aboo Simbel, perfectly beautiful but a trifle too long, perhaps, and with an absurd look of the Prince of Wales about it. Mr. S. said it was intended to be looked at from below, so that if we were to stick H.R.H. on the top of an exceedingly high pedestal he might perhaps look beautiful and majestic too, who knows? I sat down on the ground to make a sketch of the distant Sakkarah Pyramids, and presently I found a long procession of ants walking over me, and discovered myself to be in the middle of an ant-road of about thirty yards long, a clear well-trodden path. My sailor wanted to break it up, but I would not let him, which pleased some old Arabs near, and they showed me the end of the road, where all the little creatures took their loads into a very small hole, and disappeared; almost as curious and difficult a work as the pyramids themselves, about which we, the higher educated animals, think so much, and a far more useful work, for the pyramid merely sheltered the bones of one man, the ants' nest sheltered the food of a whole colony, and themselves too. I found another colony of ants

the next day at the very top of old Cheops's tomb, living probably on the remains of Frank picnics.

It is only two hours row from Memphis to Ghizeh, but the wind rose and we kept sticking fast all night, and though we had sent donkeys on and breakfasted at five, we did not land from the small boat till nine, but the day was cool and the ride most enjoyable, on real Cairo beasts again, those grand donkeys, so fresh and strong. People make much unnecessary fuss about getting up the great Pyramid, I did it easily in twenty minutes, taking rests by the way. I came down much quicker, giving a hand to a strong fellah on each side, and jumping from step to step as London children do down the steps before the house doors; by keeping one's feet well together nothing is easier. The view from the top of this great monument of barbaric power is certainly worth the climb, all the other pyramids look small by its side, and the desert seems endless, the Nile banks a mere thread of green; but we did not expect to find so many other curious temples and caves in the immediate neighbourhood, and I envied Piazzi Smythe, who had spent some months there and had left a most agreeable character behind him in the memories of the Arabs we had about us. My father went inside, but I, with my old dislike of dark places, stayed at the door, and made myself cross reading the bombastic inscription placed over the entrance by Lepsius the Prussian,—and I fought all the Arabs who tried to extort backsheesh from an unprotected female, till they turned and fled, thinking I also was mad, and therefore entitled to unbounded respect. The Sphinx has always been much flattered in his portraits, and the straight lines of the mouth and nose are most

disagreeable, but the temple near it, of green basalt, which is of much later date, is magnificent, every stone polished like glass.

We were not sorry to get back to our old quarters in the Hotel du Nil at Cairo, and to sleep in beds instead of on hard shelves, and to have Mr. Palgrave to talk cleverly to us all dinner time instead of perpetual boat-grievances or archæological arguments; he had been to Stamboul and all sorts of places since we left, and was just starting up to Thebes to settle some dispute between Mariette Bey and Mustapha Agha, who had been beaten by the former for stealing some antiquities the European thought it his especial right to steal. All seemed just as we left it. The expected English box had not arrived, and we went to Suez to wait for a week and give it more time; the change did my father a world of good, and we wandered on the sands for hours together, picking up an endless variety of sea shells (but all dead), from the huge clam to the fragile little bulla, which looks like a bubble of soapy water or a delicately-curled white rose-leaf, which one can scarcely pick up without breaking; we found also plenty of the staircase- and steeple-shells, picking up at least twenty different varieties the first morning, and were as happy as English children at the sea-side, only wanting wooden spades to complete the illusion. I thought I had seen some bright colours before, but none could compete with those on the sand and shallow water and distant Sinai mountains, as seen from our window at noonday at Suez; a mother-of-pearl ear-shell gives the nearest idea of all its pure rose, crimson, lilac, blue, green, and yellow tints, all blended so softly one cannot tell where one colour begins and the other

ends. The blue of the sea is so deep that it makes the sky look pale, and the sand is so dazzling that it causes the clouds above to reflect the gold in their under shadows, and over the deep green parts of the water I have seen the white sea-gulls hovering with breasts green from these same reflections.

The hotel was American, its few guests were Anglo-Indians, with regiments of what they called "boys"—like bundles of white calico with unpleasant faces—to wait upon them; they put down enormous lumps of meat all at once to cool, with plates of soup which had been already cooled in the orthodox fashion of ancient Britain. One dogmatical old gentleman called out "boy" and then "plate," at which the bundles rushed at his; then "curry," and they rushed again, and then he uttered his only long sentence, "Curry? when I say curry, I don't mean rice, d'ye hear, boy?" and all the bundles looked penitent, and he said no more. Suez was very quiet except on mail days, and then the whole court in the middle of the hotel was filled with "tiffin" tables, and the most motley crowd were drinking champagne out of tumblers, and devouring Egyptian food combined with pig's flesh and beer; there was a band and a singing woman to help to drown the noise, and many flabby-looking women with screaming babies and nurses, clothed in all manner of colours and fancy dresses, including Chinese in high combs, who looked as if they had just been rubbed off tea-cups. I began to understand why they had washing rooms in the hotel, a dozen washing-stands round one room! Often 400 people landed in one day to take tiffin, and then packed themselves into a train and went overland to Alexandria.

Then we became quiet again. The court when uncrowded was very pretty, full of oleanders, oranges, and creepers, bordered too with boxes a yard high, filled with mesembryanthemums covered with flowers of many colours, hanging over the sides to the ground in a rich thick mass of green resembling a box hedge, and in the centre was a splashing fountain with pyramids of pots of roses round it. They were making the canal when we were in Suez, and a great many Frenchmen were about the place; one good work had already been finished — the canal of sweet water from the Nile. Camels and water-carriers were continually filling skins with this water and taking them about the town, a great boon to the inhabitants, who had formerly but a very scant supply, and far to go to fetch it, the Red Sea being extremely salt, and the sands covered with white crystals as soon as the receding tide left it dry. We saw some men making a big sail on the dry sand, using stones instead of pins to keep the seams together, and one old man who was plaiting cord to bind it with had fastened the ends round his great toe to keep it steady, — why do we Europeans neglect that useful member so much? One sees men admiring their feet in Egypt as ladies do their hands at home.

We enjoyed our three hours of railway journey back to Cairo exceedingly, the air was so fresh and wholesome, and the scenery so curious — we passed only two scraggy ghosts of trees all the way, but perfect mountains of sand looking like yellow snow, with the same smooth ups and downs and gray shadows; there were two stations in the desert, and at one they had a flower garden with a tent over it, but the poor station

master's wife looked as dried up as her plants; she had only two excitements daily, when the trains came in. Camels still marched along that road, as a certain set of old pilgrims believed the railways to be inventions of the evil one, and were still tramping along the old road to Mecca (looking as strange in Cairo as we did)—long-haired skeleton men, hung over with dust-coloured sheets, and looking terribly frightened in the streets, where the children and dogs slunk away from them as they would from ghosts; poor things! many would probably accomplish their destiny and die on their way to the Sacred City.

We used to get much amusement from shopping in Cairo, and never would go to Frank shops where there was no fun to be got. I wanted some pins, and as I had found one reel of cotton in an old Turk's stall, I thought I could get the other articles there too, but had no word by which to describe them, so both my father and myself took off our hats and looked in the linings, which we generally used as pin-cushions, for the missing pin. It was just the right thing to have done, for the Turks themselves always keep pins and needles in their turbans, and the old man put up his hand and gravely pulled out both these articles, enquiring which I wanted, he then produced a piece of blue paper, with a considerable variety of odd pins in it, vainly endeavouring to drill them into straight lines; they were like the sweepings of some continental railway carriage, none of their heads would be accepted by an English maidservant, and some had no heads at all: I took as many as I could not do without, paid a fancy price, and was thought a fool for not

bargaining, but surely the scene was worth the money?

My father got depressed and ill again, waiting for the box that never came, and we were glad to leave Cairo for Alexandria, where the Briggs of the former place told us we should be sure to find it, but the Briggs of Alexandria swore he had sent it months ago to his correspondents in Cairo, so we determined to wait no longer shilly-shallying between them, and we ordered it and our two portmanteaus to be sent to Beyroot, and ourselves embarked for Syria.

CHAPTER V

PALESTINE AND SYRIA

1866

STARTED with the smallest possible luggage in a great Russian steamer for Jaffa, finding Frank Skinner and his mother were to be our companions on board. We were a merry little party, and we did our best to understand the poor old captain, whose French was two-thirds Russian, an over-allowance of incomprehensibility quite impossible to fight against; though he strove hard to entertain us it required some tact to laugh and cry in the right place. He showed us a quantity of sketch-books filled by himself from his cabin window with elaborately-finished pencil sketches, but as he was perpetually thumbing and turning them over, they were beginning to have marvellous atmospheric effects but very little outline. We stayed a few hours at Port Said, looking at the big stones, and when we reached Jaffa wondered how we should ever get through the surf and rocks and the rogues at the landing-place. We had almost given up trying in despair when the first boat brought our remedy in Hadji Ali, a dragoman we had seen on the Nile, who was just packing off his party for Constantinople, and had all his tents and horses ready to take us on. Of

course he was delighted at a fresh start, and we to find a protector in a man whose name was so well known and spoken of, so he piloted us through the rocks, surf, and streets, and out to the beautiful garden plain beyond, where we found his late party taking their last luncheon in his tents, and they gave him the best of characters and to us some food, after which we went to the Consulate to rest through the heat of the day, while they packed themselves off.

The Consul himself had lately died, but his son was efficient and hospitable, and had letters in his keeping for us. There was a young missionary woman staying there who talked incessantly without stopping to think or take breath, and I thought she must be writing good little tracts for Messrs. Nisbet & Co. upon the frivolities and utter unworthiness of travellers in the Holy Land. She also seemed to derive much profitable satisfaction from the contemplation of the hopeless silliness and levity of the young Consul's Greek step-mother, a girl of eighteen perhaps, who only knew a few words of English, but wore a crinoline over her baggy trousers, and, worse still, no widow's cap; there was not a single mark in her dress or manner to show her late affliction! and as for her boots, poor sinful child! etc., etc. Meanwhile this pretty step-mother loaded me with oranges and lemons and sweet-smelling flowers, and ended her frivolities by trying on my hat, and running to look and laugh at herself in the glass too! I hoped she would soon find a second husband, for the poor child must have been very weary of that serious-minded and sour-faced young person.

We took four or five hours riding to Ramleh,

across that wonderful garden behind Jaffa and the plain beyond. My father's horse was a real beauty, gray, with its mane and tail dyed orange with henna, it walked both swiftly and easily, with the reins dangling loose on its neck; mine did not go so fast but made up for it by an easy little jog now and then: the Hadji rode with us always, and was most agreeable and obliging and full of local information. He had been three times to Mecca, and had travelled with Lord Dufferin, the Prince of Wales, and all sorts of great people, and had also been to England on visits to some of them. From first to last he took the best of care of us and our comfort in every way, he fed us only too well, giving what was left to any children or old people who might be near, and our tents were most luxurious. No life can be more enjoyable than the one we led with him, we had no cares, as he thought of and paid for everything for £3 : 10s. a day.

Nine hours took us on to Jerusalem: there was a constant procession of pilgrims all the way, mostly Greeks or Russians, and as their Easter is most conveniently fixed a week later than ours, the two races cannot quarrel quite so much as they would otherwise have done. Such figures were there, five on one camel, old women in boxes slung on each side of a mule, baskets full of young children, every kind of costume, men with thorns on their hats, their hands full of sticks and jars of water from the Jordan, where the returning pilgrims had all been dipping. The ground was carpeted with bright flowers, scarlet and pink anemones; blue, red, and yellow pimpernels, the most lovely *Phlox Drummondii*, lilac and white cyclamen

and cistus, blue iris, cornflowers, geraniums and borage as large as foxgloves, besides many others whose names I did not know. We got to Jerusalem in good daylight, sent our horses round, and walked in by the Jaffa gate and into the Sepulchre Church itself—such a fair outside but so rubbishy within, though full of picturesque bits. We then made our way through the city and up to our tents on the Mount of Olives, where the cook being drunk was sent down to the guard-house for the night, and the Hadji turned up his sleeves and cooked our dinner just as well as the cook would have done, and then came and gossiped and smoked with my father as usual. He was elder brother to Lady Duff Gordon's faithful Omar, and very angry with him for leaving his wife and children and devoting himself as he did to her ladyship.

We could not rest, but walked up to the top of the hill that same evening, and saw the wonderful red and purple sunset clouds roll over the Dead Sea, and the deep dark mountains beyond, reminding us of Holman Hunt's wonderful picture of the Scapegoat, perhaps the finest of modern English pictures.

The city and its position were much what I had expected, but the details even more picturesque; our tents were on a ledge of the mountain, all among the grand old olives, and a hundred yards above the garden of Gethsemane, into which we might almost have dropped a stone; the whole line of the city walls was opposite us, and about on the same level, with the famous Dome of the Rock in front; we went all over that exquisite building, the most elegant in the world I think, an octagon all coated inside and out with mosaics of fine tilework, and supported by pillars of

rare marbles, its dim light coming in through small windows of semi-opaque glass, with only a very few gems of colour in the centre of each, which glittered like real jewels; or through the four graceful horse-shoe arched doors, from each of which we had the most enchanting views of sky, landscape, or graceful buildings, domes or minarets. The whole centre of the building is occupied by the mysterious Rock, about which wise men have disputed so much and so foolishly, and which is left rough except where it has been continually kissed and rubbed by pilgrims, rich carpets and curtains being festooned over it. Glorious old olives and cypress trees border the broad steps and path which lead to the mosque of el Aksa, and there are many most curious bits there too, and capitals of Solomon's (?) temple planted upside-down on its columns, some of them looking very like Egyptian ones.

Every spot in Jerusalem has some legend attached to it, real or invented, and the race of religious guides were more intolerable than any we had encountered before. The underground chapel called Mary's Tomb is most picturesque, a deep broad flight of stone steps leads to a perfect magazine of small lamps of different shapes; it took some time to get one's eyes to see in such darkness, and then a wonderful low-arched chapel came out, full of odd corners and old Greek paintings: but the priest who showed it got quite angry at our lingering after he had taken his candle round once, and more especially because another party got in before he had shut the door. How the holy man slammed it when he did get us out!

In the evening the Hadji had a levée in front of

his tent; Arab gentlemen came with rags tied over their heads with shabby bits of rope, and much coffee was drunk, the end of which was that fourteen of them consented to take charge of us the next morning when we rode to Jericho. The Hadji found me another horse, which could keep up better with my father's, and the latter was somewhat excited by our Sheik appearing in a pink satin robe on a mare of inestimable value (as they say in the *Arabian Nights*), the very sight of her was too much for Goldtail's feelings, but he behaved well, and we had no disturbances. The Sheik's lieutenant rode a foal of a year and a half old, a lanky long legged thing, which would be a beauty some day; it never tripped going up and down those marble staircase roads, and it galloped like the wind. When we got down to the plain our guards amused us with some Astley's circus performances; many other wild men constantly appearing on the tops of crags and out of holes, who seemed attached to our own fourteen, and one nice fellow in a sheepskin seemed especially appointed to collect flowers and other curiosities for me, continually grinning and saying, "rain!"

We had our luncheon on the ruins of the "inn," probably the spot thought of in the parable of the Good Samaritan, and said to be still famous for its thieves, among whom we then were, and to whom we had possibly paid blackmail; the Hadji would not let us linger, and put me back on my horse when I wanted to walk, showing us blood on the road, where, he said, they had been fighting the day before. Certainly I saw that plainly enough, but do not mules sometimes break their knees on those rough roads? In this very

Holy Land so many tales were told that one began to be sceptical. The "wilderness" through which we descended to the valley of Jordan was indeed stony, with only a thin scattering of bitter herbs: sage, lavender, thyme, cistus, and rosemary sprinkled over it, looking black on the bleached rocks in the distance, as if pepper had been shaken out of an ill filled pepper-castor over them. The rolling storm-clouds were splendid, and we just escaped a heavy shower before reaching our comfortable tents, pitched on the top of one of the old mounds of pottery and refuse from the city of Jericho, which are all that remain of its former greatness.

We had thirty square miles of croaking frogs all round us, and under our feet the springs of El Sultan, which bubbled out of the earth as clear as crystal, but less cold, with large-leaved maiden-hair fern and other luxuriant green things about them. The stream from this source runs on through some miles of tangled bushes and weeds to the Jordan, which is almost hidden under its deep banks till it forms the Dead Sea, whose golden setting of sand and white salt edge no living plant dare creep over. Beyond, on the other side of the river, is more sand, leading up to the purple mountains of Moab. Mr. Lear's picture of this subject was most true, all but the near trees, which in his drawing gave one an idea of timber and not of the mere scrub seen on the spot. Our guardians treated us to a sword dance at night in front of my father's tent, lighted by torches and by the moon above. Eight men moved backwards and forwards as if one, moaning like wild beasts and clapping their hands, the one in front setting the time

and movement, at one moment waving his sword frantically as if cutting off all their heads, at another crouching down and languishing. They got more and more excited and were quite frantic when they saw my father get out three whole shillings for them; then the handsome young chief himself took the lead and joined in the dance; he wore a dress of pink and white-striped satin under his *abbaieh*, gold thread in his kaftan, and silver-mounted arms, and looked no end of a fine gentleman.

The next morning we were off early and at the Jordan soon after light, a fine rushing clear river, but we were only allowed to stay a bare hour here, and the Hadji with his long spear and the Bedouins kept close to us, for they said they saw a hostile tribe lurking amongst the trees on the other side all the while, and that they had "loaded" guns: how could they tell that? But they seemed really relieved to get us away and out of the jungle; except for the mosquitoes it seemed a tempting spot on a hot day, so green, with a refreshing draught coming down the river: a large party of Russian pilgrims were also there, with a mad Greek priest on an awkward mule. When we got to the Dead Sea the Hadji told me his "ladies" always liked to bathe, and sent me off to a quiet creek to do likewise before the Russians came. It was tepid, very clear, deep enough, and felt very pleasant to the skin, but I kept my mouth shut—my father did not, and nearly died of it, plunging in with mouth and eyes open; it was painfully nasty, and seemed to take the skin off his throat; however the Arabs hauled him out, and rubbed him, and fed him, and he was none the worse. I found no shells or interesting pebbles, clean

small shingle was the principal lining, but the colour of the sea, and mountains melting quite away in the far distance, was exquisitely delicate and lovely, all quivering in heat like a scene in a play seen through many doubles of gauze.

Our drag over the bare hills above was hot work, and Jaffa oranges are seldom more appreciated than on that road, for the Dead Sea is, as all the world knows, some thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and rather a warm place, and those great oval oranges have such thick skins that they keep cool where nothing else does: they are so large and juicy inside too, that one can hardly get a whole division into one's mouth at once. I shared mine with the merry little one-eyed Arab on the shabby colt: poor young thing! it was quite tired out before we got to Mar Saba, where we found our tents already perched on a shelf over the old convent; the monks never come beyond their walls, and eat no meat, eggs, or milk, only the blackest bread with vegetables, and a little oil and honey, there is not even a spring. They collect water in the winter to last through the summer, and live in perpetual dread of the Bedouins breaking in upon them, stealing their potatoes and cutting off their heads, a playful habit they sometimes indulge in. There was a tower outside for women travellers to be put in, and Ida Pfeiffer is said to have passed three days there, entering by a ladder at a window, after which the ladder was taken away; she drew up her provisions by a pulley till she took her departure, there being no door, and females being considered dangerous if loose about the premises.

The next day took us by way of Bethlehem, of

which my only recollections are of cheating Jews and beggars selling cut shells outside, and tawdry coverings to superstitions inside; not a vestige of the simple manger or of the sweet humility of the old story. The monks had contrived to drive out all that reminded one of it, or could put any devotional feelings into one's mind, and the monk who took us over the so-called Holy Places appeared to have himself a complete contempt for the whole affair. They had whitewashed the mosaics in the old Basilica, but the situation of Bethlehem still remains unchanged and is very fine, standing on its own hill, topped with white rocks and houses, and having fine old olives for foreground, and the deep blue of the Dead Sea and mountains of Moab in the far distance. We saw hollyhocks in flower near Bethlehem, and I learned why they were named "holy," the second half of their name being doubtless a corruption of the German *hoch* or high. We said good-bye to our Arabs here, and pleased them much by the gift of some English knives.

It was quite cold at night at Solomon's Wells. My father's aneroid moved four and a half inches between the Dead Sea level and theirs, and the next morning we found our tents soaked with dew, quite a new sensation after our months through the desert. We went down underground and explored the old fountain-head and the reservoirs, which still supply the city of Jerusalem with its delicious water. We took our mid-day rest under the old ilex Abraham is said to have lived under, and camped that night outside Hebron, with a beautiful view from our tent doors of the old town and its flat roofs and domes, and the famous mosque in its centre, covering the caves or

tombs of the Patriarchs, with almond trees in full bloom and olives around us. At dinner we drank the sweet wine made at Hebron, which was sold to us at a shilling a bottle by Jew boys with corkscrew ringlets and Russian hats; such a set of ragamuffins, looking starved, cunning, and discontented. We went into a nest of their houses in the town, one dwelling opening on to the top of the other, very close stowage, but with tolerably clean rooms, and roofs with flower-pots round them, on which roofs they seemed to live. We talked with many of them in German. The women as usual were handsome, but animal-looking. We walked also round the old walls which surrounded the cave of Machpelah, and squinted in at the gates, but dared do no more, for the people of Hebron are proverbially uncivil to strangers; we only found one instance of this in a huge man who followed us about all the morning grunting like a pig, to show that we were swine-eating beasts, till I felt quite ashamed of my objectionable habits; how the old Hebronite did grunt! He must have been brought up in a pig-stye, he did it so naturally! The Hadji became nervous, and insisted on seeing us in front of him always, and my father was aggravating, and would dart down side streets after pipe-sticks, and reduced our master to the state of despair of a hen who has brought up young ducklings who insist on taking to the water.

The next night we had a positive frost, and could hardly sleep from cold, but it was warm enough to thaw us on our way back to Solomon's Wells, and quite mild again when we reached our camp outside the Damascus Gate of Jerusalem, where we took a rest, with sufficient time to feel at home in the famous old city.

The inside of the Sepulchre Church disgusted me more and more. One day a huge grinding organ was playing a quick polka on one side, while some droning chant was going on at the other, and the beggars, both official and amateur, drove one out of the place. The only quiet and dignity there was in the portico, where the old Turkish guard used to sit and sip cups of coffee and smoke the pipe of peace. One day I met our beautiful Sheik in his gorgeous raiment carrying a black lamb in his arms, and looking like a saint out of a picture; I patted the lamb, and he looked tenderly down on me and uttered the word "backsheesh." "Sich is life, which likewise is the end of all things."

We went to the English Church before we left Jerusalem to see a baby christened, and heard a long and thoroughly unpractical sermon, while the fat Bishop sat in his comfortable arm-chair taking quantities of snuff to keep himself awake, and my father envied him, and thought he might have kept awake too if he had only not forgotten to bring his own dear snuff-box. The Bishop was then quarrelling with nearly everybody all round in a truly Christian fashion, while the Marquis of Bute was in treaty for some ground to build a rival church on.

We rode away at last, with a train of poor people behind, who asked leave to keep near our party for protection on their journey. We passed through one whole valley filled with fig trees, and camped at the Robber's Fountain, whose walls had long since gone to ruin, but the water still ran out at the limestone cracks behind. The women who came to draw it were most picturesque figures, with long white veils, red jackets and sashes, and blue skirts. Terraces of

olives and vines covered the hill-sides around. The old Hadji had reduced his establishment and taken a small boy instead of a cook, doing most of that work himself, but he always managed to ride off with us in the morning at seven, leaving his head man to pack up and move the tents and luggage, which we found ready for us every evening at the end of our journey. We rested in the middle of the day, while they did not, but went steadily on and got in sufficiently before us to cook the dinner and have the tents up. He started from Jerusalem on a huge mule with bells, which, when he had once got off, would never let him get on again, cumbered as he was with his long spear, but he rode a horse the second day, to our great relief, after which we passed through a pretty low country with beautiful rainbow tints over the plain and the distant hills, with the snows of Hermon peeping over all. The land was covered with men ploughing and sowing dourra, and women hoeing with bracelets all the way up to their elbows, and all their money strung together upon their heads. A party of these women were pulling my chain and keys about in rather a rough way once, when I suddenly made a catch at one of their bangled arms, —how they shrieked and ran away!

We passed no detached houses, and the few villages consisted of mere cubes of mud wall of the same colour as the rocks, and often wedged in between them; one day we chose a spot to rest in which was shadeless, and the Hadji made a shelter with his spear and rug and a few stones, then after our meal he called to a poor Abyssinian who was passing, and gave him a meal too; it is not difficult to throw

scraps to a beggar, but to get sticks and relight a fire and make hot coffee for a poor man when resting in the mid-day sun shows real benevolence. Our Hadji was one of the best men I ever knew. I found lilac, hollyhocks, and yellow jasmine, and lovely white squills growing round us where we rested. Jacob's Well was an imposition, but some of the springs in the neighbourhood suited my idea of the woman of Samaria background better, and Nablûs was in a perfect paradise of luxuriant vegetation between the two mountains of Gerizim and Ebal. My father gave us what he called a day of rest there, so we walked up one hill in the morning and the other in the afternoon! the views from Ebal were the most beautiful, but Gerizim was the most interesting. The Samaritans were pitching their tents on it for their great festival, when the sheep have to be killed in the manner ordered by their old laws, and baked in the same old holes; there are said to be forty families of the real Samaritans left, but the Hadji thought there were more.

Under Gerizim the springs gushed out in enormous abundance, and the waters flowed west towards Esdraelon and the sea; above the horizontal crack from which the springs issued all was barren rock, below was one huge garden of greenness: pomegranates, almonds, peaches, and apricots, all then in full flower, with walnuts, figs, vines, and olives encircling them; the earth on the hills was a dark red, and the stones gray and yellow, the olives too were loaded with mistletoe, for it seemed as if the olive alone were not enough for one space of ground, but required the extra green of its parasite to do justice to the general luxuriance. Everywhere I went the Hadji always found bunches of

sweet roses for my tent, and he gave me three whole boxes of sweetmeats all to myself, which he called my backsheesh, and which made me very popular with all the children who came near the camp. He also gave me two bottles of wonderful medicine from Mount Carmel, smelling like sweet verbena, which was said to cure all complaints. The population enjoyed seeing us eat, and gave great gasps of relief if we used our fingers instead of those dangerous forks; they were most gaily clad and looked like flowers among the gray rocks. Under the huge old olive trees near us a man came up to exhibit a goat who stood on a bit of wood shaped like a dice-box, with all his four feet together, three men slipping fresh pieces under his feet till he stood as high as themselves, when he jumped on their shoulders and descended to the ground. It was a pretty scene, the men had the hardest work, the goat only much patience.

There were large flocks of donkeys on Gerizim, and I had a young one put into my arms, just like a Newfoundland puppy, it was so soft and black, with the same long hair. On leaving Nablûs we went round by Samaria, — a terraced hill among hills, loaded with olives, pomegranates, and figs, and the ground covered with the large blue iris which grows in every London suburban garden; it quite scented the air. We climbed over the Crusaders' old church, in which the Moslems still reverence the tomb of John the Baptist, and wandered through an avenue of fine marble pillars, of which more than a hundred are still standing on end, and many others built into the walls and houses; nothing positive is known of their purpose or history. We then went on and took our

rest under a huge fig tree by a lovely spring, with a view even to the sea, Carmel in front of us, and the weary plain of Esdraelon, over which we dragged on, and at last reached Jenin, and the next day Nazareth. The flowers on the plain had a great tendency to turn yellow; there were huge yellow thistles, and even borage of that colour, the great purple desert onion was there in quantities; convolvuluses were tangled over everything, and the last part of the plain seemed quite a botanical garden.

Nazareth was most lovely, and we had the good fortune to arrive on the eve of a jereed or tournament (the original of our polo): the wild horsemen collected from far and near to perform on the flat filled-up lake close to our camp, all the walls and Mary's Fountain too being filled with spectators in the gayest colours, while about fifty brilliant riders rushed after one another on clever little Arab horses, —a strange mixture of old and young, but all as eager in the sport as their masters they triumphantly flourished their long manes and tails. In the background were gray rocks and walls festooned with masses of cactus hanging over and topping them, bright pomegranate and fig trees, and the quaint old town with its minaret and two tall cypress trees and the hills beyond.

Some nice boys were sitting behind me watching my sketch, one of them knew a little English, and he pulled up his sleeve and showed me an elaborate illumination tattooed on his arm, representing the Nativity and St. George and the Dragon, offering to let me copy it into my book!

Nazareth was a very tempting place to linger at,

so bright, and the air so healthy; the old chapels of the Annunciation were the most picturesque buildings I had seen in Palestine, gems of light and shade, and rich warm colouring, with no modern tawdriness to spoil them, and the Greek one contained some really beautiful carving. The Nazarene women had graceful figures, but I saw no Madonna-like faces. They carry an enormous weight of silver ornaments and coins about with them, and have a way of balancing the water jars over their heads, not on them, with their hands, which is very elegant.

We saw a beetle's funeral during our day's ride towards Cana, one beetle about the size of a thimble was rolling over and over a round ball of dung about the size of a billiard ball, with a dead beetle sticking to it as large as the other; at last we stopped it, and after a few vain rushes the undertaker flew away. I wonder if he returned after we left to finish the work, or if he brought friends to help him? The cactuses about Cana of Galilee were loaded with flowers, thirty on one flattened stalk, the pomegranates were also in full flower, with a yellow-coloured convolvulus running over them. Our tents at Tiberias were pitched at the very edge of the lake, and my father wished to "let down his net for a draught," in other words to see the fish, so we stayed a whole day. An Englishman who had lately been there had accidentally shot a boatman, and I felt most thankful my father carried nothing that might "go off" accidentally, our only arm was the dear old Hadji's spear, which was generally much in his way, but he said the Arabs took him for a soldier when they saw it, and gave him a wide berth. He also had a

little fable of the shepherd boys taking him for an Arab, and calling their flocks together when they saw him in the distance; the old fellow really believed in his spear and its power of striking terror, and that was a comfort to him. Our day of rest at Tiberias was a fatiguing one, the air there was so heavy; about two o'clock a terrible thunderstorm, with wind and dust, came on, the lake became covered with waves, and the palms bent till they nearly broke, but in ten minutes more it was over, and Hermon was visible again. It is an extremely picturesque place, the old Turkish wall and towers being thrown out of their perpendicular by earthquakes, but we saw none of the vegetation we expected, all was burnt up and yellow, and the Jews were a most wretched-looking race, who ate locusts and even worms, we were told. My father saw none of the fish he was so anxious about, there was only one boat, and that was on the other side just then; the old fisherman we saw at work merely walked into the shallow water and threw in a handnet and then pulled it out again and got—nothing! I took a bath in the same place, walking into the sea straight out of my tent door in my mackintosh cloak, and after a good wash walked back dripping, and enjoyed it much; an hour's hanging in the sun making my cloak as dry as ever again.

We went along the shore to the old Roman hot baths, taking our towels with us, but found no room, such a motley crowd was there; a jolly old nun was in a great rage, she had ordered her bath days before, and found two men in it, but the bath director assured her they were out of the tub now, and it was none

the worse! However, the old lady had the same ideas we have on the subject of fresh water, and told me it had probably been full of a succession of people since the morning. My father found it so hot at the spring head that he could not hold his finger in it, and it was as nasty to taste as the water of the Dead Sea. I went for a few moments into the ladies' waiting-room, and saw a dance going on like the "round and round the mulberry bush" of my childhood. I found a Spanish Jewess to talk to, and then went home with my old groom, leaving my father to persist till he got his bath; the old groom took always especial care of me, keeping strangers from coming near my tent, and popping in his head at odd hours to nod and see I wanted nothing, he hardly ever spoke, but sat and darned saddle cloths whenever we rested, keeping his needles and thread always in his turban.

The last day of April found us riding slowly up the steep slopes of the lake of Gennesaret, we would gladly have lingered amongst the snaky swamps of the holy lake, to feast our eyes on its blueness and fringes of pink-flowering oleander, and to speculate on the lost sites of Capernaum, Bethsaida, and Chorazin, but two days of stewing at Tiberias had taught us that it would be wiser to move upwards, and now as we mounted we gradually felt the full luxury of being able to breathe again. Our spirits rose in proportion, and on reaching the heights of Safed the amount of fresh air became quite intoxicating, our old Hadji gave a great "hoot!" tossed his long spear in the air, and striking the sharp edges of his shovel stirrups into his poor little horse, converted it instantly into an Arab steed, and disappeared into

the town like the wind, leaving us as legacy a cloud of dust. It was too bad, but how could we be angry, for had not the Hadji a friend in that town whom he loved as a brother? And we were breathing the purest air and perhaps seeing one of the most glorious views in the whole world. We sat on rich carpets of grass and flowers, and our horses ate beside us, seeming also to enjoy looking across that sapphire lake to the hills "beyond Jordan," and again on the other side to Samaria and Mount Tabor; we opened our mouths as well as our eyes to take in as much as possible of the cool fresh breeze, like the poor flies who survive after being shut up by school-boys in tin boxes half-full of lucifer matches.

At last our old friend returned, minus his spear, and accompanied by his friends and by the train of inevitable idlers who, all the world over, welcome strangers to provincial towns, and at Safed there is perhaps more idleness than at most places, for is it not extraordinarily holy? In a quarter of an hour our horses had scrambled over the strangely-paved lanes of the city and reached our tents, which were pitched under the grand old olives at the foot of the Castle Hill, and now I must record the only unpleasant adventure that ever met my wanderings in any land, but the ludicrous part of the affair was so much greater than the disagreeable that I would now hardly have missed it.

The glorious air of this hill country had taken all idea of fatigue from me, and as it was still early in the afternoon I thought I would try to get a sketch of the famous view from the castle before sunset without disturbing my father, so I strolled on alone through

the vineyards up the hill-side, passing only one old goatherd with his flock at the foot of the slope, and entered the old fortress by a gap in the wall; it was a large enclosure, with the keep standing high in the middle. I had just reached the foot of this when three rough creatures suddenly appeared dancing round me and yelling, at last one of them tried to catch hold of my arm, and would have stopped my way, but that was too much for a freeborn British woman to put up with, so I picked up a great stone, nearly as big as my head, and told him in good English to "be off." I did not swear, that would have been unladylike, but the words were effective, for all three men ran off as hard as they could, and I walked on with awful dignity up the mound, and then sat down and pretended to sketch. I tried to look as if I did not mind it, but somehow the pencil would not go straight, and thinking discretion the better part of valour I just turned and came back again, still carrying my big stone, and marking well the gap in the wall by which I had entered and by which I hoped to make my retreat, but was horror-struck at seeing my three enemies come galloping up upon the bare back of a strong gray mare in the moat just between me and the gap. To this day I hardly know how I managed to get past them and reach the top first, perhaps the mare shied as they were slipping off her back, I know I shook my stone at them and gave them some more English before running most ignominiously down the hill, in company with a shower of stones from their hands. I never slackened speed till I came within reach of the deaf old goatherd, who looked up and said "Mashallah!" most benevolently, for was he not going to acquire much backsheesh by

supplying our camp with milk that night and the next morning?

The Hadji was holding a high levée in his tent, friends and admirers were covering every inch of his carpets, and pipes and coffee were being slowly consumed, while the good old man was telling his famous stories about his grandfather and Mecca, but at the sight of me and the stone he was up in an instant, and before I had had time to say many words he shouted "Abdul, July, Achmet, Allate, Isa, my whip, my gun!" and was off up the hill in no time followed by his no less energetic suite. (*N.B.*—Our old friend did not take his long spear with him this time, though it was generally supposed to be such a terror to evildoers!) A prisoner was soon brought down, and I was obliged to recognise him as one of the culprits, and afterwards began, as many witnesses doubtless have done before me, to doubt if he really was one of them after all. No feeling can be more wretched than this sort of doubt, and I begged he might be let off, but was snubbed for my pains, and he was marched off to prison. Then the stone was carefully done up in white paper, and sealed both with the Hadji's signet ring and with my own name of "Pop," and we were told that as we were to leave the place next morning the stone might be required as a witness, and might possibly be sent to attend the trial at Constantinople! The culprits were all bad characters, and the "Government" would like an excuse to be quit of them. The Government (consisting of a black corporal and two subs) spent the evening in the Hadji's tent, and I strongly suspect some of the prisoners' relations with long purses were also there, for about nine o'clock the whole party

came before us, and we were asked if we would like to see the culprits have 250 lashes of the bastinado at sunrise the next morning, or would we prefer letting them go? We always liked seeing the customs of the countries we happened to be in, but did not fancy this one, especially before breakfast, so we had our hands kissed instead, after which the authorities kicked and cuffed the wrong men out of the camp, then returned, and the Hadji gravely broke the seals of the mysterious packet containing the stone, asked me if I had any further occasion for it, and handed it to the corporal, who handed it to his sub, who tossed it down the hill, and after shaking hands all round the ceremony ended.

Before we left the country we heard that the worst of my enemies had been sent off for a soldier, that the whole family was bad, and one of them had been so very wicked and murdered so many people that the Jews at last subscribed together to pay a man to kill him, and this fellow went up to him one night, pretending to be his friend, and kissed him, and while he did it he also stuck a knife into his body, so that he died; this story shows how little customs have altered since the beginning of our era.

But I have said enough of this last day of April 1866. The new month began with glorious sunshine, and the Hadji came up with his coffee-cup in his hand, and said, "Now you give me two more days and I show you what no one else has seen, something you can talk about in England," for the good man had been in our country, and knew well our weaknesses. This great thing that no one else had seen was the Jewish festival at Meiron, which takes place on the

three first days of May in every year; probably most people know that Safed is regarded by the Jews with even greater veneration than Jerusalem itself, and they confidently expect their coming Messiah to rise from the Sea of Galilee and to establish His kingdom at Safed. This kingdom is to be very rich, and the people would wish to be on the spot when the event happens; so old Jews and Jewesses crawl hither from all parts of the world to end their days in their "own land," and will undergo the greatest privations for the sake of dying near these holy places and holy men, for in and about Safed many of their greatest and most learned Rabbis have been buried. But perhaps of all these none are so much revered as Hillel, Shammai, and Ben Tochai, and it was to their tombs on the bare hill-side at Meiron that we (as well as nearly every man, woman, or child in Safed) were going on that fine May morning.

But first the commissariat was attended to, for there were no shops on the stony hills of Galilee, so we followed the Hadji and his boy through the markets and shabby old bazaars, and were afterwards taken to see the synagogues. The buildings themselves were poor as their occupants, but these latter were well worth studying. They sat in long rows, and were mostly very old, many of them the very oldest men I have ever seen anywhere, with long white beards, and heavy silver phylacteries bound on their poor old foreheads; they kept incessantly wagging their heads and bodies, like the polar bear in the Zoological Gardens, and jabbering each his own particular psalm from the parchment roll before him. They were apparently in earnest, and though they

followed us with their eyes as we walked round amongst them, their bodies never ceased to wag, and their hearts were far from us. They do little else but this, these poor Jews of Safed, and expect God to do all for them while they sit and talk of what they would do for God; to "praise Him with body and bones" is somewhere in their Bible, and therefore they keep (like Chinese idols) in perpetual motion. When sickness visits them, which is a rare occurrence in that healthy locality, they pray to Jeremiah or to some other of their prophets, and if the patient does not die he is cured; for doctors are unknown there. But in spite of all this old-world faith we had great demands made on our small stock of medicines whilst amongst *the* people.

On our return to our canvas home we found all our party were taking advantage of being near a large town to undergo the luxury of being shaved, and Carl Haag might have painted a good picture of the gay barber with his rich Damascus kaftan and sash, and his thickly-embroidered jacket and hanging sleeves; he was (as all Figaros are) infinitely amusing, and his gossip kept all around laughing, while he whitened all their heads in turn, the noble old olives above and the bundles of carpets and saddle-cloths around completing the highly-coloured scene, which was backed by the blue hills of Galilee.

The sun was yet high when we arrived at Meiron, and secured the only bit of level ground on that stony hill on which to pitch our tents. The Christian inhabitants of a few huts near were employed in making arbours or tabernacles of myrtle boughs in and around the tombs, to protect the expected guests from

the mid-day sun and the dews of night, for the building which covered the tombs was not half large enough to take in all those that came to the festival. There were many families too poor to pay the large sums demanded by the Rabbis for its miserable cells. It is curious that these famous Jewish tombs are (except in this month of May) left entirely in the charge of the poor Christian people of the place, and on these people the whole Jewish assembly depended for a supply of water, milk, and ice (from Hermon), the only luxury we saw sold on the premises, though some very suspicious looking black bottles were constantly appearing in the crowd (with telling effect afterwards).

We spent the whole of the afternoon most profitably in watching the endless procession of extraordinary figures arriving up the hill, and as each party came up they took possession of the snuggest hole or corner they could find, under rocks or in the tombs; there seemed no more space left, and yet they continued to pour in all night and all the next day—a perfect Babel. There were Jews of all countries, men, women, and children, from Russia, Spain, Hungary, Poland, and Italy, as well as from Alexandria, Smyrna, and Damascus, not forgetting one poor woman from Liverpool, to whom I owe much kindness. She was married to the son of the chief Rabbi of Safed, and said she had a good husband, and nothing to complain of beyond extreme dulness, and a longing after her own dear country, where men worked as well as played. It was a rare treat for her to talk to a countrywoman, and I promised if ever I went to her native town to tell her brothers I had seen her, with her eyelids blacked, as she said "You should do in Turkey as the Turkeys do!" A

great deal was thought of that hideous ornamentation, and a young Hungarian Jewess, who was also the wife of an Arab Jew, told her nothing should ever induce her to give way to such a barbarous custom. I think Esther was wiser to conform. The Hungarian had all the national love of braid and millinery, and told me that her husband, who was rich, offered to give her a box of all the newest fashions direct from Vienna every month if she liked, "but what satisfaction could she have in dressing well there among such a set!" she said, waving her hand over the crowd below us.

We were sitting on some high rocks then, and could see the whole track of pilgrims as far as Safed, and farther to the right the Lake of Tiberias. About sunset the Ark was danced up the hill, and it was esteemed the greatest honour to bear its heavy weight. This Ark is a large cylinder of highly-embossed silver, and in it are kept the old books of the law, so that it was quite as much as one man could possibly do to carry it and dance at the same time up a steep path. The permission for this is sold by the Rabbi at auction, the money of course going to the common fund. A rich Jew of Alexandria also bought the privilege of dancing before it (like David) with a green flag in his hand, his very elaborate jumps looking far more incongruous from his being in the ordinary costume of a Frank gentleman. A host of other men danced round the Ark, clapping their hands and singing a wild chant, with some such words as, "God is here, He is on His holy hill, His house is on the mountains, it is very good that we are with Him and with His holy men, may they rest in peace, etc., etc." They got more and more frantic in their song and dance till at last

the Ark reached its resting-place, and then they commenced eating and drinking and gambling, and so passed the night, while the poor women and children crept into their several holes and corners, with carpets and quilts, and converted themselves into live bundles. The next day the excitement continued to increase, as the crowd constantly became thicker, and the dancing, singing, praying, gossiping, fighting and drinking were incessant. Pistols and guns were continually being let off, yet we only heard of one man actually killed. Our friend the black corporal appeared on the scene and kept as good order as any English policeman could have done, his only weapon being a strong whip of rhinoceros hide, but the rows were incessant, and the "Government" had no sinecure.

The Turkish Governor of Safed also graced the festival with his presence, and my father invited him to coffee and pipes in his tent; it was a fine sight to see the two disputing the order of precedence over the rocks and stones which led to our front door. My father waved his old wide-awake, and the old Turk his long pipe, but when at last we had seated our guest in an arm-chair we got on very well, for he had, like many first-class Turks, all the manners of a gentleman. He examined our sketches, and though he held most of them upside-down his compliments were without stint, and given with that air of sincerity which can never fail to be gratifying. The portrait of the corporal particularly took his fancy, and I believe he would have sat for his own had I had the courage to ask him, for Turks seldom have the same horror of a woman drawing them that they have if a man does it: a man, they say, in drawing their face

obtains the mastership over their soul, while a woman, having no soul of her own, has no power to interfere with those of others.

The old Governor's high turban, long beard, and gray fur cloak were tempting bits for an artist, but I remembered that silence is golden and said nothing. Our Hadji afterwards invited him and all the other officials to a dinner in his own tent, and I was permitted to peep through a hole and see the great people eat, all sitting in the usual fashion cross-legged round a "mountain of rice" and other Moslem delicacies, my dear old father trying to look as if he had not got the cramp, and receiving choice morsels tossed into his mouth by the hands of his friends, with a smiling countenance. This hospitality was a wise move on the part of our master the Hadji, for it secured us every possible attention, and all facilities for seeing the great show of the evening. When it was quite dark we put on our thick cloaks and entered the building, following our guide through the dense crowd and up into the galleries, which were crowded with women and children. After a while the Hadji made us mount a six-feet wall on to the roof, which was also crowded with people, a young giant being provided by our old and thoughtful friend to make his back into a step by which we mounted, and from whence we were hauled up by those above. The roof was covered with small round domes, and there was only about a foot of flat surface between them and the edge of the building, which stood on a precipice of some hundred feet,—a nice prospect in case of a slip. The darkness helped to hide our dangers, and we crept behind the domes till we found space reserved for us

between two of them, where we could sit or stand and look down into the court of the building and its crowd of Jews. It was a most strange scene, and needed the hand of a Rembrandt to paint it properly.

On a raised platform at the end of the court stood an altar shaped like a font, into this strange figures were flinging shawls off their heads and shoulders, sashes and dresses all heavy with gold and silver embroidery; others threw in bracelets, necklaces, and the gold coins off their heads; oil was poured on the mass, and the whole lit up into a blaze of light, the only light in the whole wild scene. Below, the men were still dancing frantically to the music of their own monotonous chanting, accompanied by pipes and tabor (I saw nothing like a harp). All the galleries and roofs were crowded with spectators in every imaginable costume, in the far distance we saw the town of Safed marked by a thousand lights, and seeming to hang up amongst the stars like some new constellation; it was a wonder any one was left to illuminate it, for all the people seemed to be with us, probably some Christians were paid to stay there. The cold sent us home after a couple of hours of this wonderful play, and our big giant took us in his hands and lifted us down as easily as if we were dolls. Few of the Jews slept that night, they walked about the hills from tomb to tomb, visiting also the old ruined synagogues, many of which still remain amongst the rocks—singing and wailing and swinging their torches in a way which prevented all other visitors at Meiron from sleeping likewise.

The next morning the chief Rabbi took possession of the mass of precious metal remaining in the font,

which was to be distributed, according to annual custom, amongst the poor Jews of Safed; on this they exist (I will not say live) till May comes again. Many large sums were also sent by persons unable to attend the festival in person; one Egyptian Jew sent a note for £500, so that it is easy to believe what vast sums are often collected on these occasions. The rite of circumcision was to be celebrated on the third day, and as we left we saw processions of little boys dressed up like idols and riding on gaily-dressed horses or on their father's shoulders or heads, making the round of the tombs accompanied by drums and pipes. I had made a good many friends among the Jewesses, some of whom were very beautiful, and their dresses most picturesque, their figures perfect, though they showed rather more of them than we do (even among fashionable ladies), but the amount of positive beauty was greater on that hill of Meiron than I have ever seen in Her Majesty's Drawing-room. How such women could belong to such men is always to me a wonder. The men seemed to be made after nature's lowest type, and until they become very old are not even picturesque, there is something almost repugnant about the ordinary Jew of Palestine, with his bloodless face and corkscrew ringlets. Porter gives a most true description of them, "They look as if they had been unexpectedly turned out of a hospital before their cure was completed, and had clothed themselves in the first rags they could pick up."

Our next day's ride was a pleasant contrast after the Babel of the Jews' Hill; we still kept on high ground, lingering a while at the ruins of Kadesh Naphtali, at a lovely spot whose springs had attracted a wandering tribe of Arabs with some thousand goats

and sheep. Hermon rose grandly in the background from the great plain of Jordan, it has a noble outline, with its perpetual snows. We saw it constantly as we crept along the forest-covered ridge opposite, and on the other side we saw even to the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, or again in another direction to the snows of Lebanon. The green of the young oak-shoots was greener than any green in England, and the ground was covered by a constantly changing variety of flowers and shrubs,—the wild almond with its sweet blossoms, the bay, myrtle, lilac and white cistus, pink and white cyclamen, yellow broom, campanulas, and anemones of all sorts grew there, while honeysuckles and clematis climbed to the tops of the trees.

We came to a village where a wedding was being celebrated, and a half circle of young men had linked their arms together and were dancing most gracefully round one who was playing the pipes; the parson of the parish (I believe), stripped naked to the waist, was also dancing about and thumping his chest as a drum, after the fashion of a gorilla. All the girls from a neighbouring village had come to pay their respects to the bride, and, of course, had made themselves as smart as possible; they all walked, and the one man who attended them rode on horseback—such are the manners of Syrians! After all these fresh mountain scenes we descended with regret into the stifling plain of Hûleh, and added to our discomfort by losing our way and wandering hopelessly through all the hottest hours of the day among its great black boulder stones, trying to find the one ford of the Jordan. No live thing was to be seen far or near for a weary space of time, at last we all three shouted simul

taneously as one of the black stones seemed to move, then another, till at last they turned into a flock of sheep and goats winding up out of the trough through which the river ran, and close to the very ford we were in search of.

How good that water was! Only those who have passed such a day can feel fully the luxury of a drink of pure water, but we were hurried past its hedges of blushing oleander, for our Hadji cared not to see too much of the wild shepherds who were collected on its banks, and before sunset we were in our own tents at Baniâs, the Paradise of Syrians, and close to one of the chief sources of their holy river. The springs gushed out from under high cliffs amidst a tangle of vegetation greener than green, from the green frogs and maiden-hair ferns under the stones to the high Italian poplars, which were themselves again loaded with climbing plants. I shall never forget the lazy enjoyment of sitting as I did till nearly dark on an isolated stone, and every now and then sucking up the living water through a reed without having the trouble even of stooping to dip my hand in. Roman inscriptions and Crusaders' castles were all described by Murray, why should I trouble myself about them? fresh water, rest, and the sense of surrounding loveliness were all I cared for in Baniâs, all seemed peace there. And yet a terrible war had already begun on this enchanting greenness,—the locusts were swarming over the cornfields up to the very tops of the high oak trees, in a few weeks all would be barren, while the indolent Turks were sitting on their heels saying, Allah! Mashallah! When we left we saw trees we had passed and admired on

coming in, black with locusts, we trampled on them by millions, and they would soon be too old to sweep and destroy.

We made our way slowly round Mount Hermon, diverging here and there to search out the old temples of Baal nestling in niches of the great mountain,—and over spurs of it as high as Snowdon, to Hasbeiya and Rusheiya, where we found the Maronite women collecting the young locusts in sacks to burn, which raised our opinion of Eastern Christians. It was glorious riding along those hill terraces over the vines and under the snows. One morning I had enough orange blossom given me to dress a royal breakfast table, and to make a fortune at Covent Garden; I stuck it all over my horse, and when we met a party of country people, one of them pointed me out to the others, "Look at her who was born in a garden," and another followed me to give me a handful of poppies, not quite so sweet, but very lovely, with white edgings and black centres to their scarlet petals. The Maronite women I thought an impudent set, and they begged incessantly. The Druses were much more agreeable companions, and they brought us really clean good butter and thin bread, like Scotch oat-cake, at Rakhleh, where we passed some hours among some very curious old temples.

All these temples face the mountain, on the top of which was once the chief home of Baal; there was one great stone face at Rakhleh, seven feet across, with a wreath of flowers carved round it, and a few large oaks and walnuts, showing what the country had once been; now there is little growing amongst the stones save herbs and giant lavender; though I found one

exquisite iris, with the three hanging petals delicately pencilled in half-mourning tints, with a red purple centre and the upper petals light blue. When at last we got on to the great Damascus road, both the Hadji and his old groom grumbled, and went stumbling on along the old path in preference to the smooth way which our horses went so merrily over, and we soon found ourselves again in Dimitri's pretty house.

Though Cairo had been possibly more picturesque, we still found Damascus more *Arabian Nights* like than any other city, and the people less spoiled by contact with Franks than in Egypt.

When my father wanted money, there being no correspondent of Coutts there then, the Hadji took us to a dervish who kept an ironmonger's shop; he cashed a cheque without being able to read or understand a word that was written on it, or having any previous knowledge of our character, and then asked us to sit down, and sent out for ices for us to eat. On my admiring his turban and asking where it might be bought, he descended from his counter, hung up his net, and guided us himself through a mile or so of bazaar to the place where he got his own, and stayed to see we were not cheated about the price. The "word of an Englishman" was never doubted in those days at Damascus; we found the S.'s there, and the lady had had a fever, caught by her mule tumbling through a broken bridge and into a river on her ride from Beyroot, and half drowning her. They seemed to have taken injudiciously long stages, such as our Hadji would never have allowed; three weeks the good lady had been ill, but most kindly looked after by our Consul, Mr. Rogers, and his sister, and

the Pasha's own Hungarian doctor, who refused all payment. Miss Rogers was a very remarkable little woman, she had lost her hearing through illness when quite a young girl; but her energy and cleverness more than replaced the one sense she had lost, and she had made herself mistress of Arabic and of many Eastern languages, and used to go among the harems, making real friends of some of the ladies there. She also drew with great delicacy all the most intricate Oriental ornaments and designs, and had written much on the subject; I do not think that she ever knew what an idle hour was.

The Arabs describe their favourite city as "a pearl of great price sunk in the midst of a living emerald, and set in a ring of purest gold of endless magnitude," they might also have added a good sprinkling of amethysts to the edge of the setting, for we saw far off hills of that colour as we took our last look before following the grandfather of the emerald, the green-edged Abana, to its very source, sometimes along its fruitful meadows and groves, sometimes high above them on the salmon-coloured stony hills, over which again the stormy clouds echoed the same salmon tints: sometimes, too, we went through gorges as wild as any Swiss passes. We camped at the fountains of Ain Fîjeh, where there was a considerable rush of water from the cave, but so choked with thick trees that we could scarcely see the temple at its head: further on at the narrowest part of the gorge a Roman single-arched bridge crossed the river, marking the site of ancient Abila.

It became very cold, and we had to walk to keep ourselves warm, and before we expected it, found

ourselves on the top of a ridge, with Baalbek just at our feet, in the great plain which divides the two mountain ranges of Lebanon and anti-Lebanon. Three days we passed amongst the ruins, how gigantic they were! the six columns of the Sun at Baalbek dwarf the Jupiter Temple at Athens, and even Egypt shows no squared stones larger than those in its foundation wall. The elaboration of its friezes and doorways rivals in detail the Greek lace of a later period: the great entrance of the Temple of Jupiter is perhaps the finest example of this extreme ornamentation, and some giant earthquake with a mania for "collecting" seems once to have made a great grab at its keystone, but found it too strong for him, so left it hanging most uncomfortably, as it does to this day,—a fit guillotine for Goliath.

It is not only these many superb ruins which render Baalbek superior to most other spots in the world, but also its situation on the rich plain, striped with green crops and mulberry-coloured earth, watered with endless springs and surrounded by the noble hills from Lebanon to Hermon. The barbarians were still doing their best to spoil the place by taking away loads of stone for house-building in the town, and excavating the pillars to get at their iron clamps. They had lately discovered a fine headless statue, and I have little doubt more might be found by judicious digging. It was very cold at night, and it required some practice to arrange one's bundle of clothes so as to keep from freezing in one's tent; I had just succeeded in getting to sleep on the third night when I felt the tent pole shaking violently, and all the mustard, pepper, salt, and water bottles on the table

were falling over one another and on me. I jumped up and looked out, and saw something dark rubbing itself against my tent, but was too cold to do more than say "Go away, beast," and fasten myself up again. The invisible enemy continued its unquiet movements, braying and groaning at intervals, till in the morning we found the tent torn away from the pole in the most ragged state, and a donkey gone! The Hadji, after hunting everywhere in vain, applied to the "Government," and we went off in low spirits, never expecting to see that ass again, I blaming myself for not having given an alarm; but at the foot of the hills we were overtaken by a wild man on a colt, who turned out to be a policeman, and who was followed by some others, driving before them the lost donkey! It had been stolen, and the stealer was in prison, so we gave the captors some backsheesh, and the thief would probably give more backsheesh to be let off, and in the end the "Government" would make a good thing of it.

We passed the famous pillar in the middle of the plain which, fables say, was carried there on a woman's back all the way from Baalbek, and we saw a curious mirage in the distance, looking like an arm of the sea, with islands running up to within a mile of us; the foreground was brilliant with red poppies. At the place where we rested a little way up the hill, an old Christian woman, with a pint pot tied on the back of her head by way of a head-dress, and the rest of her body done up in rags except where it was not done up at all, was very hospitable, and sheltered us from the wind, which almost blew us off our horses. At Ain Ata, where we slept, the cold was fearful, and the

village and convent had been burnt down a few weeks before by the Turks on the bare supposition that the inhabitants, who were Christians, might possibly have given shelter to their outlawed chief Jusef Carram. The poor half-starved priest, whom we asked to dine with us, in his melon-shaped hat, told us too many stories of that wild hero's exploits to let us believe he would be thus caught like a weasel asleep.

The sun was barely up when we reached the summit of Lebanon the next morning, and the sleet and wind which had persecuted us while ascending soon ceased, so that we could gather a lovely little mountain nosegay of dwarf flowers, hyacinths, crocuses, tulips, and snowdrops, which with other Alpine flowers were peeping out from the thin edges of the snowdrifts, while lower down we found sweet-scented cyclamen, forget-me-not, grape hyacinth, and every variety of sweet violet. Our little horses thought us the slowest of travellers, but the herbs were so very good to eat that they forgave us, and followed like dogs zigzag among the bushes and stones, and it was noonday before we reached our resting-place under the oldest historical trees in the world. Could we have found a more imposing and magnificent church to spend Whitsunday in than under those Cedars of Lebanon? We never would give a penny towards building or repairing the paltry Greek chapel there, for no work of human hands ought to spoil that place.

The trees stand alone, a compact little group on the mountain, with not perhaps half-a-dozen stragglers, and no other patches of this species exist in the district; there are about 300 trees altogether, but only twelve of the very large ones, which exceed in size any in

Europe.[1] We stayed two nights among those giant trunks, and at night the Hadji roasted a sheep and treated all the wandering shepherds to a good meal, making my father come and gossip too over his pipe by the fire, and all these wild figures in the yellow glare, backed by the dark old trees, with the white moon shining through their interlaced branches, made another of those pictures which never fade from my memory, but serve to brighten odd hours on long journeys or sleepless nights. I often wish I could lend such treasures of recollection to some of my stay-at-home friends, who complain of dull hours and *ennui*.

At Eden we could not stop, for the unburned remnants of that lovely place were full of soldiers, also looking out for "the Carram." The Hadji had been at Eden before with the Prince and Dr. Stanley, when they had lodged in the beautiful palace; this same Jusef was then a prisoner at Constantinople, and his old mother had begged the Prince to get him set free, which he did, and now he was again in trouble—the palace burned, and our master was not inclined to recall this incident to the recollections of the soldiers. So we passed on through its figs and vines, and proceeded down, down, down, across torrents and watercourses, till we came to olives again, and hedges of white roses looking in the distance like snowdrifts, and amid pomegranates, apricots, clematis, and jasmine, to orange, lemon, and citron trees, and at last to Tripoli.

We stopped short of the town and camped on the brow of a cliff overhanging it, on ground which was

[1] There is an isolated grove of these same cedars in the mountains of Cyprus.—C. D. COBHAM.

called the "Dog's Garden," for a good merchant (peace be with his bones), knowing how necessary scavenger dogs were to the health of his native place, left this piece of land to be farmed ever afterwards for the sole benefit of the dogs of Tripoli; the olives were sold for their advantage, the corn was made into bread for them, and when they died they were buried at the foot of their own trees, and thus profited their descendants. During the two days that we rested there a dog always lay at my tent door, doubtless deputed by his fellows to see that the rites of hospitality were duly observed, and also to levy a lawful tax on such bones as might be despised by the human infidels; when we left a liberal backsheesh was deposited by the Hadji towards the dogs' fund. The town and luxuriant delta at Tripoli had the character of being extremely unhealthy, but that did not apply to our canine perch on the cliff, whence we looked down on all that low land as on a map, and over a wide range of blue sea from Beyroot to Latakia.

As the first travellers of the season we were looked on with some suspicion,—might perhaps be hiding Jusef Carram himself, who could say? And why had we not camped in the swamps of the burying-ground, like other strangers? The Governor himself called on his way to a locust hunt, and catechised the Hadji, the end of which was that we were forced, *nolens volens*, to accept a guard of honour. A very good-looking corporal and two men, all dressed in white calico, tied up their horses to our trees that same afternoon, delivered the Governor's compliments, and shouldered their muskets before our tents, and if they had not been over-tempted by the smell of the Hadji's

supper, would doubtless have marched up and down close to us till they saw our backsheesh and departure next morning. This same Governor of Tripoli was a man of spirit, he had ordered a fine of 100 piastres to be paid by every man who neglected to bring him in three okas (about 6½ lbs.) of locusts, which pests, at the time we were there, were all under the size of an English blackbeetle, and the children were out filling goat-skins with them in every direction; it would be well if Syria had more such governors.

The ride along the coast was most lovely, nearly always close to the sea, on a road that was once paved by Sesostris (Murray says), and has never been mended since; we avoided it as much as we could, and the first night slept close to the water's edge, and I walked in dressed in my mackintosh, as I did at Tiberias, and had a most enjoyable bath on the smooth golden sand. Near us was a khan with a cistern for rain water on its roof, up to which the animals were led by a steep side-walk to drink, there being no other fresh water in the place.

There were few plants but myrtle then in full bloom. We rested at a most gossipy café near Jebeil, where the Hadji filled a pipe and spread a carpet under a plane tree, and told us to be good for a couple of hours, as he had business in the town near: no doubt a small tobacco speculation, for that is the most famous place in all Syria for a particular sort much valued for filling narghiles. We were well content to sit there and to look at the deep blue sea and the strange people passing. First there came a priest on a donkey, with his servant, and he got off and sat down for a gossip, and exchanged tobacco with

my father. Then came a great man with three wild attendents, who did likewise; then muleteers with donkeys bearing pots of oil; and lastly the most beautiful man I ever saw, a wild Greek monk from the mountains, with a black hood and gown; his head, when calm or pleased, would have been a model for Christ, but when savage it became like Mephistopheles! They catechised us about Carram as usual, and when our leader returned had a most animated political talk, but this monk talked down all the rest by his eloquence. I think, like poor Julian Young, he enjoyed society more than clerical work. The other priest, with the melon-shaped hat, was not too clever for his avocation, and employed himself quite happily in shortening a pipe-stick for my father with a blunt carving-knife.

We next stopped by the Roman bridge over the river Adonis,—deliciously cool water, and the arch high enough to let all the convents of the East pass under it without taking off their belfries; it was formed like the bridge on a willow-pattern plate. At the Dog River there is another of the same pattern. After passing it a few hours took us into Beyroot, and back to our first quarters at the Oriental Hotel, where we found our dear portmanteaus, but not "the" box, that never turned up till we arrived in England: luckily the need for it had ceased months before.

We heard that our friend Emin Pasha, after furnishing a house, had been ordered to Constantinople to command some division of the army there, his famous black horse and the two mares had been poisoned whilst at Beyroot, and he was not sorry to leave the place. We were really unhappy at parting from the Hadji,

who had been like a dear friend all the time we were with him; my father gave him a letter to Colonel Staunton at Cairo, who made him his cavass, and he afterwards managed the Prince of Wales' hill journey, no small honour and gain to him, and if ever any one deserved backsheesh he did.

We went on as far as Smyrna in a fine ship of the Austrian Lloyds, chiefly remarkable for the fatness of all its officers (Italians). They seemed to have been made on one model, as broad as they were long; they played at chess all day, getting into awful passions when beaten, till one feared they might "bust," and beaming over with smiles and content when they won; the fat captain sat in his arm-chair and laughed at both parties. I could not imagine a storm possible in such a ship, they were all so lazy and happy. I watched the captain one evening amusing himself on deck by teaching two dirty little children to sit up like dogs and open their mouths to catch lumps of sugar, which he threw in after counting three, to one or the other in turn; they got quite clever at the game, and he leaned back in his big chair and shook with laughter at them, and then called up his fat steward and rewarded them with raisins and cakes. The steward had a perfectly clean shaven round head, like Leporello, and laughed as much as his master. None of these men could ever have been drowned, even if the ship were wrecked, they were too fat to sink, and must have floated like air bubbles.

We changed for the worse at Smyrna into a small steamer full of Greeks. When I went to look at the ladies' cabin I found a magnificent Grisi sort of lady sitting and doing embroidery, while the whole place

remained just as it was when the last harem had left it. She told me she was the stewardess, and brought out a box of Indian silks, Windsor soap, braided stuffs, etc., etc., at enormous prices, pressing me to buy; all at once she was interrupted by the entrance of a still fatter stewardess, who said they were to change ships. The grand lady stormed and she stormed, and then she was packed off, box and all, and the new one began wringing her hands in despair at the dirt and confusion of everything, "*che sporcheria! che disgrazia!*" but never attempted to clean anything except one small oasis round the shelf on which I was to rest my weary limbs.

We saw the Consul and his uniform, and some young ladies in the very latest fashions, and then went on to Syra and there joined the direct mail from Constantinople, a perfect palace of a ship, where I shared three grand crimson velvet saloons with a lovely maid of Athens of about fifteen, who sat and simpered and arranged her lace necktie all day. She was accompanying a most villainous-looking old father, with the manners of a dancing master, to see the world at Paris and Baden-Baden, where he would probably sell her to some old Baron as old and false as himself. Poor child, I did not suppose she would care much, if she got lots of new dresses and bonbons, and was away from papa and from Greece.

There was a grand Turk on board who had lately been appointed to some command, and had instantly given unlimited orders for new clothes, made as much in the European style as possible, so that he shone all over with their newness; he had also encumbered

himself with spectacles, which were extremely painful to him, and when he thought no one was looking he took them off and hid them under his chair cushion, not having yet made out the use of pockets. He always took off those eye-encumbrances too when he had to look at anything (an exertion he did not often make). Some tobacco was brought to him for approval at Syra, and the spectacles disappeared under the chair, while he proceeded slowly to inspect and roll up a cigarette; he tried three boxes, and gave some to his secretary to try, and after all sent them away without buying, all in the most gentlemanly manner. This gentleman ate with us, and drank wine too, but objected to sausage: his secretary was a hunchback, exactly like the man in the *Arabian Nights* who was poked up the chimney, but who always turned up again: I thought he would probably take considerable backsheesh where he was going. The Governor had a black valet, an A.D.C. who always sat on his chair whenever he left it till he came back again, and a stud groom who wore a dress somewhere between that of a London policeman and of a stage brigand.

Costumes were getting fewer, and we soon had none but Greeks left; one old man in tremendous petticoats always pushed a good chair after me on deck, and I blessed his old gaiters, as Sam Weller said. He was a real gentleman, unlike the pretty girl's father, who talked of my father as *ce vieillard*, though probably some ten years older himself. I told my father, and when I afterwards trod on his toes at dinner to prevent him from flourishing one of those odious things called "toothpicks," he said with the greatest solemnity, "Leave me alone, I am only showing that old Greek

I have some few teeth left in my old head!" My father never lost a tooth all his life, and knew not what toothache was; the old Greek's were apparently not his own. My father had not yet forgiven Corfu for locking us up, and would not land there, but Matteo, the dragoman who used to bring us food, and administer pumpkins and other wholesome cholera-giving things in a kind way, came on board and gave me a huge nosegay. My father had recommended him to three other quarantine victims, who had taken him to Greece, where they had been carried off into the mountains by brigands; they had a large ransom to pay, but Matteo behaved so well that they had taken him back to England, and given him a watch, and some other treasures he was very proud of.

We only stayed at Corfu a few hours, but what strawberries and figs we tasted! After a day or two of shopping at Trieste, and a visit to the poor Emperor Maximilian's castle near it, we mounted the steep railway zigzags and went on to Laibach, driving thence to Veldes to rest, and wash, and bleach for three weeks in that delicious place, one of the prettiest and most healthy spots in Europe, with the best of inns, of bread and butter, and milk which tasted like cream. From our windows we looked out on a lovely lake, with a high castle-crowned cliff dipping into it so steeply, that I fancied it would have tumbled into the water if it had not been held up by the tall trees which were piled against it, oak, and beech, and fir trees; a pretty village peeped through them behind the castle crags, with green meadows and hills beyond, one over the other, woods, and gray rocks, and over all the snow top of the Terglou, which could also be seen upside-

down in the clear green water. There was a pretty little wooded island too, with a chapel on it, reminding us of Orta.

We began to think this lake even surpassed that one in loveliness; it had no dirty town to spoil it, but was almost too green, and the sun of Italy was wanting. It was a *Badort*, having both *Sonnenbäder* and *Dampfbetten*. The first cure was practised by lying on the roof in the noonday sun, with only a trussel to shelter the head, and with next to no clothes on: there the victims stayed till well done, and were then carried into the great bath, or a bed of damp blankets for variety; but this cure must have been often interrupted in such a cloudy climate. The Carinthians are a wonderfully simple people, and my father said he believed that no foreigners had been in their country since the time of Jason. One man could hardly believe we had been to Egypt, but thought it must have been a great help to us there knowing the German language so well; and a young official told us he also had travelled much and far, for he had been to Toulon and Marseilles! There were no *Badgäste* when we were at Veldes, only a nice little lady from Laibach, with her baby of twenty months, who could speak wonderfully plain, and tried to imitate all we said to it in English as well as in its own native Krainisch. It and its mother were the pets of the place, and on her fête day she paid for a grand mass on the island. All the people of the house went, and we had to wait for breakfast till they returned. When her husband met her before the house he would give her a great kiss before every one, and they used to sit on the bench by the house-door of an evening and

gossip with everybody who passed without any show of being great people, though they possessed carriages, and horses, and servants, and all sorts of luxuries.

One cannot help liking such simple ways, though these people do not think, but only follow one another like sheep: but they had an over allowance of Sundays, Fridays, and other fête days besides, when all work stood still and the whole population walked up and down in their best clothes; the men in long boots and gorgeous waistcoats, as heavy with metal buttons as a doctor's boy, the women with enormous aprons, white sleeves, and laced handkerchiefs on their heads as stiff and prickly as a cactus hedge; the small children being complete miniatures of their elders, and all holding their prayer-books folded in a clean pocket-handkerchief, as English villagers do. The preachers told them to pray for the souls of the killed, and the success of the Kaiser's arms, and they did it with their whole hearts, and then sang psalms over their beer and braten all the rest of the afternoon.

My father was very unwell, and only fit to sit and rest in such a place and talk to Tom, as he called the baby, and the child chattered Krainisch to him, and gave him his drum and handfuls of dust, and all sorts of childish treasures to keep; but we made what the French call "a great economy," living at 4s. 9d. a day with no extras.

From Veldes we drove up the Save valley, and dined at Sir Humphry Davy's favourite quarters at Wurzen, but were allowed no meat, it being Friday; and there was a picture on the wall, labelled "Freitag," of the Curé in ancient knee-breeches walking into a cottage where the people are dining, who are all

hiding their plates and giving their meat to the dogs behind their backs: so I supposed they lived in a wholesome dread of the priest there. After leaving Wurzen we climbed a most steep hill and came down on the other side in a series of jerks, the descent being so sudden that ditches were cut across the road every few yards to stop vehicles from going down in one run. This brought us to the Drave, a torrent of muddy snow-water. We found a comfortable inn at Villach, and over its principal entrance a swallow's nest, with four young birds sitting in a row, and gossiping about the people who came in and out; the old birds were as important as the landlady and landlord themselves, who said that this pair returned every year, and when the painters were at work they always made them leave a square round the nest untouched, so as not to disturb them.

We had deliciously hot baths at Villach, a little wheel being placed diagonally over the Drave, so that the force of the river against it pumped up enough water for these baths on the bank; they were surrounded by a garden of carnations, roses, and all the sweetest English flowers, and the old bathwoman told me to pick "more, more, as many as I liked." We went some way in the coupé of the *eilwagen*, and afterwards in *einspanners*, changing our carriage at every post—the Austrian fashion: at one nice country inn the landlady saw me give a penny to a beggar, and told me not to waste money on such as him, but to give it to a poor Italian pedlar woman who had walked all the way from her own country with cherries on her head, and three pretty children holding on to her skirts. Such a picture they made, and she smiled so sweetly when I gave

them some trifling sum. Italians seem to shine in contrast to Germans. We slept at Greifenburg, where the landlady was quite blind, but most efficient: she said her house was clean because she *looked* after it all herself! and I saw her cooking our dinner and feeling her way among the pots and pans, but she had a maid to lead her to mass the next morning, where she went dressed in a high hat like Dame Quickly. There was some fine old point lace on the sheets of my bed, but they were sewn to the quilt, which was only long enough to cover two-thirds of me, and I had to give my two ends turns at fits of the cramp all night on the top of a loose bag of Indian corn leaves. Why do Germans make such uncomfortable beds?

French and Italians were beating the Austrians in Italy, and everywhere we saw groups of anxious people gathered round some one who was reading the paper. I tried to console one driver by telling him the French had such good guns. "Good guns! What matter? The Tyrolese are the best shots in the whole world, and can do more with their rifles than all the other nations with all their clever inventions, and every boy learns to shoot with a rifle before he has ceased to be a child!" This natural pride is very lovable, even though short-sighted! We met droves of great white oxen with enormous horns walking from Hungary to feed the soldiers in Italy, they were very thin and tired, and we were told that 10,000 had gone or were going the same road; we followed the Drave to its end, and soon came to the Rienz, and on to Brixen in an *eilwagen* again; the good woman where we dined handing round bits of newspaper with the pudding in case we liked to wrap it up and eat it in the carriage!

At Mittewald on the Brenner we came into the horrors of war; a poor man trying to eat his dinner in vain, having just returned from the East to hear the Prussians had burned the town in which his wife and family had been left, and he was hurrying on to learn their fate, worn out with neuralgia and anxiety. The kind-hearted landlady gave him a poultice made of scraped horseradish, which was a new remedy to me. The man who drove our *einspanner* was crying half the way, now and then "laughing to keep his spirits up," he said; he was a strange mixture, half cracked with sorrow: "what for?" he did not know; but the poor Tyrolers always went when the Kaiser called, and would give the last drop of their blood for their country; but now they had been sold. There were 100,000 killed, he said, and then twice that number of poor women and children would pine or starve from sorrow or want. Then he would wipe his eyes, and flog the horses, and say the Tyrolese were a lusty race, and shout out to a party of waggoners who stopped the road, to "make way for the King of Sardinia and his daughter, as the French had driven them out of Italy, poor things!" The carters half believed him at first, and we could only laugh and look foolish, but as that king was the Black Douglas of the Tyrol, the joke, if believed in, might have been inconvenient, excited as all the people were then; and we were glad to be on the great highroad again, as in the out-of-the-way parts of the country every one who was not German was supposed to be Italian, and they were naturally not popular there.

Everywhere we had seen the miserable recruiting going on; the poor boys themselves as usual drinking

and singing and putting on masks of happiness they did not feel, while all their belongings had eyes red with weeping. We slept at the old town of Sterzing, and then were dragged by the heavy *eilwagen* over the Brenner, in sight of the wonderful railway works all the way. Sometimes these were hanging to the rocks, sometimes crossing the valley high up on a cobweb of stout fir poles, and then disappearing round some long lateral valley and appearing again half a mile above the same spot. Innsbruck was depressed and gloomy with bad news, and we hurried on by Landeck and Feldkirch to Ragatz, and so home.

CHAPTER VI

IN THE DOLOMITE ALPS, AUSTRIA

1867

On the *28th June 1867* we left England once more, my father and I, starting with Mr. and Mrs. Knox from the London docks, rushing by way of Antwerp and Cologne as hard as steam could take us, to Nüremberg, then over the Brenner and on to Bruneck, where we all arrived soaked with rain and tired out; but after putting on dry clothes his Worship hurried Mrs. Knox away on the same evening, leaving me thankful I was not tied to a clever husband.

My father always enjoyed being in Austria, among the simple kind people and cheap inns; we took our time, and crossed the Ampezzo in fine dry clear weather, to find our friends already tired of Cortina and its bad food; so after one long day's walk over its beautiful Alps, they went back again to the Pusterthal. Our landlord had no horses, it being just haymaking time, so my father and I started off at daylight with a boy to carry our bags, and took a seven hours' walk under a cloudless sky, over lovely meadows and alps. At one place the ground was covered with the large blue *Gentiana acaulis*, all turning their heads to the sun, we found edelweiss and delicate butterwort,

with its long violet-like flowers, and a real tiny yellow violet, sweet daphne, and blue clematis, growing with the alpine rhododendron and white dryas. We passed a wonderful castello perched on a dolomite crag almost smaller than itself, stopped at a miller's to drink some delicious beer, and at last reached Buchenstein, where we lodged at the grocer's. Our host was the best rifle shot in all Tyrol; he was then at the *festa* at Cortina, but had sent home three prizes—long gaudy bits of riband, with a wreath of artificial flowers at the top, and real silver florins hidden away under them, or covered with gilt paper stars. There was a glass case in the *stube* quite full of such rubbish; it was a most quaint old house with kind friendly inhabitants, and the whole village was perched like an eagle's nest, which might have slipped down easily into the Fassathal if one had given it a sufficient push; the white-headed landlady was a sight to see, cooking in her triangular kitchen, in which she could hardly find place to move, as its fireplace filled up half the room.

It stormed with wind and rain at night, and all the household rushed in and out to see if the windows were really fast; but I was far too sleepy to heed them. It rained all the next day too, so we had to give up our visit to Caprile, and return as best as we might through the bogs, lifting up loads of red sticky earth at every step. After a most tiring drag Cortina was very welcome, with its tubs of hot water, dry clothes, and good (if not too abundant) dinner, while the old landlady, in her tall hat and everlasting flowers, was still playing that interminable game at cards in the saloon.

My father had planned to walk through some of the Italian valleys from Cadore to Tolmezzo, and our

landlord promised to order a horse to be ready for us at the former place; so we sent our portmanteaus back to Villach, and were driven to Titian's birthplace by the youngest and most beautiful of the sons of the house; it was a real pleasure to look at his honest gentle expression, he was also such a grand specimen of humanity. The journey was a lark to him too, and he was dressed in the most model Tyrolese style, with his hat well on one side; the valley looked equally gay in the bright sunshine; but when we got to Cadore there was no sign of the ordered horse (haymaking I suspect coming again in the way), and our friend said we must wait a bit; so we "did" the house of Titian and all the sights of the place and returned: still no horse! A return carriage wanted to take us down to the Venice railway, but my father dreaded the heat of the plains, and at last decided to return to Cortina, as they told us it would be very difficult to get on by the hilly roads beyond. Our driver was to have gone on further to pick up his father, but said, in his choicest Ampezzo dialect, that his father "would keep" if we wanted him, so we turned back after dinner.

The house at Cadore was full of Italians doing villeggiatura, and we saw them all go out to make a promenade on the high road, in full dress: there was a great man with a yellow beard, and a hat brushed to perfection, with velvet collar and new gloves, and a fine silver-headed stick; his wife in a lace veil and silk gown (all torn out of the gathers behind); their children dressed like butterflies; they took half-an-hour's stroll, and came back quite worn out for their siesta, when they, no doubt, subsided into comfortable dressing-gowns again.

We started through a violent thunder-storm, and were much chaffed and laughed at for coming back again so soon, particularly by old Lady Ghedina (as we called the landlady). She and I having taken a most sentimental leave of one another in the morning, when she had given me some purple and yellow everlasting flowers from her garden, to put in my hat, and never to part with, probably believing that, like herself, I lived always in my one hat, and that its fashion did not change any more than those did at Cortina. I believe she slept in hers! The next morning she said she wouldn't say good-bye, as we should probably be coming up the hill again at night! They were all so nice and friendly at the Acquila Nera. The practical melancholy son drove us down to Innichen. He told us of all his hunting adventures; but said he had begun too young, and "spoilt himself," and could do no more now, *habe mich verdorben* seemed an odd phrase. The road is so well made that English horses could have trotted all the way over it; there are few wolves or bears, and too many hunters for the preservation of deer or *gemsen*, though they seem to have abounded before our friend was "spoilt"; he also was very handsome, but in quite a different style from the rest of his family, like one of Titian's or Moroni's dark subjects. All these Ghedinas were fit models for a painter, but there was consumption among them. The eldest, who managed the hotel, had a pink flush on his face, and all his children died off in a sad way. His wife apologised for not waiting on us, but her baby of twenty-one days wanted so much attention. Poor thing! I feared she too would be spoilt if she did not take a little more care of herself. Another son was

settled in Venice as a painter of some distinction, and the hotel and the villa opposite were covered with really spirited frescoes by his hand, the work of long summer holidays spent in his native valley.

From Lienz in the Pusterthal we drove by Ober Drauburg over a lovely pass, with the deepest of pink cyclamen under its trees, to Kötschach, a pretty village with a still lake near; it was all a pattern of neatness, including the young parson, and every grave in the churchyard had a trim little garden on the top. My bedroom was forty feet long, and had nine windows in it, a table of minerals, a guitar, and a stuffed Lämmergeier—all was clean and good, the only drawback being that the landlord considered it his duty to entertain us perpetually, and had no brains to do it with; but he found a cloak, which we had dropped in the road, six months afterwards, and sent it to England, directed to Hastings Lodge, 3 Victoria Street, Pimlico, having copied all the corners of my father's card at once. The drive beyond was through the richest of upland valleys, with magnificent fields of Indian corn, bordered by many-coloured poppies and pumpkins.

At Hermagor we put up at a big old-fashioned inn, where the rooms were full of curiosities. A toilet table in mine was covered with old silver: looking-glass frame, branched candlesticks, and a glass case containing fourteen coffee pots and milk jugs, eighteen candlesticks, eleven ornamental wax tapers, etc.—wonderful artificial flowers were hung about it too in different corners. The famous Wulfenia[1] grows on an alp four

[1] *Wulfenia Carinthiaca.* This is its one locality in Europe, though two closely-allied species have been found in the highlands of South Western Asia.—BALL.

hours' off from Hermagor. I offered a gulden for a flower to paint, and a man offered to go for 50 kreutzers more, to which I consented, but disgusted my father, as he said such extravagance would raise the hotel bill. The season was over, and I really wanted this flower (which is said to grow nowhere else), and did not think half-a-crown too much for an eight hours' walk. We should not get much for such a sum at Covent Garden. Alas! they were all over, not one flower was left, and the roots I sent home all died.

The fishing was said to be good at Hermagor; my father hooked a good many, but the fish did not know how to take a hook properly, he said, and slipped back into the water before he could land them, and then warned their friends against tasting those foreign flies with hooks in them. It was pleasant wandering along by the clear stream under the fir trees, and eating *heidelbeeren,* though such scenery never tempted me to sketch: it is all too hard and black and gray; on wet days I devoted myself to the lovely flowers. On the 26th of July we moved on to Ober Tarvis, within half-an-hour's walk of the watershed; this is one of the principal passes of Austria, but not high, and decidedly hot—cyclamen and Indian corn showing how low we really were. It is a choice spot, with wide open alps sprinkled with trees in every direction, the dark pine forest within five minutes of the house, and four valleys opening from it. A grand range of dolomite peaks was near, on whose bare cliffs the sunset rays played as many freaks as they did on the Jungfrau and Eiger opposite Mürren. Some grandee reigned in the place too, and had made zigzag paths through the forest behind the house, and up to a summer house

on a high perch above, full of luxurious seats, just the place to linger in at sunset. We two went up there every night, but never met a creature; the path was edged with cyclamens, golden arnica, lily of the valley and hellebore leaves, with heaths and campanulas of every variety.

The hotel was a perfect menagerie of ill-kept mongrel curs, puppies and cats, ducks and chickens, while one gaunt turkey walked about the lower rooms and the staircase, clearing off the scraps from the tables with great dignity by merely standing on tiptoe and stretching his long neck over them. These creatures knew not the meaning of fear, and I had some difficulty in persuading one duck that I did not want him to sit on my knee while I ate my soup. On the beams of the great hall, wooden saucers were nailed for the swallows and pigeons to build their nests on, and the landlady's children always took their meals on the stairs! She herself was a thoroughly *gut verständige hausfrau*, such as Voss describes in his *Louise*. She made wonderful *mehlspeisen* of all sorts, and allowed neither children nor mongrels to defile our bed-rooms; but it was hot, and the large grasshoppers used to come in at the window; while the one excitement in the day was seeing the post arrive every evening at nine. We never missed it, sitting gossiping on the bench before the house, till it had come and gone.

Our map had a false figure in it, which misled us into going over the Predil pass to Flitsch, the hottest dolomite hole I ever was in; a thousand feet lower than Tarvis, it was drearier than the Finstermünz, the rocks being positively bare all the way down.

The people at the inn looked hungry for guests, but we would not stop; I could not breathe, and went up the dreary road again the same day. The river there was of the purest turquoise tint from reflected sky, its bed being white as lumps of sugar, and both rocks and road equally trying to one's eyes. The northern side of the pass was lovely with flowers, the Predil See of the deepest ultramarine blue among its tall Scotch firs, pines, and beeches. Blue columbines peeped through the alpenrosen, blue clematis had climbed up to the very tops of the spruce firs, being just then in its greatest beauty. It was a symphony of blues.

We found the house at Tarvis had filled in our absence, but the landlady turned two old German ladies (with pocket handkerchiefs tied round their necks) into the street, and gave us the state room, a huge apartment; putting up a screen for my father at one end, which I amplified into quite a tent with the hangings which adorned the bed in the day-time pegged on to the wardrobes by the help of my sketch books and boots; this fortification was so wonderful and successful that all the household came in one by one to look at it. My father wanted to sleep in the passage, but there were already three men in possession there. After a day or two at Wurzen we reached Villach, and had another delicious hot bath, highly necessary after living in the menagerie at Tarvis. Wurzen too had been somewhat comfortless. A kind of Mr. Fairlie had possession of the post inn, with his niece, a French maid and valet; he said he was not uncomfortable, as his "people" looked after things; but we had rooms at the baker's, they were sweet and had not bad beds, but everything was black still with the winter's smoke, and none of the

window shutters would open, so that we lived in semi-darkness, and had to do the house-maiding ourselves. When it was fine, and we could feed under the great chestnut tree, Wurzen was worthy of Sir Humphry Davy, its prophet; but when we were driven by cold into the poky little *salon*, full of regular customers drinking the feeble sour wine, it was not enjoyable.

It was a pity we had not better quarters, for the country near it is lovely. We spent a morning about the Weissenfels lake; the colours of its waters are quite miraculous, with the most beautiful forest all round it, and the wild strawberries were so large and abundant that I could easily have filled a good-sized dish in a quarter of an hour. My father caught a pretty trout with red spots, even in the full sunshine. We longed to build a hut there and camp.

From Villach we drove to Spittal, and on again through a deliciously-wooded country, with water rushing in every direction, tumbling past saw and flour mills. The common mullein was growing a yard high, and each single flower was as big as half-a-crown, and of the purest yellow. The cottages had such gay gardens too, and there were even some inhabited castles; we met one gentleman with a nice-looking girl riding like an Englishwoman, who made us a pretty bow as she cantered past. Some of the fields were quite blue, or rather lilac, with a small campanula new to me; it grew in tufts of twenty or more flowers, one or two only on each stalk; it was very wide open, and all the flowers looked towards the sun; the shades were quite dazzling, but when I dug one up the effect was lost, it wanted the rich setting of white clover to keep it upright and show it off.

The wild pinks were also most luxuriant, often bearing six flowers on one head. We were both happy and comfortable at Rennweg, a poor-looking post-house, wonderfully clean, kept by a clever old landlady, but the *eilwagen* only passed three times a week, and we wanted our letters, so got a whole body of the clumsy vehicle to ourselves, and took thirteen hours of it; no travelling (off railroads) can be more luxurious or cheaper. Twenty-seven francs took us luggage and all, and we had six horses to pull us up the first ascent. This road was made by the Romans and never altered since; it is fearfully steep, and goes up without zigzags to the top, whence after sending down the four extra horses, we were dragged slowly by two only down an equally steep descent to the valley of the Mur (our old Gratz river, never seen by us since 1848). After dinner we mounted again, this time with two splendid cream-coloured oxen harnessed in front of the horses as leaders: it is a glorious pass, the Radstädter Tauern, beautiful on both sides, the top quite a mass of rose colour, from the Alpine rhododendron (*hirsutum*) in its fullest glory: the place was a perfect garden of all colours, and I longed to take a lodging with the priest at the top.

Radstadt was a delightful place for rest and for painting Alpine flowers; after a few days there we went on up the valley of the Salza, turning up to Hof Gastein, some five miles below the *bad*, where we found so many bathers that it was noon before we had time to think of taking baths ourselves. The *bad*-man would hardly consent to our having them at that hour at all, every one bathed at six or seven, and he began to quote the Herr Doctor, but my father told

him that individual was welcome to hang himself, and when he also told him he need give no change out of a whole gulden, this same *bad*-man almost cried with joy, and said he hoped we would come every day and bathe at what hour we liked, and have the water as hot as we liked. The water boils at the spring, but they cool it down for the baths, through which it trickles continually in and out. There are arm-chairs in the bath, so that one's chin when sitting in it is just above the water; no hygienic boiling can be done more luxuriously.

We walked up to *Bad* Gastein in the rain, and, in spite of the glorious and romantic situation, took rather a dislike to its great hotels and general dressiness, which prejudice, however, wore out when we went there to live, as we did soon after, and got front rooms at the Hirsch, a house which stands quite outside the busy watering-place, hanging on to the green alp which slopes at an angle of forty-five above and below, with a bridge from each of the upper stories to the hill at the back. In front we looked over the great valley with Hof Gastein in the middle of it, and wondered how we could ever have stayed at such a low place! Often in the morning its church steeple only was visible sticking through the mist, which hovered constantly over the filled-up lake it stands on. There was a garden with arbours in front, in which we had our meals, and where good bands used to play Mozart while the invalids dawdled; and there were delicious baths on the ground-floor.

A young Englishman was undergoing the cure, he sat in his bath till his hands shrivelled up like a washerwoman's, and then he mooned about the rest of

the day; I could not make out that he had anything the matter with him, but thought he might, perhaps, soon acquire an illness if he went on with the system. The views and walks on all sides at Gastein are superb, but the great waterfall is spoilt by its ugly bridge and bath-houses. We seldom went that way, as we could escape from the back of our house into the most glorious mountain scenes and perfect solitude, but the *badhaus* was sometimes amusing too, on a wet day. There were two large glazed rooms hanging over the fall, and damp with its spray. Inside was a German lady squalling bravuras at one end, a German man thumping the Music of the Future at another; in the middle was an unquiet reading-room, and much gossip and discussion about everybody who went and came. "Did you say the Gräfinn had taken No. 25, it must surely be for her maid! No maid? Well! *Gott in Himmel*," etc. etc. Whether the Emperor Napoleon were really coming, or the company from the K. K. Theatre in Vienna! *sechzig personen*, and how much they paid a head? the weather, etc.

A little of this kind of talk soon more than satisfied us, and after a fortnight we drove down the valley in an extra post carriage with a Viennese doctor full of cleverness, energy, and talk. His limp son, whose life seemed already used up by trying to keep up with his father, had not even brains left to enjoy himself; the former was a most amusing companion to us strangers, but *mein sohn* looked infinitely bored the whole way. We parted at Zell am See, where there is a lovely lake, and drove from thence on to Weissbach, where we witnessed one of the severest thunder-storms I ever remember anywhere; we just escaped getting wet

through, and our little driver jumped with delight at seeing carriage after carriage follow us full of dripping tourists. The *gasthaus* was full, and the plaids, which German travellers wear, had to be wrung out by two women under a shed near. We saw all these foolish people start again in the rain, ourselves waiting till the beautiful evening calm came, then packed our portmanteaus into an *einspanner*, and walked up by the Seissenberger Klamm in two hours to Hirschbühel on the very watershed, where we stayed four days. This was a delicious perch to rest on, not so very high (for it was surrounded by large beech and sycamore trees, as well as pines), but the walks in every direction were most lovely, passing from one *col* to another without descending, with glorious views of the König See below; while exquisite mosses and ferns, and great branching gentians (*asclepedia*) made the foreground beautiful; the house also was perfect quarters, standing alone with the little custom-house opposite and two chalets—these completed the whole village. We ate on a table outside from which we could throw a stone into Bavaria below, and the front of the house was a perfect flower-show, every window being full of pots. The old custom-house officer and his wife sat on the bench by their door all day long, nursing two black puppies, and chaffing every traveller who passed with a knapsack, so long as the fine weather lasted. When it rained, they went inside and let the smugglers go by; there were plenty of travellers going and coming, sometimes six were packed into one room—some nights none came at all. But the old landlady in her steeple-crowned hat was always in good humour.

My bed-room had a large crucifix in it, surrounded

by a framework, over which two plants of ivy were trained, and every leaf was washed each day by the old lady or her daughter. "That young man" (as the latter called her step-father) drove us down to Berchtesgarden, and on to Salzburg, where we stayed at the grand new hotel close to the rushing river Salza, which brought down snow breezes as well as snow water, both most refreshing in that hot, stormy valley. Afterwards we drove to St. Gilgen, and spent four days looking on the lovely lake of Wolfgang, and watching the queer people who went and came from Ischl. None stayed more than two hours, many not half-an-hour; the fat lump of a landlady and all her belongings were oddities, and petted us very much for staying such an unheard-of time.

We went up the Schafberg for a night, and saw a glorious sunset and sunrise, and spent a long day on the top of that curious cliff which forms a precipice of 1000 feet at least, so perpendicular that a stone dropped from the top would touch nothing till it reached the bottom. From the top one could see the lakes of Mondsee, Attersee, and even Chiemsee to the north, and six others to the west, with the lovely Wolfgang lake at the foot of the southern or sloping side. The *gasthaus* stands above all vegetation, except lilac gentian and *Pinus pumilis*, of which last they make their fuel; their season is from June to October. The gentians were most wonderful, one hundred blossoms on one plant, like a ball of lilac stars (when they open to the sun), but they died directly they were picked. None of those free alpine plants like captivity. The great branching *Gentiana asclepedia* grew in enormous quantities and

large variety, some of it quite white, some of the lightest blue.

A few Germans were staying in the house, who, as usual, shut the windows as fast as we opened them; the ladies walked about arm-in-arm between two guides, flirting with both, which must have been hard exercise, something like that of the poor Sussex cart-horses, which have their mouths always kept stuffed with hay when climbing the steep Hastings hill, being tightly tied back with bearing reins besides. We merely stopped a night at Ischl, and drove to "The Mill" to have coffee and see the fashions, carriage after carriage putting down its load of flounces and dandy officers. It is very odd that that particularly simple little mill should be so popular with all these butterfly people; it is "the thing" to exhibit there every afternoon, though it has no view, no band, only superlative black bread and butter and coffee. Twenty years before we used to go and buy loaves there, rolling them down the steep path home before us, so we easily found our way back, for the place had not altered. Our house, too, was unchanged among all the new villas.

We took a big carriage on to Aussee, but at Steg the driver said he could go no farther, as all the oxen were gone up the hill, and his two horses could not manage what one had so often done elsewhere, so we said "very well," and walked on, and after we had descended on the other side, laden with flowers, the carriage overtook us. It was a lovely walk, and we thought again that we had never seen such a lovely lake as that of Gmunden, with beech woods and green meadows all round, and a little village with a visitors'

book, in which I saw written "Lord Smith *und seine wohlgeborene Consorte*," a joke, I suppose. The clearness of the lake is marvellous, the green Traun runs out of it close to our hotel, a swift foamless run of molten emerald; all that neighbourhood is most enticing to linger in, yet we found no English there, though one Austrian lady said she was so fond of our nation that her girl was called Nelly after that poor little heroine of Dickens, and her boy Dicky after Dick Swiveller; she used to come and practise her English on me while the children were trying to drown themselves in a boat.

After a week we sent our portmanteaus on to await us at Steg, and walked down by the edge of the lovely Traun till it lost itself in the deep lake of Hallstadt, where we were rowed across to the town by strong women in white sleeves and aprons; again to Steg to pick up our trunks, and drive past Ischl to Ebensee on the Gmunden lake—such a day of pure happiness and sunshine! We steamed under the great Traunstein mountain to the end of the lake the next morning, and on by rail to see the Traun Falls, where we rested through all the heat of the day. A mill is built over it, and its beryl-coloured pools (or rather chasms of water) were swarming with trout under the rapids. *Shucho* (the Danubian salmon) is also to be caught there; the rock about the falls is a limestone conglomerate.

We drove on through an endless spruce forest by the side of the river to Lambach, thence by rail to Salzburg and Innsbruck, and over the new Brenner railroad to Botzen, on again to Verona, which had more charms for me than for my father, who hated its

dirt and its dear charges. The "Due Torre" is certainly a strange contrast to the simple little post-houses of Austria; its people were most lazy and unpractical, but I liked Italians always, and was delighted to find myself among them again. There is a subject for a picture in the dark church next to our inn, which I always longed to paint, of a huge marble gobbo or hunchback, holding a holy water basin on his shoulders; there must have been some legend about him, attractive to young children, for they used to come in crowds to pat him, and kiss the patch of light-coloured marble, which represents his knee in the midst of his yellow marble rags, while their mothers would lift the little ones up to kiss his cheek. These groups were most tempting to paint, with the dark church in the background draped with red cloth, but I never had time to attempt it.

The rail took us to Lecco by four o'clock; we found the last steamer had started an hour before, and that it would be a week before another came, so we took a small boat and started, with a scowling sky overhead, which we were told meant nothing. A storm, however, broke over us, as violent a one as I have ever seen, when we were half way to the point of Serbelloni, our two men rowed gallantly against it, trying first one side then another in vain; it was black as night but for the continual lightning which lighted our way, and it poured in such torrents that though the awning kept us comparatively dry, the boat began to fill. So we put in at last to a little harbour on the west bank secure from the wind, and my father lighted a small wax taper, while the man baled out the water. In less than an hour the storm was over, and had been

succeeded by a calm too dead to be pleasant; the splash of the oars in the darkness sounded funereal as we rounded the point and made for Cadenabbia, where we were received as old friends again, and were soon joined by the Ewarts.

After lingering a while to sketch among the lovely villa gardens of the Como Lake, we went on to Milan and Turin, and from thence to Aosta, and over Mont St. Bernard to Martigni, stopping at Montreux to see my sister, with her husband and Janet, who left a few days later for Cannes. Feeling as we did the sudden cold of the Swiss autumn, we hurried home by Paris.

CHAPTER VII

MENTONE AND SICILY

1869–70

On the 29th October, 1869, my father died. For nearly forty years he had been my one friend and companion, and now I had to learn to live without him, and to fill up my life with other interests as I best might. I wished to be alone, I could not bear to talk of him or of anything else. As soon as the household at Hastings was broken up, I went straight to Mentone to devote myself to painting from nature, and try to learn from the lovely world which surrounded me there how to make that work henceforth the master of my life. I took our old servant Elizabeth with me: her kind care and the entire rest on the sunny Riviera soon restored the physical strength I had lost in so many months of anxiety and trouble.

The Hôtel du Pavillon at the very western edge of the town was delicious quarters. They gave me a corner room on the top of the house, and sent all my meals upstairs. I knew absolutely no one, could devote myself to work and fear no interruptions. The beautiful pine-covered point behind the house gave me endless studies of sea and land, in which I always found fresh beauties.

After about two months we drove on along the edge of the sea to Spezzia, and by rail to Pisa. The scenery was fine the whole way, but more particularly about Massa and Carrara, and just at that season it was hard to say where on the slopes the snow ended and the white marble began. Pisa too looked lovely, gilded by the setting sun, its fault always seems to be the too great perfection of its group of holy buildings, a little ruin would improve its picturesqueness; but I liked then, as always, to walk through the rainbow rays from the windows inside the Cathedral and to pat the noses of the cold marble beasts which support Giovanni Pisani's pulpit, feeling myself in a sort of enchanted palace, and also to look at the great St. Christopher by the door, and wonder how he ever got in.

We went on board the steamer at Leghorn by 4 P.M., but did not leave till the next morning, and tossed about considerably in the harbour, but the kind old captain allowed Elizabeth to share the ladies' cabin with me, and we were very comfortable. At dinner we had a dish of *brodetto* (all sorts of fish); there were six varieties on my plate, some of them small as whitebait, with prawns and red gurnet, all good. The Captain said he would not have had them if other passengers had been on board, but he ordered them because he liked them so very much. I could not make out if he considered the dish too bad or too good for others. The middle decks were covered with poor soldiers wrapped in thin cloaks lying on the bare boards; how cold they were while we were in such luxury! Just before leaving the harbour some ladies came on board; I heard my friend the Italian Captain civilly fighting

them in the passage and telling them "The ladies' cabin was already occupied by English ladies" (bless him!), so after allowing them to thump polkas on the piano till their fingers ached, he had them stowed away elsewhere, and left us in peaceful possession of comfortable quarters. The cold all the next day was intense, the only thing to be done was to roll ourselves up in blankets and cloaks, and sleep. The Captain used to poke his great black head in at the door every now and then, with some such speech as, "Now mind if you want nothing, speak it the steward, he only there to do it for you and he hear every word what you say, all right? yes! I hope very much." Good old man, no countryman could have been kinder: he also lectured me on the duty of keeping Elizabeth always, she had known me long, and old friends were best: and he was right, for though I used to grumble at her, she too put up with much for my sake and was kinder to me than I deserved, but the perpetual companionship of any one is to me very wearisome, especially when they have no absorbing object and work to do, when talk or perpetual motion are their only amusements. I advise no women travellers with average brains and energy to cumber themselves with a maid in foreign countries, however much she may be considered a treasure at home.

On the 28th of February the sun rose without a cloud, slightly tinting with rose the fresh snow on the mountains above Palermo. Their outlines were most rugged and varied, reminding me much of the coast of the Morea, and the scene became grander and grander as we neared the great city, and saw its long line of buildings stretched out between Monte Grifone and Monte

Pellegrino, whose isolated mass of red calcareous rock is the most conspicuous object in all views of Palermo. The famous plain of gardens, known as the Conca d'Oro (from its abundant oranges), stretches out round the town, 23 miles in circumference, to the slopes of the exquisitely-shaped mountains, of which Monte Caccio is both the most elegant and the highest, being 3470 feet above the sea. The absolute necessity of custom-house officers requiring tenpennyworth of tobacco to smoke, not being a new idea to me, I had no difficulty or delay in getting into a carriage with Elizabeth and the three small trunks, and we drove along the beautiful shore and busy streets of the port, to the famous Hotel Trinacria, gathering a few hasty ideas of Sicilian manners and customs by the way: for instance: that everybody in Palermo had been having a grand wash that morning, and all their clothes were hung in festoons from window to window, on the roofs or out on the balconies; that most people lived on huge purple and green cauliflowers, and that each cauliflower was big enough to feed at least a dozen mouths. These wonderful vegetables were piled up like pyramids, in little yellow carts with marvellous histories painted on them, drawn by brisk little horses covered with gay tinsel trappings and jingling bells, which generally went at full gallop, the men driving them with many screams, and wearing great sheepskin hoods and breeches with the wool outside,—all seemed new at last, and novelty was what I longed for after the Anglo-invalidism of the Riviera.

That famous landlord, Signor Ragusa, had a strong objection to travelling ladies, and always pretended he had no rooms for them, except on the fifth floor, so to

the fifth we went, and gained all the better view, though I should have been just as well content to have had a handle to my door, as well as a fireplace, but I did not complain. Elizabeth and I could always lock one another in when either left the room, and we could get plenty of hot water to fill the mackintosh bag, which if we made believe very much was quite as good as a fire, till, alas! it took to leaking. The view from my window was really magnificent, though for one who had passed so many years at Hastings, it seemed very odd to look straight out to sea, and have the sun rise at one's right hand and set on one's left. I saw a long fringe of white surf, and beyond that the deepest blue, green, and purple headlands, one over the other, the higher mountains looking like real Alps in their winter dress, the one permanently white point of Etna made quite insignificant as it peeped over, in the far distance, a hundred miles off. Close under my window was the "Marina," the Rotten Row of Palermo, even broader than our own favourite resort for idle people, with Judas-trees on either side of the carriage drive and a broad footpath at the edge of the sea wall. The sea itself was dotted with deep brown rocks and fishing boats of the most picturesque shapes. This Marina was constantly crowded, but I never saw a woman or women walking there alone, and very few even when escorted by gentlemen; it was not "the thing" for women to walk in Sicily, and the English were looked upon as rather mad for doing so. A military band used to play there on Sundays and other *festas*, when the scene became very gay and carriages were packed round the drive as close as flies on a Nubian baby, crowds of men thronging round them

on horseback, and on foot, and the carriages full of ladies. In the morning the Marina was usually filled with the *Bersaglieri* practising various gymnastics which would rather astonish and shock the minds of some of our own well-regulated marching machines; their North Italian music too was of the wildest description, and was as strange to these Southern Islanders as it was to us.

Our fifth floor room was a receptacle for sick furniture, and soon became also one for a sick Englishwoman. My first weeks there were full of pain and suffering, not lessened by my faithful attendant's tears and repinings, she wished she "had never comed" (didn't I wish so too), she thought she would "write 'ome and 'ave some one come hout," etc., she declared open war with Ragusa, and told me "perhaps I was not aware of it, but a young English lady died three days before I comed, they was three sisters, and this one was upset by cold like me, and when they comed here she was took worse, and in three days she was dead, and Mr. Ragusa was as ill-natured as he could be about burying her." I survived that cheerful story, and twelve pills given me in eight hours, by a clever young Swiss doctor, and also the grumbles. "Not a chair fit to sit on, so 'ard, they made her hache, they did, she thought we didn't ought to be made to sleep in a hattick without a bit of fire nor nothing," etc. To me personally, old Ragusa was most kind, when I went down after my illness, he made me sit in an arm-chair in his little parlour, petted me, and told me to ask for everything I wanted, offering me a room with a fireplace too, but none had the beautiful view, sunshine, and quiet of my first. He also told

me to go to the Botanical Gardens, and not bother myself with other sights for awhile.

That garden was like the palm-house at Kew, with the glass lifted off, such a tangle of palms and aloes were there of different sorts. There were great masses of queer medusa-headed aloes, with scarlet heads on stalks six feet above the ground, then there was a tank full of papyrus, just enough to make one long more to get to the Cyane. The plants were so rampageously healthy—a perfect grove of bamboo was growing with canes thicker than my arm, india-rubber trees thirty feet high. All seemed well kept, though doubtless, more might have been made of it in such a climate if Dr. Hooker had been in command, with the English nation to pay the bills. But even as it was, it did great credit to the City of Palermo.

What a city that was! even the short street from the hotel to the garden was full of pictures, first the picturesque steps of the Sparsino convent (now destroyed), out of which the Madrid Raphael was taken. Under those steps was a brilliant fruit-shop, and women sitting outside their doors, embroidering on large frames, with hen-coops full of young unfledged chickens by their side, brought out to grow in the hot sunshine; women dressing each other's hair, also in the sunshine, and men in all sorts of ragged sheepskin coats (like those of Hungary), playing cards at little tables, also in the sunshine; little donkeys with Spanish panniers full of the same huge cauliflowers, or oranges, or seaweed. Great tall fountain pillars, covered with pale yellow antirrhinums and maiden-hair fern, were to be seen all round Palermo, with tables under them, loaded with

cactus fruit, and women sitting by to skin them; not gipsies as in Spain, but figures nearly as picturesque (woe betide the fingers of a stranger who tries to skin a prickly pear for himself!).

A pleasure garden adjoined the Botanical, full of sweet roses, heliotrope, carnations, and lilies. The stroll had done me such a world of good, that I disobeyed my landlord, took a carriage and drove through the town; it seemed a mixture of Granada, Florence, Pisa, Cairo, and Rome, all jumbled up together. The Martorana Church was my first study, the Mother Church, built by the famous admiral of King Roger the Norman, about 1100 A.D., yet the mosaics are as beautiful now as they had been at first; they are on a gold ground, and as rich in colour as those in St. Mark's, Venice. Some of the designs are most quaint, the portrait of the founder himself, for instance, is in the form of an egg with gold network over it, and a gray-bearded head stuck on the top—King Roger's portrait is in another part of the church, in the act of being crowned by Christ, whose figure is not without dignity. The pillars of the church have rude gilt Corinthian capitals, and the shafts are single pieces of coloured marble, probably taken from old heathen temples, being all of different sizes. Two of these have Arabic inscriptions, and it was this strange mixture of all ages which enhanced to me the attraction of all the ancient buildings in Palermo. Of course there are plenty of barbaric innovations in this church, more or less modern, but even these are grand and gorgeous in their way; the high altar is a miracle of rich ornamental extravagance in lapis lazuli and marble, so incongruous to the rest that it becomes almost

harmonious from the excessive contrast, as extremes are said to meet. Above it, through breaks in the ceiling, the blue sky peeped in in a manner delicious to an artist's eye, however unorthodox, making even the lapis lazuli look dull. This church was kept locked up as a sort of museum, with a guardian to look after it; but for its darkness and some dozen vulgar glass chandeliers hanging from the ceiling, it would have been a delightful place to paint in; but one could never get those chandeliers out of one's eyes, however much one tried to ignore them.

The same admiral who built this church, built also a famous bridge, which stands high and dry, now that the water has been so much led away for irrigation. This is a very curious edifice, built (with hardly any mortar) of a crumbly limestone full of shells; it was strange how that fragile material had lasted all over Sicily, even in still older structures. The arches of this bridge were sharply pointed (as in other Norman works about the island); here there were seven arches, with other connecting arches under the piers, so as to give more flow to the winter torrents. Some cypress trees and a tall water pillar close by formed a good balance to the scene, and the whole was backed by the purple hills, which at sunset made a gorgeous picture; at that hour too it was a favourite lounge with the middle class citizens. The road to it passed through a wide street of poor houses apparently inhabited principally by goats which all took their suppers about that time, in front of their dwellings; every goat had a separate basket all to itself, filled with orange and lemon skins; some mothers had as many as three kids, also taking their suppers

after their fashion, with a good deal of kicking between whiles.

The Palermitan women are, many of them, very handsome, and wear most gorgeous colours, bright blue dresses, orange shawls, and scarlet hoods, they only want the mantilla to be quite Spanish. I saw a donkey with panniers full of richly-coloured gourds or citrons, a boy with tremendous eyes lolling on the top in a scarlet cap; two men were on one ambling horse with a gun between them, donkeys and mules with high steeple-shaped ornaments fastened to their saddles and heads, covered with red fringes and tassels and bells, all reminding one of Spain.

Farther on this road led to the foot of the mountains, and to the monastery of Sta Maria di Jesù, a little above the plain, from whence one gets the best view of Palermo; who could resist trying to sketch it? The view was absolutely perfect, with Monte Pelegrino just in the right place behind the city and bay, the towers and principal buildings standing out against the rich plain of marmalade. The foreground, too, was most lovely, great umbrella pines and tall cypress, figs, olives, almonds, aloes, and cactus, with masses of loaded orange trees, and the ground covered with asphodel and sweet violets, almost too many good things all at once, as the foreigner said of the plum-pudding. But truly the monks were to be envied with such a view and such a garden; there were also picturesque flocks of sheep and goats, black, white, and brown, with shepherds who played on reed pipes, and had no objection to having their portraits taken.

There are 194 churches in Palermo! I did not

attempt to see any but the very oldest, and soon developed a perfect contempt for any which were built *after* the year 1200 had begun. The gem of gems was the Capella Reale, within the palace; it is entirely perfect and unspoilt by restoration or ruin; though the colours and material reminded me of St. Mark's, the work seemed richer and finer, the arches quite unlike any others out of Sicily that I ever saw, except perhaps the Touloon Mosque of Cairo; they are sharply pointed like the Gothic, with a slight inclination towards the Moorish horse-shoe, and are supported on old marble pillars with rude Greek capitals, in the same way as in the Martorana Church. The warmth of colour here was most delightful; every bit of wall being covered with mosaics on gold ground, the ceiling flat and carved and coloured in the true Arab style. When we first went in, mass was going on at all the four altars; the bishop in a complete suit of silver with a grand suite of attendants was at the central or higher altar, and two other masses were being said on each side of him in the two side apses (for all these old Norman churches seem to be built on the same simple plan of a double square with three curves at one of the small ends). There is also a side altar in the nave of this chapel, where an old gentleman was celebrating another mass all by himself. It was a gorgeous scene, and every bit of it rich and rare; there was no tawdriness about it, no modern pictures or chandeliers or other rubbish, but the whole seemed as if made by one man, or rather genius, with a magic stroke of his wand, having a few good materials from some Greek temple to start with. Some of the mosaics were like delicate miniatures and exceedingly well drawn. I

noticed particularly a group of camels worthy of Carl Haag. They were doubtless taken from some that had been left in Sicily by the Saracens.

The keeper of this exquisite church was a very fat old gentleman in a red waistcoat (very like a robin). He told me I might paint there all the winter if I liked, and never mind the masses, nobody did (and in truth one old woman formed the whole congregation during this one great mass and three small ones). Both cockrobin and his eagle-eyed son urged me to begin at once, and seemed to look forward much to the occupation of watching me, thus acquiring "something to do." But the beauty and complication of all this architecture dazed me far too much to think of attempting to paint it, and I also resisted seeing the Alhambra room in the tower of St. Ninfa above the chapel that day. I hastened instead out into the sunshine on the terrace behind the palace, whence a locked iron gate led to a beautiful garden on the rampart. I was turning away from it when a gentleman came out of the palace and asking me if I would like to go in, took a key out of his pocket and unlocked the gate. He supposed Madame was French? then on being set right on that subject, hoped I would stay as long as I liked, and his son should fetch the key. The son soon followed us; he was delighted to have at last found a means of getting over his morning, and made us look at every tree and flower in the garden, a work that gave me as much pleasure as it did to him. It was an exquisite collection of rare and thriving plants, with fountains, pipes, and running water everywhere. It had also a greenhouse with a coffee-bush full of berries, the glass shutters being all taken off on the

sunny side. The Bougainvillia was flowering gloriously over the outside. Our friend gave us sugar cane to suck in sticks about seven feet long, cutting his finger in getting it, most good-naturedly climbing up and tumbling down the trees while getting us great bunches of oranges, lemons, and citrons. There were large bushes of datura, poinsettia, heliotrope, and salvia, all in full flower, and on a dry terrace were arranged pots in geometrical patterns, with circles of fragrant carnations and squares of huge cacti and aloes of all sorts, and other figures made out of geraniums, fuchsias, etc. There was an arbour covered with a plant which seemed all green leaves outside, but the inside quite lined with long branches of orange berries, about as large as currants; they looked like some artificial French ornament, so waxy and delicate. At last we got away, loaded with flowers and fruit. After many civil speeches at the gate I began to worry myself and to think: Would "my son" have liked a five-penny piece? He was shabby and silly, but the son of such a grand man! I hope I did not do wrong in taking him for a gentleman!

Things were very cheap in Palermo (except the hotel), and fivepence went a long way; it would pay carriage-hire to any part of the city, within the gates, and as the Toledo is a mile long, the cab-horses can hardly grow fat. This is a beautiful street, perfectly straight, with no shop windows, only splendid palaces with huge gates and open marble porticoes (like those of Spain and Genoa), endless churches, and a crowd which is always moving, like that in the Strand, though somewhat less quickly. The carriages always go through the Toledo if they possibly can, avoiding the other

streets, which were much more entertaining to me, being more irregular and picturesque; odd things too were always to be found in them. For instance, a shop full of masks and hobby horses, the only occupant a child of three years old, seated on the floor arranging bits of orange peel in wise patterns beside him, and evidently thinking hobby horses and masks were only fit for grown-up people to play with! he would not even look at them.

It rained a good deal, and then the skies were for ever changing their stormy clouds; while marvellous colours went and came in the sea. The river carried its yellow mud far out into it, and the mountain sides were covered with white thread-like streams. Then every day the sunrise and sunset gave me fresh surprises and wonders, I never saw two alike. After a storm the sunrise would be particularly curious, numberless little clots of gold seemed sprinkled over the sky in the direction of Etna before the actual sun appeared, and the whole bay was dotted over with fishing boats and their twin reflections in the calm shallow water, in which again men were paddling about, seeking different kinds of sea urchin and shell-fish, the boats and rocks making a link between land and water. Men were busy too on such mornings, carrying away the green seaweed for manure in those wonderful yellow carts, on whose panels elaborate histories are painted by hand. A certain number of artists are licensed for this work by the authorities, every cart is different and all are numbered; when one is bought it is entered in a police book with its owner's name and the subject of its particular illustrations, so that if he should do anything the

police do not like, he might be found by describing the vehicle he was attached to. A book might easily be written upon those carts, and their strange treatment by the painters; the subjects are often taken from the lives of the saints and the New Testament, but just as often from Greek legends, Saracen wars, and every other story that can enter into the head of a Sicilian peasant, among which Columbus, and Acis and Galatea are particularly popular, and are often repeated with variations.

One morning I asked to be driven to see the Cubola, and was told I meant the Cuba, an old Moorish-tower now used as a barrack, and decidedly not what I wanted; probably a foreigner asking in a London hotel for the London Stone would be told he meant the Tower of London! But I was obstinate, and found what I wanted, driving to it through the long straight Toledo, past the old cathedral, through the Moorish-looking Porta Nuova with its hanging *loggia;* and then straight on for a mile and a half (so straight that on looking back one could see the deep blue sea through the two gates at either end of the Toledo) past the old Cuba, and to the gate of Cavalière Napoli, at present somewhat out of repair. Here the cabman picked up a big stone, beat it against the door till he was tired out, and had a great deal of conversation with all the neighbours round (who in that locality apparently thought that houses were intended to sit outside of). So we gave it up, drove down a narrow lane to another door, and after more thumping, a woman came and took us past the half ruined villa, with its noble outside staircase, and through groves of fruit trees till we came to the

precious little pavilion called the Cubola, a gem of Moorish work, half buried in orange and lemon trees and Japanese medlars, and standing on a thick carpet of giant oxalis and violets, the oxalis being covered with primrose-coloured flowers; these, and the violets and buttercups, were all mounted on extra long stalks, some of them nearly a foot high. The many-coloured ranunculus flowers were big as pats of butter. It was a delicious place to work in, and the natives gave me great bunches of fruit of the small Tangierine orange, which scented our room for a week. They were cutting the oxalis for the donkeys and horses to eat; it fortunately takes a very large quantity to make the poisonous oxalic acid from this plant.

We had days of storm and scirocco wind, so hot that one longed for air, but so windy that it was dangerous to open the windows; many were broken, the whole house shook; it was terrific but grand to watch from my high perch the sea sometimes becoming almost invisible from the drift of surf which blew over it; I never anywhere saw such troops of white horses! They said it was unsafe to walk through the streets from the amount of broken glass which fell on all sides. It must be very bad weather indeed to send the women of Palermo inside their houses, for they seem to pass their lives sitting outside their doors, or just within their *entresol* windows, which are so low down that one sees them handing things to those on the pavement without the trouble of going up and down stairs. They generally contrive to put on all the three primary colours at once, and what is more, to look well in them, and every woman has at least one cat, also sitting on her doorstep or on the roofs.

I went one stormy day to see the old Moorish Palace of the Zisa, a grand old pile of yellow sandstone, with a magnificent umbrella pine beside it, nearly as high as itself. It had a most beautiful entrance hall with a fern-hung marble fountain, and conduits of running water like those of the Alhambra; it was dreadfully knocked about, and vile frescoes had been painted on its walls, but there were also some portions left of quaint old Norman mosaics with peacocks on a gold ground; this palace is still inhabited by a noble Sicilian family. The view from its top is grand. The first time I saw it was in the early morning, the sky was all in shades of gray with a gold glory in the middle, long rays coming from it, all as soft as the mottled gray lines on a guinea-fowl's back. Etna had not been seen for some days, all the snow was long since melted except on its very top, the sea was in deep gray shade, all but a golden horizon line, and all the rays were reflected on its calm surface. The old palace, the cathedral domes and minaret-like towers stood out, almost black under their cloud-shadows. It was a scene to remember for ever. The garden of the Duke of Serradifalco (near the Zisa), which is always open to the public, is full of magnificent flowers and trees; the old gardener followed us in, begging us to pick any flowers we liked; a tempting invitation where myriads of sweet violets covered the ground under the trees like weeds.

One of the oddest things in Palermo was to watch the ringing of the great cathedral bells: a man seized hold of a cord of about a yard long tied to the clapper, and swung himself violently into the air, as if he were contemplating suicide by throwing himself over the

parapet; it was a most frightening and fiendish process to watch, and when all the bells were clanging at once, the collection of apparent maniacs going through these contortions was a curious sight. The children were a sharp race, with beautiful dark faces, reminding one of Murillo. One day when I had finished a sketch in the market-place, a boy standing near called me to show the same subject done by himself with chalk on the pavement, and ask if it were not as good as mine? It was really very clever, and the boy's earnest, witty expression was most delightful. I never, while sketching in the streets, found myself molested when I was alone: with an idle person near who wanted to talk it was different, for one idle person attracted others, and soon all peace was gone.

The water-works of Palermo are a grand monument to the cleverness of the Moorish conquerors. One heard and saw running water everywhere, either the water itself or the fringe of maiden-hair which marked its course; up to the tops of the highest houses one could trace this green track everywhere in perpendicular lines, and where there were no other buildings, the water ran up and down the water-pillars, just to keep itself in practice. It is very pure, one of the chief springs rises near the old Moorish palace of La Favara, or Mare Dolce, which once stood in the middle of a lake, filled from these springs. This building is said to have rivalled the Alhambra for richness and luxury. Now it is a mere shell, and the water bubbling out of the limestone rock in great abundance is turned to more useful purposes. In the caves near by fossils and bones of great antiquity are said to be found.

One day we drove through the gardens of La Favorita under the precipices of Monte Pellegrino; the long straight drives of the royal villa were edged with thick hedges of laurustinus (with flowers much whiter and fatter than our home sort) and china roses, while pepper- and cypress-trees shaded the road. We went through the crazy Chinese villa itself, which had a ball-room underground; there were plenty of marble tables but only two beds in the house. There were also terraces all round the roofs, from whence we could see three separate gulfs and all the rich plain to the mountains; while waiting at the villa my driver had picked a perfect faggot of branches of orange flowers. Then he drove us on to the Gulf of Mondello, along a quiet sandy shore fringed with broom, rosemary, oleander, asphodel, and many prickly shrubs, also wild lilac. We returned through meadows gay with lupins, peas, poppies, tiny scarlet adonis, and white and gold linaria, crocuses, and many less showy flowers, till we came to the so-called English Garden, a long street, with its houses half buried in gardens, the fashionable drive at this time of Carnival. It would have been quite discreditable to any one able to pay cab hire not to be seen here. I did not know this and was rather startled by coming unexpectedly into the midst of four strings of carriages and receiving a great bouquet without warning on the end of my nose, before I had time to understand where I was. The bouquet had been intended for a gorgeous lady in green satin in the next carriage, who did not look over pleased at seeing it rebound from my nose to the head of a dirty little street boy who was on the look-out for such treasures.

The ladies were all in the most extra outrageous Paris fashions, one in crimson velvet, then a whole carriage-load of gray satin dresses with pink hats to correspond, another with a silver fox-tail stuck upright on her head: there were only two carriages with four horses, of which one had two postillions and two outriders, all mere children in blue and silver with white wigs like little bits of Dresden china—on the whole this Carnival was a solemn affair.

Another day we drove to Bocca di Falco, a village at the entrance of a narrow valley, where the wild rocks on either side were hung with cactus, saxifrage, and antirrhinums, and the houses crammed together on the scanty scrap of level ground between them; every first floor had its balcony, even in the poorest houses, many of them much ornamented, and supporting pots of geraniums, carnations, mesembryanthemum, and other hanging flowers. Cactus leaves edged with a dozen or more fruits of orange or red were also hung up in these balconies to ripen in the sun. The women were all washing in the rushing stream. Carts of white limestone were blocking up the narrow and ill-paved street, one donkey had to walk in at a baker's front door to make way for us, while a guide was hunted up by the coachman. No one cared to go with us; after hard bargaining, a man only accepted the proposed conditions upon seeing us start up the road alone, when he followed us, and became at once most kind and intelligent, rushing up and down the rocks as eagerly after the flowers as I did. There were great bunches of dwarf iris of different kinds, one tuft with twenty heads on it: there were gray asphodels, euphorbias with flowers like lumps of gold, and the

little lilac anemone growing in quantities; other sorts were there but not then in flower, also white and lilac stocks, acanthus, violets, and cyclamens, these last with beautifully cut leaves.

We wandered on through a valley of almonds in bloom, vines, and corn, till we reached the great old forsaken convent of San Martino, and entered the court, which was full of armed men who shut the gate behind us. I confess to a sudden suspicion of possible brigands, we came on them so suddenly, and the men themselves looked so wild, but our guide told us they were only peasants who assembled there for rifle practice, so I wandered round the dreary old church, looked at the organ, and pretended I was not in the least hurried or nervous. On going out again some of the men looked at our flowers, and laughed at us for liking such common things. One of the party went with us to the top of the ridge, gave me some more flowers, and saw us safely off the premises. We heard afterwards that San Martino really was the meeting-place of brigands, and that we had been in their very midst. The view from that stony ridge was fine, with the sea and Palermo beside it on its rich green carpet five miles off, the famous Cathedral of Monreale and its attendant convents and town, at our feet. Behind us the narrow mountain valley and rugged hill tops encircling San Martino, half hidden by stone pines.

But I did not linger long, for our friend from the convent was watching us, and we soon reached Monreale, a most glorious church, so complete and gorgeous, yet its form so simple that on entering it reminded me of Santa Sophia, though the details were as elaborate

as the Capella Reale which we had lately seen. For the first time I found out what King Ludwig had in his head when he built those gaudy erections at Munich. But at Monreale nothing is gaudy, or new, or small, the great harmony of the whole being its chief merit, and yet the details are endless. The nave is very wide, with great gray marble pillars, and splendid marble capitals all different, the arches on either side being formed like those of the royal chapel magnified. All the walls are covered with histories in mosaic work on a gold ground. Over the high altar is a huge representation of Christ with a book in His hand in the act of benediction. There is no rubbish, except perhaps in two side chapels which were so precious that they were locked up out of sight, and in comparison to the grand old church they looked like toy-shops. The whole cathedral is much lighter than the other churches of Sicily. The cloisters are a perfect museum of ornamentation, every capital and pediment of the 200 white marble columns being of a different pattern, some of the pillars having mosaics let into them like Edward the Confessor's shrine at Westminster.

The road to the capital was truly a Strada Reale (though a little mending would have been better for the bones of his Majesty's carriage company). The edge of the road was ornamented by marble balustrades, vases, fountains, and guard-houses full of active little *Bersaglieri* (for our friends from San Martino occasionally come even nearer to Palermo; some say that more of them are to be found round the capital than anywhere else—and are there not more thieves in London than in all the rest of England put together?). Farther on, the road is bordered by palaces, more or

less in ruins, with rich marble *loggias*, chiefly used for drying clothes in; one sees cocks and hens, pigs and goats, walking in front of these grand houses, as if they were their sole possessors. On the upper part of the road I picked a tiny bouquet of blue and scarlet pimpernel, wild geraniums, forget-me-nots, and other miniature flowers, including daisies, which were all ridiculously small about there. These last grew in patches so thick and white, that they looked like handkerchiefs laid out to bleach on the grass, some thousands in a square yard, no single flower being bigger than a threepenny piece.

On the 11th of March the day was so glorious, that I ordered my cabman to take us to Solunto, driving at first close to the edge of the sea, past reefs of flat rocks through whose holes each wave sent up jets and fountains, like those at Beyroot. The rocks were covered with boys hunting for sea-urchins, a favourite food of theirs; men were paddling about with bare legs in the water, with a basket slung on each side, fishing up cuttle-fish or polypi. Such picturesque figures! with their clothes knotted up over their shoulders — all perfectly reflected in the water underneath. The sharp edges of Pelegrino looked exquisite against the bright sky, also reflected in the blue bay. In the immediate foreground were boats with men leaning over to spear the fish as they darted beneath them. We passed through villages and orchards and by the villas of Bagarīa to the foot of the hill of Solunto, where our cabby put us under the care of an experienced guide who had "Charge Onnus," as Mr. Lear would write it,—such a dear child! who led us with great gravity, his thumb in his mouth,

through cactus hedges and almond gardens to the old Phœnician city which covered the steep hill-side, looking over the bay of Termini, even to the point of Cefalù. Workmen were making excavations under the direction of Cavaliere Cavallari, and had quite lately discovered three perfect rooms, decorated in the Pompeian manner with painted wreaths of flowers, fruits, and masks. The colouring of those frescoes was still wonderfully bright and new-looking; portions of small temples, mosaic pavement, and paved roads, beautiful Corinthian and Doric capitals, mutilated marble statues, and vases lay scattered about, amidst the cactus gardens, gray rocks, and asphodels. A shepherd was playing on a reed pipe to his goats close by.

I settled to sketch in one of the few shady spots on this sunny mountain side; near me lay a young man asleep on his face. When he woke up he told me not to disturb myself, sat down for a gossip, and showed himself full of ideas about the use and intention of every curious stone; he afterwards mounted his donkey and rode away, followed by two pointer dogs and a big sheep. I thought he was perhaps the young squire of Solunto. One of the pointers must have been of English extraction, for he seemed to claim me as a countrywoman, resting his great head on my knee, giving my elbow jogs now and then (to the great improvement of my work) and turning up his watery old eyes towards mine, as pointers do, without altering the position of his head. I found the mandragora at Solunto, a plant with four or five blue crocus-shaped flowers springing from the centre of foxglove-like leaves, all growing flat to the ground with a carrot

root, which they say is formed like a human body. This flower was believed always to grow round places of execution, it was supposed also to mark the spot where some one had been murdered. We saw the wild asparagus, too, in quantities, and the people were all hard at work cutting down the old cactuses and planting fresh leaves in the ground. They were trimming up the aloes, cutting off all their leaves, and leaving only the great seed stalks sticking up like rows of church steeples.

On our return we met the country people coming from market, a donkey and a horse harnessed together in one cart, and the drivers all asleep on the top of their strange loads, sometimes a man and woman were on one mule, sometimes a dozen people in one cart, then fishermen running with a load of polypi on their heads. These last were fit models for a sculptor; they ran nine miles and back every day, into Palermo, to sell the miserable load off their heads, barefooted and but very slightly clothed. It would be difficult to find finer figures anywhere; they were nice intelligent civil fellows to talk to, in spite of their hard life. The people on that road had a very cheap and easy way of starting a shop; they merely hung up a chair against the house wall by its back, hung all their wares to its bars and legs, putting other things on the seat, and it made admirable "fixings." Everywhere people were sitting in groups on the road, knitting, spinning, gossiping, arranging each other's hair; pigs, dogs, cats, goats, chickens, and children were keeping them company.

On the 8th of March my doctor wrote me "Please don't go to Girgenti, an Englishwoman travelling like

yourself with a maid, has just been shot there." I went down to Ragusa, who got into a terrible rage all over, and said, "That woman, he knew all about her! He would like to write to the *Times*, but didn't wish to have his name mixed up with the thing. Why! she wore little curls all stuck round her face like a Frenchwoman." That last argument was a settler! So I soon believed from what he said that I should be quite safe in going to Girgenti, he gave me so many reasons for my countrywoman's misfortune there, that I could not but think, if the case had been tried before him, his verdict would have been like the Irishman's, "Sarved her right!" but he was quite clear that I need fear nothing, I should be as safe at Girgenti as in Palermo. I felt a conscious security in wearing no curls, nevertheless the doctor continued to croak, and Elizabeth implored me with tears in her eyes, whatever I did, not to believe a word old Ragusa said, so I took my big letter to the Consul and found he was dead, Mr. Dennis not yet come, the substitute dead also! My landlord caught me returning "Where you been with that letter? Why you not believe me? I tell you not fear anything, you not like that woman, I know you; you go tell the Consul at Girgenti you want to paint, he tell the soldiers and they look after you," and he went off abusing "that woman," and saying they were no brigands who shot her. He also suggested I might ask my banker if he were not right. Good old Mr. Morrison entirely agreed with him, and kindly wrote a letter to his correspondent, Signor Pancarmo, to arrange that I should spend a fortnight among the remains of old Agrigentum. He described me in his letter as quiet

and genteel, belonging to the family of one of the greatest bankers of London! entreating his friend to find me a decent inn and guardian whilst I stayed.

I wanted to go to Segeste, but Ragusa did not advise my going to such a lonely place alone. So I submitted. Before I left, the tall Italian waiter, who used to bring my food upstairs, knocked one day at my door, and told me to go on the roof, to see the grand review below in the Marina, he always pitied me for being so dull, all alone, and thought this little diversion would be good for me. I found a crowd of smart people on the balcony, Madame Ragusa made way for me next herself in front, showed me General de Medici, and all the great people below; thick masses of soldiery extending as far as one could see along the Marina; but the great excitement of the day was to see the *Bersaglieri*, with their cocks-feathers, coming past at their peculiar running pace: the other band stopped playing, and their wild shrill pipes sounded their own peculiar little jigs. Every one laughed; for the Piedmontese were as much foreigners among the Sicilians as we were. After the review the Marina became crowded with carriages, for the first time since we came. The winter season was over, the English Garden now deserted, such were the laws of fashion in Palermo.

We went to buy boots one day, and found very good leather ones at seven francs a pair; two men and two girls were sitting stitching soles at two low tables in the open shop front, the master sat at a desk smoking and doing his accounts, while his wife fitted on the boots. A man came by, with a large jug of hot gravy, and a lump of cooked meat, and was

stopped to cut slices for the men, which he put down on their tables, in an artichoke leaf, and filled a saucer they had with them with the gravy; they pulled some bread out of their pockets, which they dipped in the gravy, and thus ate their dinner, assisted by two cats. There was a street near, full of boxes of all sizes; many large ones, painted green, were, I imagined, like those in Syria, intended for holding the bride's trousseau; so many Eastern customs are still left in Sicily.

One day (finding ourselves too early for the Museum) I told our cabby to make a *giro*, and we went on and on, till we found ourselves under the cliffs of Pelegrino. As the day was fine, I resolved to walk up the curious zigzag road, it was a real carriage road, though none but an idiot would think of driving a horse up its steep pavements. The mountain, which looked so bare from below, had plenty of green between its rocks and stones; numbers of horses, mares, donkeys, and their young families were kept up there, and were scrambling all over its top; there was a constant traffic of shepherds and sportsmen besides (for many kinds of wild birds built in its crannies). The small convent and shrine of Sta Rosalia, a most picturesque building, was crammed into a crack in the limestone, which is painted in patches of bright colours, the chapel itself being placed inside the cave where the Saint lived and died: stalactites ornament the roof, which is greatly disfigured by leaden pipes and gutters placed there to prevent the heads of believers from being dripped upon. Under one of the altars is a really beautiful marble figure of Rosalie, lying on her back, as she was

found, but now dressed up in gold and silver. It could only be seen by crouching down on one's knees, and holding a bit of candle in one's hand. On the top of the mountain the air was most enjoyable; the walk down from it was really hot.

Another day we went to the convent of Baida, which was then turned into a hospital for old men: a most dirty remnant of a monk showed us about, deploring the new state of things, "there were only three brothers left, one of them bedridden, and we women might come in as much as we liked." We made great friends in spite of his gloomy depression; he showed me all his treasures, including the thing he valued most himself, a horrid old bird's-eye view of Rome. He pointed out all the fountains and statues, and seemed never tired of talking about it; he had also some mummy saints in glass boxes, and he climbed up into the trees and gave me a great branch of large red oranges, three or four on each bunch. How good those oranges of Palermo were! We had strawberries too before we left, small like Alpine ones, over which we squeezed orange juice; a delicious combination.

On the 18th of March we steamed out of the beautiful harbour, and saw it for the last time, catching just one peep more of the town over the Gulf of Mondello. There seemed a great family likeness between the different mountain capes of that coast, and their angles are unusually acute and decided. We kept very near the shore all the way and got to Trapani harbour before dark, and to Mazzara at daybreak, having passed Marsala in the night. At Sciacca the vessel also stopped, but not long enough for one to land. It was tantalising skimming round an interesting coast in

this way, but the land journey was not considered safe at that time. Heraclea only exists as a name, and is represented by some mounds of broken pottery, but our vessel gave a sort of jump as it passed over the sand-bank brought down by the river Helicus, the ancient boundary between Greeks and Carthaginians in Sicily.

At dinner the captain asked me what I was going to do at Girgenti, and if any one expected me there, for it was an awkward place to get to, particularly in such weather, being four or five miles inland, on the top of a high hill, so I pulled out my precious letter for him to read. He said he would see I got safely on shore, and on to my destination, and when we arrived at the port, he introduced me to a tall man, with a beard, the agent of the Florio Company. This gentleman took me and my encumbrances on shore in his own boat, and would let me pay nothing, but found porters, and saw me through the custom-house, depositing me in his office while he went and found Signor Pancarmo's agent, in whose care he left me. That gentleman was even more kind, and insisted upon going himself up in the fly with us to Girgenti, which stands 1240 feet above the sea; the straight road by which we mounted was probably made before the age of zigzags, it is cruelly steep to call itself "*carrozzabile*," and was then a perfect torrent of mud after the recent rains (which were still pouring down with fury). The road seemed all one equal pull, and when at last we reached the city, the street was broken up into the semblance of a stonemason's yard, with deep pools between the blocks of stone. So we all turned out, and had to take porters over them, and to forsake the carriage; how it

ever turned I cannot imagine. As for us, we mounted up the bed of a small stream and through a low door (without any sign or name over it), then up a dark narrow staircase for three stories, till we finally came to a long passage with doors on either side: here we found at last a large airy room, with tiled floor and three beds, and two large windows.

My good friend from the port arranged everything he could think of for our comfort, and when I attempted to thank him, said, "It was always such a pleasure to help a foreigner, and it had been quite a pleasant excursion for him;" then after awhile he walked away down the hill again in the rain. After he was gone came Signor Pancarmo himself, not the old man I expected, but quite young and a most finished fine gentleman. He offered to do everything under the sun for me, understandable and not understandable (for I had not the gift of tongues), but one thing he was positive about, that if I had a proper man to look after me, I was safe to sketch as much as I liked in Girgenti; and he put himself, his carriage, and horses all at my disposition, in true Spanish style, and said he would call the next morning and drive me down himself to see the ruins; and arrange for my work afterwards.

When he was gone we tried two of our three beds and found them decidedly good to sleep on, and the next morning were awakened by scuffling in the passage, and rude thumps at the door: we opened it cautiously, and behold! a huge white goat, with long horns and hanging ears, rushed in and on to the balcony, which I believe was his usual "morning room," for he repeated his visit every morning; it was particularly sunny, and he had such a view there!

Hanging over the untidy street, one could see across the low houses opposite to the undulating country about, and beyond were old Agrigentum and the blue sea, while part of the steep city of Girgenti rose on the left hand with the rock of Rupe Atenea above it. Out of the other window was another street view with the river Drago winding amongst a waving sea of green corn and cactuses, dotted with carob and olive trees; all vegetation there was much more forward than it had been at Palermo. They fed us well from a *trattoria* downstairs, and gave us fennel roots trimmed like celery for dessert. Elizabeth had "a 'eadache," and would not go out, and for some time past had made up her mind that we "would" be shot at Girgenti, so it was best for her to stay quiet, thinking, apparently, like the hero of Mrs. Sartoris' clever sketch, "Ursula, there is danger, I will leave thee!"

We really were very well off in the hotel, the quiet back entrance was a great luxury for shy people, for all the gossiping shops were just on the other side of the street in front of the house. There were generally about a dozen "swells" at the tailor's opposite, helping one another to do nothing; that occupation lasted the greater part of the day. I understood Signor Pancarmo's civilities so badly that I was not quite sure that he did not offer me some of them to ride round and round with me every day, taking turns at the work himself. He was a sort of Marquis of Carabas in the place. He not only talked, but did me much practical kindness during my stay there. He drove me down to the temples the first day in a phaeton which would have looked well in Hyde Park, drawn by a pair of noble English horses, with

long red tassels at their ears and next to no harness on their backs; the groom, who sat behind, was as much like an English groom as it was possible for tailors to make him, and folded his arms in the true manner of the race as we trotted down a very steep, but not bad, road to the long line of temples below.

The Concordia is as perfect as the Theseum at Athens, minus the roof. Juno Lacinia beyond is an exquisite collection of standing columns, with but little of the cornice left; much less perfect but more picturesque, it is a trifle larger than the other, but built on the same plan, having six columns in the portico, whereas the Athenian temples have either eight or four. All the temples of Agrigentum are built of a yellow crumbling conglomerate stone, full of shells, so hollowed and carved by Time that they might be well imitated by rough cork bark; they had once been plastered over, but little of this is left. The pillars are generally simple Doric, with flutings like the Parthenon; their chief attraction to me consisted in their situation, hanging as they do over a steep cliff of the same grotesquely hollowed rock on the one side and having the richest vegetation on the other.

That first day we followed the edge of the cliff, past masses of old wall with hollows for tombs in it and in the rocks beneath, then through the formless masses of mighty stones which are all that earthquakes have left of the huge Temple of Hercules, with its large segments of pillars and capitals sunk deep in the ground; it was almost as great a puzzle to know how it tumbled down as how it had been erected. Then we went over what had been the Porta Aurea to another heap of stupendous stones called the Temple of Jupiter

Olympus. Many of the columns here were only rounded on one side, so that the square side faced the interior of the building. In that temple also once stood eleven giant figures—the thirteen stones which formed one of them had been laid out on the ground and covered about twenty-six feet in length. It made a fine subject for a picture, half buried as it was in flowering asphodel, with the city of Girgenti seen on the hill beyond; that temple seems to have been unusual in its design, and the position of those great figures is still much disputed by architects. We visited next the pretty Temple of Castor and Pollux; whose four beautiful columns with a very rich bit of entablature and one fragment of its pediment stand among slender almond and pomegranate trees, and are gems of beauty and grace. The background here is filled up with the richly-wooded and cultivated country beyond the Piscina, bounded by the Hill of the Brazen Bull, with the two columns of the Temple of Vulcan in the middle distance.

The country was then most enchanting (20th March), every bush had its freshest green, even the slow old figs with their invisible flowers were all at their best. The chief guide of the place met us when we first left the carriage, and Signor Pancarmo engaged him to attend on me. Every fine day, as long as I stayed, he was to be at my door at sunrise and accompany me wherever I liked to go until sunset. My protector then drove me to the consul's and told him I spoke Italian to perfection (after having been a victim to it all the morning!). He requested the consul to let the mayor know that I was to sketch at the ruins a fortnight, and undertook himself to tell the captain of cavalry to

send down some dragoons to look after me: there was no necessity for all this, he said, but the late accident had annoyed the inhabitants much, and he wished the world to know that all Englishwomen were not shot at Girgenti! After which I went home to rest, and spent the rest of the day in painting a bunch of unripe almonds, soft, velvety things, which the natives delight in eating, shells and all, in their soft state, when the nut is little more than a white, slightly acid milk.

The next day I indeed felt greatness thrust upon me, for I walked to the ruins with a suite of: one guide (in a chimney-pot hat), four men, one horse, four guns, and three dogs. They made a jolly party, and seemed to think they were out for a lark, and when I gave the old guide the remains of my luncheon, he divided it with all the rest, so I took care in future to take a good supply; my only danger was from a habit my guardians had of wasting Victor Emmanuel's powder on every small bird which had the ill luck to come near us. The temples were worth some trouble to paint, their beauty seemed to grow greater the longer I knew them and their surroundings. The strange old (but comparatively modern) city of the middle ages, perched up on the top of a mountain above them (the original Acropolis of the Greek city), was full of life, and had a great trade in sulphur, and many English and French were employed at the mines near, but they still had to send down to the old Greek springs for water to drink.

It took me a good hour to get to my work every day, and I was too tired at night to accept Signor Pancarmo's kind offer of taking me to the opera; but they had one, where they used to perform Hamlet,

Othello, and all kinds of outlandish pieces. The people were all most friendly, Elizabeth got quite happy and safe, walked down every day and enjoyed her picnic in the fields; it was fun to her, but as usual none to me, for I could not do good work in the midst of such a crowd of idle people. I could never forget the quantity of subjects I wanted to try, nor that all these people expected superhuman wonders which would never come from my poor feeble fingers. But still it was most enjoyable. I found abundance of small bee orchises of different sorts, and the most lovely miniature blue iris, which shut up after noonday, and did not open very early either; they called them ten o'clock flowers there, and their scent was like vanilla. One hanging rock on our way was covered with caper plants, mesembryanthemum, antirrhinum, and cistus of different colours.

One morning it was dull, and I gave up all thoughts of going down-hill, then it cleared, and the old guide came back, and took me a long walk by the ancient theatre and amphitheatre (mere mounds of earth). From hence we got views of all the seven temples, and of the Valley of the Piscina, a great chasm with red cliffs fringed with cactus, and gardens of wondrous green within; this was formerly filled with water, full of fish and bathers, it is now a perfect paradise of luxuriance: the wild fennel with its yellow flower stalk (often six feet high) rivals the agave in picturesqueness, and is used instead of birch as a rod for the correction of Sicilian school-boys. The acanthus, also, was a magnificent weed there, the blue minor convolvulus, and creeping rose-coloured ipomæa, with iris, red antirrhinum, valerian, and giant mignonette,

flourished all over the rough ground. Rough gangs of people were hoeing the oats (which grew nearly a yard high in many places) though the grain had not begun to show. The ugly railway was eating its way most ruthlessly through tombs, aqueducts, and other old Greek remains. We rested awhile by the two pillars of the Temple of Vulcan, one of which is built into the wall of a farm house. I once took shelter from rain at that spot, sketching the other pillar in its bed of cactus and acanthus, with a fine old caruba near it, the Temple of Castor and Pollux near the ravine, and the sea line over all in the far distance.

Two of my dragoons arrived, who said they had been hunting us all the morning, then four more came and it cleared, so we went on to finish some work at the Juno temple. A party rode past us there, and the guide told me one of them was an Englishman, a very great grandee, a count who lived always there for the sake of sulphur—rather an odd description, I thought.

Another wet day we went up to the topmost point of Girgenti, and looked at the sulphur mountains behind, and the cloud which covered Etna; then went into the cathedral which has a strange old Norman tower, its windows filled with odds and ends of carvings from old heathen temples; inside all is whitewashed and disfigured, but it contains one magnificent old Greek sarcophagus, covered with noble sculpture work, generally supposed to be the story of Phædra and Hippolytus. This beautiful specimen of Greek art has a gaudy modern cover and case, the inside is filled with plaster, and in the middle is sunk and hidden a bronze vase the size of a child's bath, now used for christenings, but

which stood formerly on the back of a ridiculous marble elephant, still standing close by, with only the iron pin sticking up from its back on which the *tazza* used to rest: it might have been a gigantic castle for the *Gigante* of the Jupiter Temple to play chess with. This curious animal and its vase were also found in a Greek tomb of Agrigentum. We went up a low steep stair, without turnings, hollowed in the thick wall of the Norman tower, to the library, and were shown the great curiosity of the place, an autograph letter written by the devil himself, which "must be his writing because no one could read it!" We saw also a most beautiful Greek vase covered with figures, which was kept in a cupboard, standing on the backs of some uneven books, with others piled up round it; it was pulled down by one ear to be shown, poor vase! No wonder the Marquis of Carabas wished to have a good museum in Girgenti; the books looked equally uncared for, dust being their principal binding. Then we went on to the Temple of Jupiter Polieus, which had apparently swallowed a small church: the basements of the Doric fluted columns, and the three steps on which they stood, might be felt (not seen) in a dark vault. A dozen natives enjoyed helping us to feel it, one lighting a cigarette to show us the way: but after that I was caught by my dragoons, who said the day was clearing, it was a pity not to go down to the temples, and might they fetch "the *roba-ro?*" as they called it, for Sicilians like lengthening all their words.

I had a good day's work, with only my particular policeman (whose name was Cicero, and who generally carried his little boy of four years old upon his shoulder) and the other volunteer boys, as companions, these last

considered it their duty to steal unripe almonds and beans from the orchards for us, and always had a jug of fresh water handy; we were a merry party. The policeman and dragoon shot small birds for my supper (which they always had returned to them to eat themselves), both men also carried classically-shaped vases filled with good red wine, for the use of the Signorina (which she used in the same way to their entire satisfaction). After sketching myself half dead, we crossed the plain to see all that was left of the Temple of Æsculapius. If I had followed the advice of Mr. Dennis, in Murray's handbook, I should perhaps have done wisely and saved myself trouble, but every step showed me some new flower, fossil shell, or other curiosity, and I could grudge no fatigue, as useless, in such a place. I had to go on with my train behind me, for if I sat down or looked tired, I found my dragoon's jar of wine held to my lips, before I had time to say "no thank you." I dropped an artist's pin in the road, as I walked one day; the next moment saw his great palm in front of me, with the tiny thing in the middle of it.

When I paid my bill for food at the inn they did not receipt it, and said why should they, if I kept it and they had no other? but they scribbled *pagato* all over it as a joke to please me. The landlord had a beautiful voice and played the accordion as accompaniment, on *fête* days many visitors used to come and listen to him, and sit with his nice wife; why did they live in such a pig-stye? I could not understand it, for they kept our room clean enough. The Sicilian clocks have an odd method of striking from one till six four times a day, beginning their one at our two and at eight; but

if they talked of time, they used the Neapolitan hours, talking of seventeen o'clock for instance: the clocks are figured like ours, but the hands always go an hour later, but as our guide said "they are only intended for common people," he himself had a regular English watch and kept ordinary time. He was always talking about the old Greeks, and had no other ideas in his head. It was amusing to hear him rigmaroling to the guards, who would go off to frighten some birds, then return and wake up the old gentleman to tell them some more stories about his Greeks. He had told these stories so often that he almost believed he had dined with Gellius and kept his corn in those huge jar-shaped caves in the cliffs. There was a fine fragment of a temple in the garden of a building half farm-house half wine-shop, with a highly-ornamented cornice, all amongst orange trees and myrtles, with great umbrella pines over it, the quaint old Saracen walls and towers of Girgenti behind all.

One day, whilst painting in the fields, the king of all the native gossips came and said *magnifico* a great many times, then told me I must go and see Cavaliere Politi, one of the most remarkable men of the age, and that Dumas was writing his life: this gentleman was the local antiquarian of Agrigentum. I readily promised to go, and sent a message to say I was coming. Meanwhile, my guards had made a fire, and were very busy collecting and roasting small snails which abound on the olive trunks and roots, and feed on the young shoots; they were really very good, tasting like hot olives. They were served up hot to me, on bread and butter, with a large fig leaf for a dish, the guide's tall chimney-pot hat for a table; this same unfortunate

old head-cover having served as a screen to keep the wind off the fire, during the process of cooking. Another day we had another specimen of cooking from the same hands. They collected and chopped up herbs and other good things, then scooped out the middles of some artichokes, filling them up again cleverly with the mixture, and after boiling, peppering, and salting, presented them to us by their long stalks with a leaf wrapped round to save burning our fingers; they were even better than the snails. While I was eating these delicacies, I felt a touch on my elbow, and there was a little one-eyed boy, who did the housemaid's work at the hotel, dressed like a young gentleman, with a cigar in his mouth; it was a *festa*, and he had spent his few hours of holiday time in running down to see how I was getting on. He was a dear boy, and a good proof, if one were wanted, that beauty comes more from expression than features, for nature had treated him very unkindly in her modelling, yet he had one of the pleasantest faces I ever saw. I had quite a party of nice children that day, sitting near the Tomb of Theron amongst the corn and pink gladiolus. Rosalie, the pretty daughter of Cicero, sat by me all day in gorgeous-coloured clothes and most uncomfortable boots, bought new for the occasion, poor child!

On returning, I went to see Signor Politi, the famous old artist of Girgenti, who was then between eighty and ninety years old. He was quite bedridden, but his mind was very active; he told me of all his travels, and of the quantity of work that he had done, bringing out the few words of English he knew so sweetly to please me. His bed was in an alcove of a great room, with little furniture, but crowded with

pictures, hung from floor to ceiling: almost all had been the work of his old age, after all power of hand and eye was gone; many copies of Italian pictures were amongst them. His handsome son took me to see another roomful, where I found a Madonna with the dead Christ, of exceeding beauty, done ten years before; his son's face brightened as I pounced upon this picture, admiring it with my whole heart; as he said with tears in his eyes, his father's mind had grown weak as well as his paintings, and he saw no difference in those later ones; but the son could not bear strangers to see them and to judge of him as an artist by these works of his decadence. All his best pictures are at Munich. King Ludwig had ennobled him by making him Consul of Bavaria in his native town, where he was a sort of patriarch, and still almost expected as a right to receive a visit from distinguished foreigners. I hope I helped to pass one dull day by my visit to the good old man; whenever he had strength to get up he was sure to be at his easel.

At last I had to take leave of all my kind friends, both rich and poor. Signor Pancarmo (who had never ceased to take care for my comfort, though himself generally invisible) came, and offered to send me down to the port in his carriage; but I preferred to walk, so was accompanied by the dragoon, his led horse, Cicero with all his children and a large black dog, and another dragoon mounted on the top of my trunks in a flaming yellow cart, with pictures on its panels of Archangels, and St. George killing a terrible dragon for the sake of a red-haired lady in a yellow frock, short sleeves, and long gloves: on the back of the cart was St. George himself riding a blue mule on its hind legs. Of course

each of my three guards had their long guns, with which they frightened birds and rabbits on the way. The views of the city we were leaving were very fine, but the time of the steamer was uncertain, and we hurried on to find it not yet in sight when we reached the port; but my first friend down there locked up the trunks and walked me off to his house, where his sister-in-law received us most kindly. She was a handsome, well-mannered woman, with six children and three of her husband's brothers all living in her house. She gave us luncheon in a little room between kitchen and parlour, opening on to a balcony over the sea, on which were a Maltese goat, a turkey, a St. Bernard dog and its puppies in a cage, and a lot of wool drying in the sun. Between the passage window and a window in the opposite house a cord was hung, on which a basket slid backwards and forwards, between the signora and her mother and sister who lived over there. A perpetual conversation was always going on across the street, the opposite window being full of heads watching us while we ate the food our signora pressed upon us. It seemed a happy nest of families, the youngest child (of about seven months) could push itself over the floor in a kind of basket-work crinoline, which gave it plenty of exercise and yet rendered a fall impossible; it had the wise look of prudent intelligence some babies have, as if it knew better than you, and if it chose could set you right, only it wouldn't.

I sang, whistled, and did my best to be entertaining in return for so much hospitality, but it was hard work to keep it up for four long hours, and I was very thankful when Signor Agostino came at last to take

us on board the steamer, giving the captain particular directions to take care of us. He told us to go to the Hôtel d' Italia in Syracuse, and so we did. We two were put into a large room with a tiled floor, and a window at each end, one looking on the court of the hotel, the other on our neighbour's roofs. The room seemed to be part of a big barn, with canvas partitions only going about eight feet up, leaving the vast gable of the roof undivided and common to all, so that if any one in the other divisions wanted anything in the kitchen, he shouted over our heads, and was answered in the same way. There was a decided publicity about our quarters which did not suit English tastes, and as none of the doors had inside bolts, our only way of keeping the rather inquisitive family of the house out of our room, was by piling up chairs and tables against the door; but they were honest people, and we made the best of it all. The family did the work themselves, and seemed to expect to be entertained by us, in return for their trouble. I did my best to oblige them, though the son-in-law's habit of strolling about with his hands in his pockets, spitting over everything, was objectionable.

The old white-haired mother, with her pigtail and sharp eyes, was always amusing, almost witch-like in her ways. The groans and moans of our mysterious neighbour behind the other canvas screen did not prevent our sleeping, and we were ready to start at daybreak, with the son of the house for our guide, alternately smoking cigarettes and singing bits of opera tunes. We met the landlord at the gate, and he presented each of us with an orange as we passed.

CHAPTER VIII

SYRACUSE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD—TAORMINA, MONTE GENEROSO, AND TRAFOI

1870

We went out over the drawbridges and through the different gates, all built by that barbarian, Charles V., out of materials taken from the old Greek walls and other classical buildings—on to the mainland (for the present city of Syracuse merely covers the island part formerly called Ortygia). Then we crossed the level and now waste ground, in the midst of which stood one single rose granite column of the ancient Forum, while some others lay near it. Then past hedges of cactus, covered with most vicious-looking spines, on which young Italia told us no good fruit grew (the almost spineless leaves being the best for bearing, but less efficient as hedges). At last we reached the Roman Amphitheatre, a very perfect oval, with a tank in the middle for crocodiles, but like most Roman work unpicturesque. A German gentleman in spectacles joined us there; my instinct told me, here was a person to fraternise with. I did not repent; he had only one day to spend in Syracuse, and wanted to see all he could, but like myself had been unable to secure the help of the only good guide

to Syracuse, Salvatore Politi. I, too, wanted to get a general idea of the old city, so was delighted to have an intelligent companion who knew the ground-plan by heart, and all its histories; we ascended together to the Greek theatre from whence one gets the grand general view of the city; women were still washing in the waters of the Nymphæum above it, and the shining white and gray limestone about the springs were a refreshing contrast after the crumbling brown conglomerate of Girgenti.

The Ear of Dionysius came next, a grand old vault, in which we tried every description of echo, including a mere sigh, or the crackling of a piece of paper. I heard both at the further end with the greatest distinctness, though at 200 feet distance from the first sound. The beauty of all the quarries and caves of Syracuse consists in their grand masses of light and shade, and the superb vegetation in and around them. They have everywhere abundant water and shelter from winds, and what plant could refuse to grow in such a situation and climate? These quarries have now been carefully cultivated for centuries, and the trees are of a great age and size, while ivy and other creepers have festooned themselves over the fantastic rocks, in a most fairy-like way. After a mile or so of Greek catacombs (which I did not enjoy), we visited the oldest church in Sicily, St. Marziano, under the church of St. Giovanni (itself formed out of an old temple). St. Paul is said to have preached there once, and the patron saint is buried beneath it; the church was most picturesque, and green with damp, with topsy-turvy Greek capitals and grotesque bits of Byzantine work built into the walls; strange and ghostlike old frescoes could be traced on them

too (when the outer sunshine was so superfluously bright that spare rays came and illuminated even such an old vault). It was to me a most attractive study, and I returned more than once, and tried to paint in the dark, a hopeless task, finally tore all my work up, and got a crick in my neck, much to the delight of Elizabeth, who "always knowed I would."

We went on to the quarry of the Capucins, and, descending into it by steps found ourselves in a most lovely garden of fruit trees, with ivy and figs festooning themselves over the strange rock walls and isolated masses and obelisks of rock which stood up in the midst. My German friend had a bottle of wine, and we shared our luncheon, after which he looked at his watch, saying gravely he would allow himself ten minutes of sleep, put a pocket handkerchief over his head, and took it at once without wasting a minute. I did more, for I made a sketch; and after the ten minutes we agreed to go off together to see the papyrus river. At the gate we met Politi coming in, with three grown-up Prussian students, whom he seemed well tired of, and left them for awhile to show us some more odd things till they got savage (my German friend carefully avoiding all contact with his countrymen); it was very hot, but we walked on to the shore in spite of it to engage a boat for the Cyane. After much German bargaining we got one for half the price demanded, and started, then I was told how my friend was travelling with an Austrian Archduke, who arrived yesterday from Catania, but found the sea so delightful that he would not land, and had gone on to Malta instead; but he (having certain ideas about the interest of Syracuse) had stayed behind to see it, and was to be

picked up the next day on the return voyage to Catania; so ours are not the only grandees who sometimes rush through the world seeing nothing.

We made a false dash to get over the sandbank at the mouth of the Anapus, and stuck fast, so that the men had to get into the water and push us off; but our second attempt was more successful, and we floated in on the top of the wave, between the banks, and soon found ourselves amongst the papyrus thickets. After a while the men declared they could go no farther, but my German knew better, and on we went by dint of pushing and pulling and great struggling, through a mesh of tangled weeds of many varieties, which we pressed down and rowed over, and which started up again after we had passed, and closed the way behind us, every leaf resuming its place at once, as if nothing had happened to disturb its serenity. So we fought our way to the very end and source of the river, to the beautiful Cyane, of wondrous blueness and unknown depth, through which by kneeling in the boat I could see quantities of great fish, and down to the very bottom where the weeds shone out like emeralds. We tempted those fish with bread, but they treated it with the greatest contempt! They floated grandly past the bits as they sank, and turned up their noses as they knocked against them; the natives say these fish are never caught, and are of quite a different species from those found lower down the river. I saw one plant of river-weed springing from a slender stem no thicker than my finger, which spread and spread as it came upwards for thirty or forty feet till the top floated on the surface of the magic pool, covering a square of at least three yards, a perfect inverted pyramid of greenness. The Cyane

and its fish seemed both enchanted, the papyrus almost met over our heads as we pushed our way back, and the masses of ranunculus, watercresses, and other weeds, appeared almost thick enough to walk on, but we were told there was not a bit of standing ground within a mile of the Cyane. It is all a floating sponge, and will bear no weight beyond its own; farther on the yellow iris was full of bloom and sweetness, and the Palma-Christi and other wild shrubs were growing on firm ground.

We landed, and walked across the fields to the two columns of Jupiter Olympus, on some raised and cultivated ground, near which Nikias fought his famous battle against the Syracusans, which seems now to us who live in the times of such terrible death machines, to have been much ado about nothing; Thucydides stating the Athenian losses to have been fifty men! We entered our boat again and passed over a series of swamps, ditches, and treacherous banks, but only acquired a little mud in the expedition, and at last we reached the port, where I said good-bye to a very good specimen of an Austrian gentleman. I have never seen him since.

After the first day, Politi took me under his especial guidance, his old uncle, the Cavaliere of Girgenti, having begged him to do so. He took me first to the Duomo, the only perfect temple remaining in Syracuse, so incorporated now in the present ecclesiastical building that one could not examine it with any enjoyment; but all the noble old pillars of Minerva are still embedded in the walls on each side of the *cella*, with arches cut to fit them, all as white as whitewash could make them. There is a curious old carved

vase, supported on the backs of bronze lions, now used as a font, which was found in the Greek catacombs. Then we went through the old streets and marked the same old Moorish designs and patterns used by the goldsmiths which we had noticed in the south of Spain years before. I observed many Saracen ornaments in the carvings of the balconies, and curious old Norman portals and windows, which were full of flowers. We passed over the inevitable bridge and fortifications (only to be avoided by taking a boat), and came to what used to be called the Bagnio, but which now is thought to have been a sort of academy, with a small theatre at the end, and a temple in the middle. The ground-plan of white marble is quite perfect, a few bits of pillars and cornice still strew the ground; the rest had been taken to build Charles V.'s grand fortifications, but some fine statues found here are now safe in the museum.

We wound our way up to the top of the Greek theatre, tracing the names of the great persons who had sat there, tracing also the path of the cascade, which for a long period did its best to efface all those inscriptions; it now goes another way and turns a pretty mill in a decent and respectable manner, after leaving the actual Nymphæum (or rather the cisterns near it, for that fountain was dry); only the maiden-hair fern which hung over it showed that water must recently have been there. The rocks all around and over it were covered with niches, in which inscriptions in honour of great men used to be hung; these were probably made of bronze or of some other metal. Steps are also cut in the solid rock, leading to the platform above, and constant traffic

was always going up and down them; we turned up by the southern road, lined with deeply cut chambers or tombs, containing niches for urns, and at an angle of the road we came upon nude figures of men and horses, cut in relief in the rock; farther on we reached the high plain of desert ground, covered with tombs, aqueducts, and paved roads deeply grooved with the drag of chariot wheels, which extended even to Epipolæ, five miles off. The modern mothers were washing their children's clothes in the old Greek aqueducts, letting their darlings run about meanwhile absolutely naked; precisely in the same way the Greek mothers did in that same place 2000 years before. Large rocks are scattered about, and they too are hollowed into rooms and tombs (for I have little doubt they were the habitations of the living as well as of the dead), many of these have stairs, shelves, doors, and windows, and are quite as comfortable dwellings as the places the natives now inhabit, and much more to my taste than our own quarters at the hotel.

Then we came to more quarries, deep sunk below the level of the ground, now turned into the richest gardens, with grotesque masses of rock standing in the midst, and almost perpendicular walls showing in many places the mark of the chisel, but for which it would be hard to believe these quarries were not the work of the giant Nature's convulsions, rather than of the small atom called man. We saw the so-called tomb of Archimedes, then ran home to warm ourselves (for it was snowing about Etna), but we turned out of our way to see the famed Fountain of Arethusa. This classic spot is now surrounded by an iron railing and riband borders, the very papyrus is taught to grow

geometrically; but I could see the water rushing in under the stones, and alas! the salt sea also rushes in to meet it, so that it is now only good for breeding mosquitoes. Turning away we peeped in at a beautiful old Moorish house with a *loggia*, and a vine trained over it, very picturesque and dirty. The natives promised Politi to clean it up a bit, if I liked to come and paint there; to have given them any reason for extra cleanliness would have been a kind act.

One day Politi took us in a boat, under the rugged cliffs and amongst the rocks, to the Grotto of Neptune; such colours in the water, and such queer sponge-like rocks, but there was too much swell to beat about in comfortably, so we landed and climbed up some steps cut in them, as full of fossil shells as a pudding ought to be of plums. My guide returned to the town, and we spent the rest of the day in the Capucin quarry, and were fed with Japanese medlars which looked like apricots, and large citrons which were most delicious; they had a tiny lemon in the centre, the rest was all a soft peel which could be cut and eaten like an apple, and was of much the same consistency, with the delicate flavour a dried citron has; the fruit is as big as a child's head. They also gave me great bunches of violets and of lemon blossom, but at last the cold drove us home, and we took a boat from the nearest point; it was quite calm within the shelter of the town. I could see crowds of sea-anemones, *cereus* and *daisies*, sticking to the rocks and sand under the clear blue water, corallines too, and many little shells. I was told that petrified elephants' tusks had been found among the caves. It was odd that at Syracuse the

antirrhinums on the walls were all white, while at Girgenti they were all red or pink. The pink gladiolus was very fine, and made a grand bunch mixed with yellow sage, yellow iris, and buds of the papyrus.

One Sunday morning there was a dull scirocco, so I took a holiday, and started with Politi on two asses, for the old fortress of Euryâlus upon Epipolæ: the day turned into a glorious one, we went up and down staircases of rock, saw miles of old uncemented walls, like those of the Greek Phyle, all so beautifully squared, and fitted into one another; the aqueduct which supplied the Nymphæum comes all the way from Sortini, eighteen miles of good useful work, which is still in good repair. Masses of marigolds and poppies quite coloured the landscape, while the corn-fields were thickly dotted with bright gladiolus.

The castle itself is a grand work, with long underground passages cut in the solid rock, wide enough for three horses abreast to go through, and staircases so sharply cut that they looked quite new; also doorways and a bridge built of beautifully-squared stones: there seemed no end to the staircases and great square tunnels. Amongst them, gentle-eyed brown cows and their calves (with most dangerous-looking horns) were ruminating, while their master with his wife and yellow-haired children lived amongst the ruins, a mile at least from any other habitation. Politi explained the yellow hair by the fact that the soldiers and sailors under Nelson had married amongst the Syracusans, and had left many half English children behind them; certainly the father of these children was quite ugly enough for a "Britisher." We left them the remains of our

luncheon, and went on farther to the observatory on the Belvedere hill, from whence we could see all Syracuse, with its two bays, the island of Tharpsus, the cliffs of Hybla, and Etna in the clouds above Sortini. The whole was like a map highly coloured. We were beset with small children from the village, to whom Politi gave small monies not over wisely, as he caused quite as much discontent as pleasure; but they were pretty creatures, well washed and dressed for Sunday; they all accompanied us down the hill, and saw us remount our donkeys and depart. We rode past the spot called the Villa of Timoleon; the present house hangs against a cliff covered with luxuriant vegetation, shaded by noble cypress trees, and the olives round the place are of enormous size.

On our return we went straight to the museum; it contains one beautiful marble statue of Venus, headless, but the form exquisite, the attitude like the Venus dei Medici at Florence, but it has some additional drapery and a dolphin to support it. There is a lovely little bronze head of Medusa, and a fine collection of terra-cotta and other antiques all arranged in apple-pie order by Politi, who passes half his life in making pen and ink sketches of them to sell to visitors. He has the same untiring industry as his uncle at Girgenti. Syracuse is not a sweet place in bad weather, and we had three days' rain; the nights becoming so cold that my landlady's young family of chickens were quite stiff in the morning and three of them dead, which she brought in to show me. I saw a good deal of the family during this bad weather. Time was not much valued in Syracuse, even the postman did not hurry himself, but paid quite a long visit when he brought

my letters, and discussed the merits and demerits of my various sketches. The son-in-law of the house strolled in, and informed me it was *cattivo tempo*, so he had had his wife bled! On my remonstrating, he said it was a good thing, he had himself been bled five times, and showed me the marks on his arm. He then brought in his pretty little wife with her arm tied up; they were neither of them twenty! Then there was an old man in a canvas den off our room, who groaned and moaned fearfully all night, and by day used to carry on long and most animated theological discussions over our heads with the landlady in the kitchen; he was, I believe, the Protestant agent of some Bible Society, and endeavoured in that way to convert the cute old lady.

One day we went to another Latamia, filled with delicious shrubs, flowers, and fruit, and beyond them a grand rock hall of giant size, with a flat roof, coloured quite rose-colour by damp, and by some fungus or moss; round the sides were rings cut in the stone, to fasten the prisoners to (the gardener said), and holes pierced all over the walls diagonally, either to act as steps themselves, or to drive iron pegs into for the same purpose. Looking out of this large cool grotto on the orange and lemon trees, in the full blaze of noonday sun, was a grand sight. We were loaded with fruit, and the gardener's boy showed a capacity for consuming oranges, which was startling. I saw him eat six large ones, one after the other without stopping, and he seemed none the worse; he also gave three to his dog, which devoured them eagerly, peel and all. The boy said he and his dog could go on eating them all day long without ever stopping, and I believed

him, he was such an imp! He was a kind of human orange himself, with monkey manners. Acanthus and giant monkshood were in full beauty, growing rampant over the rocks here; an elegant trailing aristolochia with yellow flowers and shiny leaves crept over the trees, all uncanny like the boy; but when we passed out of that place all was sweet and human again. A real large cabbage-rose was given me for my nose, and a great bouquet to carry in my hand, of roses, carnations, heliotrope, geranium, sweet verbena, jessamine, and all the flowers I loved best, such as we in England have in July, though in Syracuse it was not yet Easter time! There were hoyas and other hot-house plants growing luxuriantly under the shelter of the rocks; one large fig had spread its arms over a great mass of fallen cliff, and covered it all up, hugging it tight like a boa constrictor. This was the largest fig-tree I ever saw; but the road-sides were bordered with figs, and my boy said that when they were ripe every one picked what they liked. I only wondered they left any long enough to ripen at all, as the natives seem to prefer everything unripe.

We returned early that day, as Politi had promised to take us to see the churches prepared for Easter; his sister, a handsome woman in a long trailing black dress, came also; in four churches we saw four different sets of stucco figures dressed up in front of the high altar, with candles lighted round them, all illustrating different scenes of the Crucifixion; all these were made by the mechanics of the place for love, not pay. Every one else was going the same round of sights, and many of the women had long black silk cloaks, called mantillas, but quite unlike

those of Spain; they were gathered up under the right arm, which produced prettily-curved folds, such as I have seen in the drapery of some antique statues. This costume was extremely becoming, and the head under the mantilla had often a decidedly Greek profile, with the hair growing low upon the forehead; but I observed that most of the ladies with whom my companion shook hands, were dressed like herself in the ordinary Paris fashion.

We went and looked down on the portico of Diana's Temple, which has lately had a house peeled off from it, and if some other houses were moved in the same way, Politi thought the whole ground-plan of the temple would be found, with all the pillars very likely standing in their places, about half their original height; but it would cost more money than he was likely to raise. We then went to the Natural History Museum, where we saw all the shells of Sicily, and many others of great beauty, the queen of all being the paper nautilus, which is said by the natives to float on the top of the water, and to put up a large pair of sails, but only on full-moon nights; as that time did not come during my fortnight's stay, I had not the chance to see this curious phenomenon. An English lady had sent a perfect collection of English snail-shells, including the great brown one from the hedges; there were also many birds and beasts. The hoopoo is a common bird in Sicily. I have myself seen both kingfishers and flamingoes; flying fish and porcupines are also still to be found there.

We mounted to the top of the Duomo by a steep dark ladder, which led us within touch of the old Greek capitals of Minerva's Temple, the pillars of

which are so embedded in the church wall that they look like pilasters inside and out; how I longed to extricate these and to throw away the ugly building which hid them. At the top of the dark ladders we found the sexton's family living. Twelve fine children growing up, without ever tumbling down and breaking their necks! They had such a dark dirty hole for their home, from which another rough ladder took us to the roof of the Duomo. Truly this was a nice playground for the twelve children, where we could sit and listen to a *Stabat Mater* under our feet, and breathe the fresh evening air at the same time; a few more steps and we came to the bells, and to a still more magnificent view of sea and land. The music did not improve by a nearer approach, but we sat a while to watch the people coming in and out, walking, talking, and laughing, as they might have done at an evening party; it was nothing more or less than a promenade concert, held in a temple, heathen or Christian, whichever one liked to call it, but the former seemed the most fitting, and the silly little bobs people made when crossing the nave from one acquaintance to another, looked very heathen and thoughtless too.

In the evening we all sat on the balcony of the state-room of the hotel, looking into the street, with all the house family, and a nice-looking white-haired *Signor Cannonico*. He was very sleek and wide awake, asked me if I were English, Irish, or Scotch, Catholic, or Evangelical, and then told the rest of the company how big London was, how it contained more inhabitants than all Sicily,—all to stroke me the right way; but I could not help thinking how politely

he would have bricked me up alive, if it had suited his purpose. Presently up came the son-in-law, with his hands in his pockets, and his cigar in his mouth as usual, and walked the clerical gentleman off to another balcony, then came back with the air of having done me a good deed! He would not have me disturbed, and that man came from Piedmont, and the Piedmontese never knew how to behave! The old mother said, "Yes, those people were very clever, but (with many shrugs) you could not expect them to be well-mannered or like their own Sicilians." It is odd the jealousy of Southern people towards Northerners, all the world over the same. At last candles began to appear in the street, with men attached to them, and one drum; a red figure with a pan of lighted charcoal in his hand wandered about and was illuminated by the candles; it represented Jesus, the Light of the World (the old lady told me, crossing herself devoutly). Then came mutes, dominoes, and poor little children in wreaths of artificial flowers, crinolines, and gilt wings, carrying candles, those were angels! and they generally required papa and mama on each side with pockets full of sugar-plums to push them on, poor weary little mites; then came the wooden Madonna, in whose honour the Italia's son-in-law's cap was taken off for the first time since I had known him, and in that action his hands also came out of his pockets (where they were usually stowed away). Then came more priests, and candles, and at last a figure of the dead Christ in a glass case full of tinsel and artificial flowers with a band of soldiers and a great crowd; there was more standing still than going on about the procession, so we saw plenty of it; when it

was over the family took me back to my room, lit the candles, and behold! my landlady's eyes were full of tears! that was the strangest thing of all, to my mind.

It seemed to me that the one idea of those in the procession was to prevent their candles from going out; and some of the "angels" roared, and said they never had worn shoes before, and "could not go unless they were carried," generally gaining their point before they got out of sight. After a morning at the quarries on Good Friday, I returned for a quiet afternoon in the house. The landlady came in for a regular good gossip with her daughters, and I gave them bits of the fruit which had been given me in the morning. The old Protestant neighbour wanted some too, and they all shouted at each other over the partitions till I was stunned with the noise. Then I was taken on the roof to see the red sunset, and was again catechised about our difference of creed, and was simply not believed when I said our priests married. The old lady had such fiery eyes, and white hair plaited into a pigtail behind. She used to sit in the passage by the window to have it done, scolding Mariazza all the time. In the evening there was another procession. We sat again on the balcony. The old lady treated us to ices from Etna,—giving her own to Mariazza,—and filled my pockets with beans, roasted almonds, and Indian corn. They all munched them to kill time. They had another invention for the same purpose, boiling and eating the small, wild artichoke, leaf by leaf; these are not bigger than the thistle flowers of England. There was a very popular cake shop opposite: I watched several papas take their children in and treat them to goodies made in the shapes of lambs, cocks,

etc., the small children always kissing their father's hands in return.

The second procession was most contemptible. It seemed quite wicked to make the small, small children go such a way and get so weary; they required constant sugar-plums to keep them going: but my old lady was crying again! On Easter Sunday she became perfectly uproarious, having a large family gathering, and lots of good things to eat—they made wonderful sweetmeats and cakes with cream in them, and some were made for fun with cotton-wool instead of cream. When the unfortunate dupes got these into their mouths they half choked as they pulled out those long coils of cotton-wool shaped like maccaroni, and the old lady laughed till she cried. She brought me a plate of good things, *senza cotone*, to taste.

On Easter Monday Politi took me to see a curious local custom, beginning, probably, when the figures in it were called Jupiter and Juno; it was called the Salutation of the Virgin: two figures of Christ and of Mary as large as life, with arms stretched out, and heads and hands hung on wire springs, were taken to two streets on opposite sides of the Duomo, amid an immense crowd of all sorts of people, and at a given signal they were carried on the shoulders of two parties of sailors at a quick run towards one another; when they got close together they gave three spasmodic jumps, and then were carried up the steps into the Cathedral. It looked very odd to see the great figures jerked along over the heads of the people, with their heads and outstretched hands shaking; they went so fast that the drapery was held out by the wind, and looked quite natural.

The weather was too unsettled for making country expeditions, so I took a carriage and drove past Lentini, over a long, dull plain, and under the cliffs of Hybla (famous for its honey, which in old days rivalled that of Hymettus), through miles of herbs, vineyards, and fruit-trees. Myrtles, arbutus, lavender, rosemary, lilac, and white cistus, were still there tempting the bees. I picked a lovely bouquet as I walked up the hill, a large party of women helping me. They were fine, handsome figures, with scanty skirts, bare feet, and hoes in their hands. There was a *festa* at Carlentini, on the brow of the hill, where bands were playing. All Lentini was going there, and the bright costumes of the people made the whole road very gay. What a view there was over the feverish lakes and the plain beyond Lentini, the blue coast even to Taormina, Etna, and Calabria, and still farther on the dim horizon the continent of Italy. Then the mass of cactus; from the top to the bottom of the near hill nothing but cactuses with a few large fruit-trees standing out here and there amongst the cruel, prickly things. Lentini is said to have been the oldest city in Sicily, in those early days it was chiefly famous for its potteries and fevers. Charles V. had built barracks for himself and his soldiers on the high ground above, to be out of reach of the bad air always rising from the great swamp. The lake might now easily be drained, which would save the lives annually of hundreds; but to do this would ruin one grandee who derives a large income from its fisheries, so swamp and fevers remain to this day.

From Lentini the railway took us quickly to Catania and unwonted luxury in its capital new hotel. I was

surprised to see that the neighbourhood was not all one cinder (as I had been told), but there were tracts between of most luxuriant vegetation, olives, almonds, figs, vines, corn, peas, and beans, all growing under the trees, as well as endless weeds and flowers. The tall golden feathers of the fennel looked grand against a setting of dark lava, earth, and rocks. Its long stalks were used in those parts to beat the children with, who, my coachman said, only cried "he! he!" and ran away. He imitated them by flogging his horses, then making faces and crying "he! he!" himself. This man was a great character, a sort of comical ourang-outang, with soft bewitching eyes. He used to make his horses gallop up the hills, then stopped them with a sudden jerk at some garden gate, flung the reins on their backs, and rushed in to steal a flower for me, which he tossed in with a grin, then galloped on to another garden to steal again. He talked of his horses as if they were human beings. "One of them had no brains at all," he said, "he always wanted to go trot, trot like a mule; he could not endure that; he liked them to go burr, like the wind, or in a pace of repose." But certainly I did not often experience that latter pace, and we went at a gallop all the way to Nicolosi, a rise of 2000 feet in twelve miles. The vegetation by the wayside looked particularly bright against the dark, tinted lava; but Nicolosi is far above all that, and close under the Monte Rosso, which in 1669 sent down lava enough to bury all Catania, and drive back the sea itself.

Ourang-outang put us in charge of the local guide, and we went up to its top. The view was very curious, with the great stream of lava still bare after 200

years, and the plain on each side so green and fertile. Modern Catania was on one side close to the sea's edge, and the salmon-tinted sands washed down by the river Simeto on the other. Behind us rose Mongibello and its family of little volcanoes round it. The snow was unusually low that year, and the *Casa Inglese*, where travellers usually lodged, still buried beneath it; everything was a month later than usual, the spring only just beginning. The slopes of Monte Rosso were covered with yellow broom, and quantities of tiny forget-me-nots were growing amongst the lava; the flowers, no bigger than a pin's head, glittering like turquoises amid their black setting. We wandered about the smaller craters, filling and emptying our boots with the cinders, which no care could keep out; and we drove back by way of Tre Castagne, a most picturesque old town for a foreground to any view of "The" Mountain with its snow-cap. We also visited a fine garden on our way back, where roses, camellias, apples, and pears were growing side by side; mesembryanthemums were almost as big as the camellias, and of every gorgeous colour; but the pansy was the fashionable flower, and was carefully kept in pots.

Catania is an ugly town, but its shops have many tempting things in them, especially the amber from the Simeto. It is of a variety of colours, from light yellow-green to deepest red, some is almost black with a blue bloom like a plum over it. Parts of the theatre and baths, even the old well and the steps down to it, had been excavated from under the great lava stream; and women who were carrying their water-jars up and down those steps forgot that they had ever been buried for 200 years in black lava which ended in cliffs over

the sea, whose waters it seemed to have pushed back. A lighthouse had been built on the very end of the old lava-stream, and I spent two days sketching under it; and the old pair of people who lived there were most kind and hospitable, insisting upon giving us cakes and wine, as well as conversation. They said they were so delighted to see any people who had been to Palermo! their native place, and for their present position they had the greatest contempt. The poor old lady had chronic toothache, and gave Catania the credit for causing it. She showed us some English men-of-war out in the roads, and told us they were going to put down a revolution in Greece, and had already bombarded Messina, which proved that people in lighthouses don't always read newspapers. How dull their life must be, perpetually feeding on their own fancies.

The old castle of Acis on the other side of Catania was a picturesque subject to draw. It seemed to have been half swallowed up by the lava which surged up around it, leaving only a few bits of the building visible on the sea side; beyond it were the Cyclops themselves, basalt rocks so called standing out alone in the sea, "little stones" which old Polyphemus is said to have thrown in his rage after Acis and Galatea. These rocks are shaped like sugar-loaves, made up of organ pipes, and capped with gray stone. The sight of them put Handel's mighty choruses with their ridiculous words into my head. We climbed up to the top of the largest island, which was once inhabited, and is now overgrown with cactus and giant fennel. We saw many strange shells, weeds, and corals sticking round those uncanny rocks. A perfect babel of tongues met

us on landing again, among a ragged crowd of children with hands full of such local treasures. I took them all, and left my guide to divide five francs between the owners of the tongues and hands, and the rowers of our boat, and they went off, still jabbering, but content.

As the weather seemed to have really settled itself, we returned by sea to Syracuse, where I was received in the harbour by the Italia's son-in-law gesticulating in one boat, Politi in another, and on the shore by his whole family, baby included, and Bernardo with his carriage, who insisted on driving us round a long way so as to avoid the hill (which I would so much have preferred walking across) galloping the horses mercilessly over the hard slippery pavements, through streets so narrow, that one could almost touch the walls on each side as we went. Politi, his baby, and that cool individual, the son-in-law, came with us, and we were soon back in the old house; but this time in the state-room with the balcony hanging over the street, to which two dark closets were attached, and some nice furniture. A pedlar had set up a temporary shop in the room adjoining, and tried hard to persuade me to buy some of the antiques he had collected, but I told him I would sell my own sketches to him if he liked, to pay my travelling expenses, but that I had no money to spend on such *roba*.

The next day we drove out of Syracuse at half-past five, the town clocks pointing to half-past four. It was a glorious morning, and we soon passed the Villa Timoleon, driving on through the richest country of wine, corn, and oil, to Floridia, a neat village of one- or two-storied houses. As we stopped to water the

horses, the carriage was soon surrounded by respectably dressed persons, all greeting heartily Don Salvatore as they called Politi, and bringing him handfuls of old coins to look at. I had a very clean nice baby handed in to admire and dance, which did not roar at all. The balconies were all gay with flowers, and we had pressing invitations to go and rest in many of the houses, but hastened on to the next village, St. Paolo, through the same rich country. Here we were taken by Politi to have breakfast with a friend of his who lived in the one big house of the place; it looked quite gigantic among the one-storied cottages. We were taken upstairs to a long suite of half empty rooms, with a sprinkling of tables and chairs amongst them, and nothing could exceed the kind hospitality of the family. The old gentleman was a most genial soul, his son a noted amateur violinist (only all his strings were broken), but he got into a true musical excitement over the respective merits of Vieuxtemps and Sivori, and we were great friends in no time. He went to the window-boxes of all the rooms to collect sweet flowers for me, bringing each separately one at a time. The mother and two daughters also came in in their best clothes to assist in looking at us, and the old man insisted on moving his table, so that I could see the Cathedral of Syracuse from the place where I sat to eat my meal of eggs, cold sardines, salad, oranges, fennel, orange-peel, and cucumber preserved in syrup—capital stuff! He insisted on our eating it all up, then he went and fetched more. The wine made there was also first-rate, both red and white; and we had silver forks and clean linen. Our host made us take a supply of his excellent bread away with

us, as he said truly we should find no more like it; also some of his caruba beans after they had been soaked in honey, which made them taste just like gingerbread. After admiring all his views we took leave, promising to return some day, then we went down to visit the school. I saw there a poor little fellow entirely without arms, who had been taught to write with his feet, holding the paper steady with one, the pen between the toes of the other. The good people we had just left paid all his education and supported him.

Great heat came on after leaving St. Paolo, and thunder clouds collected over our heads, as we went through woods of old ilex trees, with the pinkest of cyclamen nestling among their roots. The road became very steep, and a carriage in front of ours with one wretched horse had great difficulty in getting on, stopping every now and then and refusing to move farther. Our men had to get off and help to push; then when they were started one of our own horses tumbled down, and they had to help us, so our progress was slow, but not the less entertaining. At last one came to a valley with quantities of old tombs among the rocks, the town of Palazzolo above it, and above that again all that remains of the old city of Acræ, with a glorious view down to Syracuse and the sea. A storm of hail came down as we arrived, real lumps of ice—such an odd change after the heat! We met a ragged boy of eleven or twelve with bare feet, smoking a cigar, who offered to be our guide; and after the rain we walked to the old city collecting more boys as we went, till we had a large following, but they were not objectionable. Politi, as usual, knew everybody, and

was welcome everywhere. We saw the famous rock tombs, more delicately finished than those of Syracuse, and hung all over with large-leaved maiden-hair and hart's-tongue ferns. The little theatre here was very perfect, and as usual in a beautiful situation; the *odeon* was also perfect. The *Santoni* are rude figures, as large as life, carved in the rock side, and more like Egyptian than Greek work. They had generally other smaller figures beside them, but were so much defaced that they were not easy to make out.

It was pleasant afterwards to rest for awhile on chairs outside a farm house. The old farmer here brought out his box of treasures, and sat himself down on the ground beside us, with the box between his knees, taking them out one by one to show me. It was a strange collection of buttons, donkey shoes, coins, bits of glass, nails, etc. I gave him a franc for his coins, but did not deprive him of the rest. He called them all *Antikita dei Sarasani*, for in that country everything not Sicilian, was Saracen, including myself. The hotel here was very comfortable, the handsome landlady and her family most hospitable and friendly. I was asked to go into her own parlour, and found a nun and a fat priest sitting there, who wished to make my acquaintance, so I did my best to entertain them, and the fat man asked if it were true that our Queen had turned Roman Catholic. He had read it in the papers, and that she had written to the Pope to tell him so. I did my best to maintain the character of Her Majesty without insulting my companion, but was not sorry when Politi came in and assisted in entertaining the company, and I soon took an opportunity of escaping, leaving my character behind me, which I suspect must have been treated

kindly, as the good lady made me a present of a large amber bead the next morning as a keepsake. I found Politi did not quite like riding to Pantelica and Sortini, so as discretion was the better part of valour, I decided to give them up, and to go to Ipsica instead, at which he looked much relieved. But before leaving Acræ, we paid a visit to an old *Signor Cannonico,* who had a splendid collection of vases, coins, and other treasures found in the neighbourhood, and one beautifully-finished head of a bacchante. The whole collection was very choice, and the old man never tired of showing them. Some of the gold and silver coins were really valuable, he wished to sell the whole, but would not separate them, though Politi tried hard to get the best for his museum. There were also some curious gold ornaments, earrings with ram's horns or fishes' tails; and some intaglios of little artistic beauty though cut on rare stones.

As we were packing ourselves into the carriage to go away, I was greeted by a little old man with much heartiness and many blessings, and found it was my old neighbour from the canvas tent at Syracuse, whom I had so often heard but never before seen; he was making a peddling progress through the island, selling his Bibles and enraging the priests; he squeezed my hand quite like an old friend. And the landlady's little girl of nine cried, because I would not take her with me to see England, she said.

We had a lovely drive over an excellent new road, only meeting two carriages the whole day; we passed through beautiful green valleys, along clear trout streams, bordered by poplars, walnuts, and sweet may-bushes, with an undergrowth of cistus and other

shrubs, which reminded me of the Holy Land. Noto is a grand-looking place, a complete city of convents, on a high hill surrounded by the richest country I had seen yet. The caruba trees were enormous, and every other tree loaded with flowers and fruit. After leaving the town we descended into the more feverish low country, and went on for miles over a monotonous level, till we came under the high cliff on which Spaccaforno is perched, and mounted by steep zigzags to its top. This town is a sort of Ronda in point of situation, with a great crack or valley of tombs near by, which are thought by some people to be of a date even preceding the Greek invasion.

The hotel was just like a Spanish *posada*. Politi was in despair, nobody seemed inclined to do anything for us, and everything was covered with the dust of ages. However, by dint of alternate coaxing and scolding, they at last found the keys of the rooms; and Politi (a real artist and a gentleman to boot) went about with his sleeves tucked up, collecting furniture and the least objectionable mattresses for us out of all the dirty rooms. The landlord lounged at the door, his wife sat herself down and did conversation; meanwhile our friend had the room swept, and sprinkled with water, and finally (I believe) cooked the dinner with his own hands, bringing it in afterwards, eating it with us, and pretending he knew nothing of the art of carving that remarkable old hen, who lay on her back, with all her legs stuck straight up in the air, in a broken dish. But the wine was good, and the coffee most excellent (being sent in from another house), we had still a supply of good bread from San Paolo, so we had no reason to complain of our food; and found, as usual, not only

enough for ourselves, but for old Bernardo the coachman too, who sat in his usual place behind the door, and got the dishes after us, handing the last scraps to his boy. Of course, we had not the least idea who cooked the dinner, or what was the use of a small green box and gridiron under Bernardo's feet in the carriage. We only knew Don Salvatore as an agreeable friend, who dined with us with his hat on his head, and a cigar in his mouth, and had acquaintances among the grandees everywhere (except at Spaccaforno where there were none), but he went and rode the high horse over the *Sindaco*, and talked of his friend the Prefect of Modica, and made him send us an official with one eye, who undertook to find us the best muleteer of the place, and to ensure our safety; but the said muleteer did not care to go, and made quite a favour of taking us for 30 francs. Upon this the grand Don crossed himself, over and over again, at the very idea of such a sum, and offered seven, talking of me as a perfect dragon of economy. The old muleteer then pretended to take his earrings out of his ears at the idea of seven francs, and all the others jabbered at once, and clasped their hands at me, as if I were a wooden idol, and they were going down on their knees in another moment, which set me laughing, then they all laughed too, and finally they agreed to take ten francs, and convey us to Ipsica and back, safely and comfortably. Such mules! such saddles! we had never seen the like, they said, and they were right in that at least.

Female saddles were, of course, unknown; the crutches of these were so much embossed with big nails and heavy embroidery that we could not rest our knees against them without their becoming speedily reduced to

the consistency of a nutmeg grater; so we tried riding in the masculine style; I did not particularly enjoy it, but the expedition was worth some trouble. Our party was a most jolly one, the muleteers sang all the way, a poor half-witted deaf and dumb lad followed us for company's sake, and was petted by every one; he seemed quite in character with all the rest of the wild scene.

It was a hot ride, over many miles of hard road and rough country, before we reached the famous caves of Ipsica, a narrow but deep crack of two miles in length, with a clear stream at the bottom, and the precipices of both sides honeycombed with caves or grottoes, one above the other, sometimes as many as five stories, with holes communicating from one to another, through which ladders had probably been placed. It is the fashion to say now that these caves were merely the receptacles for the dead, but I believe the living also stowed themselves away in those same holes. There are no inscriptions, and nothing is known of their origin. The shepherds, who now live amongst them, call them also *Saraceni*, just as the English a few years ago called everything foreign "French." Those shepherds were noble-looking figures, with long flowing hair on their shoulders, black and white hanging caps, white woollen shirts, and black breeches, full at the waistband, black gaiters and sandals; grand men over six feet high; there were plenty of pretty girls too and old women (also dressed in black and white wool) washing in the stream, or twirling their distaffs amongst the black and white sheep and goats, with lambs and kids following them about as pets; many puppies and donkeys also rolling in the sun and dust, and playing in

the shade of the old grottoes. All were living in much the same simple way they might have lived in perhaps before the Flood, and yet wise people pretend these caves were intended for the dead, not the living. How I longed to spend a summer there, with Rosa Bonheur for a companion; there were such endless pictures for her hand to paint; and the people seemed gentle and kind. We followed down the stream for two or three miles, through thickets of oleander, yellow iris, dwarf palms, and gorgeous wild-flowers, the cliffs on either side always full of caves, and hung with ivy, clematis, wild fig, mesembryanthemum and antirrhinum, then we mounted to the level of the high tableland above, and followed it for the rest of our way home amongst the caruba, almond, and olive trees, but were not sorry to find ourselves in Bernardo's carriage again, for one night's experience did not tempt us to linger longer than we could help at our inn.

The heat in the carriage was pure enjoyment, hearing the old driver and his boy shout their wild songs and chaff the passers-by, with Politi opposite to interpret into Italian (for I had arrived at that stage of polyglot which looked upon pure Italian as an understandable language); the Sicilians talk a wonderful tongue, very fast, the prevailing sound being "warrah warrah wha!" it is an odd gibberish, and sounded still odder when sung by old Bernardo, who had to be wound up at intervals by his patron, and set going like a clock. Then he opened his mouth as wide as it would go, with his chin in the air, and let the song go out at the full pitch of his voice, swaying his body round and round, cracking his whip and whipping the poor horses into a gallop, nearly knocking his admiring satellite, the boy,

off the box, and so got through several verses all in a *crescendissimo* of excitement and noise, till one feared he would swing himself off his seat. After which performance he suddenly stopped with a jerk, and turned round to take off his cap with a grin to me; the man was worth a journey to know, and every one on the roads did know him, and grinned in anticipation before his jokes came to them.

We did some shopping at Noto, and bought some alpine strawberries, but were not allowed to stop there, it was too feverish; so we passed on to sleep at Avola, and were excellently put up for nine francs altogether, with four more for the horses and Bernardo. Three hours' drive the next morning took us into Syracuse by the bridge over the Anapo, whence we steamed back to Catania, on the calmest of days; the short sea passage being a great rest after the dusty roads. We went in close to Agosta, a fortified town on the end of a low headland, much resembling the present city of Syracuse in its position.

It seemed homelike to be picked up like live bundles by the good German director of the hotel on reaching the harbour of Catania, and taken to our old rooms, to find luggage and letters all waiting for us. The good German servants treating us as old friends; it was quite *gemüthlich!* Ourang-outang said he had been keeping his carriage for me, wondering I did not come, and his wonderful double voice, like Buckstone's, set me laughing at once; but we only stayed a day, and then he drove us along the coast by Aci Castello and the fairy islands to Aci Reale, with its busy streets, elaborately-ornamented churches, and richly-cultivated country. After that we passed over a wide ridge of

black lava and cinder desert; and again over more garden ground till we stopped at Giarra, near to which on a spur of Etna is the famous chestnut of a hundred horses, now consisting of seventeen separate and decayed old trunks, which it requires more faith than I am blessed with to believe ever formed one tree. The whole coast drive was very lovely.

After passing Giardini, some grand zigzags took us up 850 feet to Taormina, a most curious old town, in one of the finest positions of the world. We had secured the best rooms of the little inn, with a balcony hanging over gardens, and beyond them the precipice and deep blue sea; on one side we could see the great theatre, fitted in between its two rocky crags. The little house was perfection, and the only other staying guest a clever Danish artist; we talked a wonderful language to one another—very different on either side, but which we both considered to be pure German. He said people came up constantly from both Catania and Messina for a few hours, and went down again; none stayed, yet the place abounded in interest and beauty, even without the theatre. An artist might find months of work in the old Saracen and Norman remains about the town, and the most glorious mountain and sea views all round, and such colours! One could trace the coast to Catania and Syracuse on one side, and to Messina on the other. The theatre is only ten minutes' walk from the inn, and is built chiefly of Roman red brick, with marble facings and pillars, and now and then a piece or two of black lava; it is hung all over with flowers and shrubs, euphorbias, scarlet antirrhinums, and many others; the steps or seats are quite covered with greenery and flowers, among which

were a beautiful white lily or Star of Bethlehem (*ornithogalum*) with black centre, like a gigantic onion, but smelling sweet as vanilla, and of a creamy wax-like texture, also three different orchids, vetches, wall-flowers, pink ipomæa, iris, mallows, gladiolus, the beautiful large quaking grass, acanthus, fennel, thistles, and many other flowers, all in full bloom.

We had a week of scirocco and clouds, which rather improved the landscape, and with their lovely pearly tints balanced the great mass of Mount Etna. The Dane and I both worked for hours every day at the theatre, in different corners; in the evening a local guide used to come to fetch my things, and show me other curious buildings in the town. The cathedral is made up of bits from the theatre, and the porch is curiously inlaid with lava. Anywhere else the Saracen fortifications and strange old castle would have been a great attraction. Above it is another old town, Mola, perched like an eagle's nest on the crag, a thousand feet above our heads; it also is full of Saracen palaces and towers, and over it peeps the summit of Monte Venere, godmother to the good wine we had to drink.

A regular specimen of Lord Allcash arrived for one night, in a Palermo carriage, with milady, mees, a maid and man; they never stopped more than a day anywhere, and all wore blue veils, terrible hats, and long-sleeved waterproof cloaks. The Dane and I had possession of the best rooms of the house, so they had to go into the attics, and the courier went "hout," Elizabeth said, and really it was "out," for he said the other houses were so uncomfortable that he walked about the streets all night! They all came to the theatre at ten, in the full heat, treating the poor old

custode's long stories with unconcealed contempt, and followed by a long string of idlers carrying cloaks, desks, portfolios, umbrellas, etc., and sweeping the ground with their long trains. They all stared at the Dane's picture, and never said a word to him, the same to me, then the young lady sat down with her back to Etna, and did the whole circle of the theatre on a very big sheet of paper, then went on farther and had a tent made of shawls and umbrellas, and did the other views, working till dark, unmindful of changing shadows, while her parents sat near and chaperoned her. The Dane said her work was a miracle of curious chiaroscuro. Elizabeth told me they left that night, and were to drive by land all the way to Rome, as the sea did not agree with them, and always in that same carriage; that they brought all their food and wine from Catania, for which our landlord must have loved them! We were all glad to see no more of them in those quiet quarters.

The family of the house were so purely Italian, picturesque, and gentle; they had no helps, but did the whole housework themselves. I had a visit one day from Cavaliere Cavallari, the Superintendent of all Sicilian antiquities, who had been to Ipsica just after us, also to Pantelica, which he reported still larger and more curious: even he had to take a good guard of soldiers with him when he went, and he slept in the guard-house near. He said he had left word with Politi that I might do the same, whenever I chose to return there, promising also to make my way easy to Segeste if ever I found time to return to Palermo. His kindness came too late, for already the abundant mosquitoes reminded me that May was not the month

for Southern Italy. Elizabeth's constant complaints and weariness tired me out, so I took the steamer from Messina to Genoa on the 18th of May, but, finding that it stopped three days in the harbour of Naples before going on, I left Elizabeth and the trunks at an inn, and went on to Rome to see my old friend, Miss Raincock, sleeping at the hotel and spending the two days in wandering about with her.

All the fashionable people had long since left Rome, but the great Council of priests was going on, which was to declare the infallibility of poor old silly Pio Nono; it was a curious sight to see those odd faces, heads, and costumes collected from all quarters of the globe. Some few artists also still lingered in their studios, whose work I enjoyed seeing in progress; and my friend fed me every day as she fed herself. She lived entirely alone, had been living alone in the same apartment for twenty years, making enough by her painting to pay for her riding horses and the few other luxuries she cared for, having enough independent fortune to save her painting for money's sake alone. But she hated the ceremony and conventionality of ordinary English middle-class life. A carpenter's wife used to come in the morning to light fires and bring water (I will not say tidy the place, for I do not think such a thing entered the head either of her or her mistress), then she went to market, bought some meat and vegetables, stewed it in a crockery pot, and when done poured off the soup into another crockery pot with two handles, and brought both in, just as they were, to put on the table. Miss Raincock then divided the provisions into three parts, one for herself and me to eat then, another was put in a basin in a cupboard,

to come out cold for supper, the third was given to the carpenter's wife to take home for herself. She then put an old pot full of good coffee in the hot ashes, and left the rooms till the next morning, my friend saying, "She knew that food was good and wholesome, but no one ever knew what the *trattorias* might send you in to eat!" All her arrangements were delightfully primitive, her studio ornamented with two side saddles and bridles hanging on the walls, and all sorts of curious "bits" of colour pinned up against them. She was a terrible rider, and used to break in all the wild ponies for one of the Roman stable-keepers, for the mere love of the thing; she and two other old ladies went years ago by the name of the "Fates," as they always rode about furiously after dark. Another of this trio was a famous French landscape painter.

After my two days' holiday I returned to Naples, picked up my trunks and Elizabeth, and went on by steamer to Genoa, from whence I sent her home, and made my own way up to Monte Generoso for a month's fresh pure air. I painted the lovely wild flowers there continually, and studied the wonderful rolling clouds and their shadows over the great plain of Lombardy, with Milan cathedral shining in the midst of it.

My sister and her husband, J. A. Symonds, joined me there, and would have taken me on with them into the Dolomite country, but I had been so long alone, that constant conversation tired me; I felt inclined to sit down and cry after a few hours, and felt far more alone than before. I was not strong enough to be good company to anybody yet, so they left me to solitude, and I got happier again, and a

fortnight after walked down with my small bag and sketch-book to Argenio on the Como Lake, on to Bellagio, and up the hills to Erba, along another pretty lake and down again to Lecco, back by steamer to Como, and home to the Generoso again. That little excursion freshened me up, and I went on with my flowers happily till Mary Ewart came to see me, and she soon carried me down again to Como, Milan, and back over the Stelvio road to Bormio and the Baths of St. Cattarina, but I got more and more weary, and unable to keep up with her kindly-meant talk and energy. I longed to be alone again, and at last ordered an *einspanner* and fled! She went to Pontresina, I to Trafoi, the first Austrian post-house on the north side of the Stelvio.

I stayed here more than six weeks; it was so deliciously quiet in that old-fashioned wooden house, with a dear old landlady to pet me, and all good simple people around. No one ever stopped more than a night there. Everything was so sweet and fresh in the meadows and forests close around me. If I wanted a change I could get into the post and go up to the snows, and gather quantities of the most lovely alpine flowers, or else down to the hotter valley below. I made one great study of rocks and water close to the house, and learned much in doing it. One day I was called outside the house to see a funny scene. Three native Indians in costume, with a brown bear (very footsore) and a monkey in a perambulator, had been stopped by the Custom-house officers, and told they were not wanted in Austria; these latter were looking very important. The young post-master, in a gaudy cap, was sitting on the ground feeding the poor bear

with bread, all the population looking on, while the Indians were gesticulating with flashing eyes at the idea of having to remount the terrible pass again and encounter the cold. It was cruel, but they made them turn back. I heard the poor bear groaning at his hard fate, as he climbed the weary hard road, and looked longingly at the tall fir-trees; what was the use of claws to him, poor fellow, or his power of hugging either on that flinty road?

The war between France and Prussia had just broken out, and my friends, the Austrians, thought one with Italy might very likely follow, so they looked with suspicion at even bears without passports properly *visé'd*. I saw in some paper that my old friend, Marie Hillebrand, was leading a party of German nurses, somewhere attached to the war, and I wrote, in a fit of weak restlessness, volunteering to help her, and asking her to answer me to the Frankfort post-office; I made up my mind, if she accepted my services, to work with all my strength with her; if not, to say *Mashallah!* and go home. I drove to St. Valentin first to get a good view of the Ortler Spitz over its bleak lake, and was greeted by a snow-storm, so went on by Schulz and Davos, straight to Frankfort, where I found no letter. I stayed three days there, but could hear nothing. I think it was just as well, for I had barely enough strength to keep myself going, far less to look after other invalids. Frankfort was in a great state of excitement, as the Emperor Napoleon had just given himself up a prisoner—the whole town was illuminated, and the *Wacht am Rhein* was being sung in every corner, wounded people were coming in in troops, and being taken to the hospitals in all kinds

of clever carriages, soldiers were going off to the war, yet there was no confusion.

I had no difficulty in finding my way home to the flat again, and had to learn to make it my home, though the one person who made home homelike was gone for ever; to learn to live without seeing his smile or hearing his voice was very hard. His poor old parrot took a fancy to me that first winter, and used to walk up and down the chimney-piece, and sit on the banner-screen in front of the fire warming its tail, and talking in the same confidental tone it did to my father; but after awhile it found out I was only a woman, and liked me no more. Friends were most kind, and tried by their extra gentleness and sympathy to make me feel less alone. I persisted in my work, and gave myself few idle moments for mere useless sorrowings, and so the long winter came to an end. My sister lent me her little Janet, then not six years old, and a most entertaining companion. She soon discovered that the streets which led past Muller's, and other toy shops, were the nearest cut to all the places Aunt Pop wished to go to, and used to guide me as she liked. I made friends with Amelia B. Edwards that year, whose bright companionship and varied interests did me a world of good when she stayed with me. Her home was near my sister's at Clifton, in the house of a kind old lady, who treated her like a daughter; here she had built herself a luxurious library, and could write without fear of interruption.

Susan Devrient I also saw much of that year; she was ill, and came more than once to my flat for change of air from Bryanston Street. It was not far to come, but with me she got entire rest and freedom from

worries; she was a most charming companion and a very generous woman. Once I remember going to her and asking her to help a fellow-sculptress—Ann Whitney of Boston, U.S.—whose favourite work, "Old Rome," had been shelved at the International Exhibition at South Kensington in an upper corridor amongst pots and pans and all sorts of rubbish. Miss Devrient put on her bonnet at once, went down with me in a hansom cab, and we walked miles hunting up all the officials, never resting till the beautiful little statue had obtained a more deserving place. The contrast between the two women was remarkable, the American lady being a poetess and a distinguished woman in many ways. Poor Susan Devrient's life was very soon over; I knew her only for two short years.

. . . . . .

This Sicilian journey was the first of a series, each longer and more adventurous than the last; but the flat in Victoria Street remained my sister's permanent home over a period of sixteen years, from the Summer of 1870 to 1886.

As new interests of many kinds grew up around her, her cheerfulness returned. London life suited her, with its many and varied attractions, music especially, and the society of her ever-increasing company of faithful friends, for she had the happy faculty of keeping a tight hold on the affections of all the older ones, while adding to their number year by year. Friends of many kinds, scientific as well as literary, were attracted to her by her own untiring industry. Friends came to her in London from the ends of the earth, who had been her hospitable entertainers in their

distant colonial homes, and to whom she delighted to give an equally kindly welcome when they landed in the old country. Children too and young people she loved, and they were always attracted by her. To her nephews and nieces "The Flat" was a delightful home, always wide open for them, and always interesting. To it she came back at varying intervals from those wonderful journeys, bringing with her numerous objects rare and strange to cram its not unlimited space. There were glass-cases containing marvellous stuffed birds or tropical butterflies, both sadly liable to ruin from the London climate and London dirt. Pictures, sketches, photographs by Mrs. Cameron, musical instruments of uncertain sound and outlandish form: a big stuffed albatross swinging from the ceiling in the little dining-room; the tiny Australian bear and stately lyre-bird, the platypus and a venerable hornbill all crowding into the drawing-room, with shells, crystals, and quaint oriental bronzes—each object not merely bought at a bric-à-brac shop, but carrying its special associations and telling its own history; in the centre of all these stood the stately bust of our mother, which was so strikingly like herself as she grew older.

And how warm and delightful, in the midst of this most un-London-like setting, was the welcome with which she would come forward to greet her guests, whether strangers or near of kin! It was impossible not to wish sometimes, as the years went on, that she might be content to live this pleasant life among her friends, and leave the ends of the earth unvisited—a remnant of them, at least.

But these were idle wishes, and when the wandering mood, "die Reise Lust," came on her, she had to go.

For a long time she seemed to bear a charmed life. She could apparently sit all day painting in a mangrove-swamp, and not catch fever. She could live without food, without sleep, and still come home, after a year or two, a little thinner, with a more careworn look in the tired eyes, but ready to enjoy to the full the flattering reception which London is always ready to give to any one who has earned its respect by being interesting in any way.

Friends again crowded round her, real friends as well as admiring acquaintances, and for awhile she would seem both happy and content, and, above all, full of work. Then the restless mood would come, some obscure corner of the Tropics had to be painted, and once again one heard that she was gone. I have had it in my heart to hate the Seychelles, those fatal islands, where at last the crash came which was almost bound to come, when brain, and nerves, and strength broke down together. She made one more journey (to Chili) after that, but the joy in travelling was gone. Then came the few years in her country garden—a kind of Indian Summer of peace, but too late, and then the end.

J. C. S.

THE END

Printed by R. & R. CLARK, *Edinburgh.*

SAN DIEGO PUBLIC LIBRARY